

PURCHASED FOR THE

UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO LIBRARY

FROM THE

CANADA COUNCIL SPECIAL GRANT

FOR

DRAMA



Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2007 with funding from
Microsoft Corporation

http://www.archive.org/details/theatremagazine15newyuoft

THE THEATRE

Illustrated Monthly Magazine of Dramatic and Musical Art

VOL. XV, 1912



NEW YORK

THE THEATRE MAGAZINE COMPANY

PUBLISHERS

8-10-12-14 West Thirty-eighth Street

PN
2000
T5
v.15

LIBRARY
OCT 23 1968
UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO

CONTENTS

Special Articles

	PAGE
Ames, Winthrop, and the Little Theatre	77
A Naval Battle and a Volcanic Eruption on the Stage	53
Arabs on the American Stage	168
A Slave of Fatal Enchantment, by Wendell Phillips Dodge	81
Belasco, David, A Tribute to	124
Bennett, Arnold, as Playwright, by Archie Bell	17
Bernstein Play, A New, by Willis Steell	174
Boston's Toy Theatre, by F. Lauriston Bullard	84
"Bunty," The Real Story of	150
California Forest Play, A	64
Carmen, A New, by Aubrey Lanston	178
Carmen, The Morals of, by Jeanne-Gerville Reache	123
Circus, Rehearsing the, by Wendell Phillips Dodge	146
Convicts See a Play of Convict Life, by Ella Costillo Bennett	23
Crane, Wm. H.—An Actor Who Loves His Art, by Ada Patterson	8
Despres, Suzanne—A Great French Tragedienne, by Gertrude Norman	18
Dickens on the Stage, by Harry P. Mawson	46
Dramatist on Play-Making, A Veteran, by Warren Wilmer Brown	135
European Supplement, by Petronius	33
Falling Star System, The, by George Jean Nathan	12
Famous Women Who Have Been Dramatized: Nell Gwyn, by Archie Bell	96
Famous Tenor As a Happy Peasant, by William Armstrong	185
Farrar, Geraldine, The Operatic Beginnings of, by Karleton Hackett	120
Forgotten Theatres of New York City, by Montrose J. Moses	197
Gerhardt, Elena—A Painter in Words, by William Armstrong	119
Hammerstein, Oscar, Discovers a New Singer	60
Harvard University's School for Playwrights, by Mary C. Crawford	154
Illington, Margaret, A Chat With, by Ada Patterson	141
Interview with the Author of "The Pigeon," An, by Andre Tridon	158
Interviewing a Russian Actor, by Andre Tridon	92
Is a Revival of Pantomime at Hand? by Robert Grau	126
Knickerbocker's Theatre, Father, by Francis J. Oppenheimer	166
"Le Donne Curiose" at the Metropolitan	50
London Pit, The, by Anthony H. Euwer	192
Maeterlinck, the Wife of, by Mary Caroline Crawford	87
Master Betty, A Modern, by Arthur Swan	118
McRae, Bruce—America's Most Popular Leading Man, by Ada Patterson	62
Nine Years Young and a Near Star, by A. P.	104
Opera, At the	4 and 78
Opera Season, The Close of the	144
Our Fashion Department:	
January, by Harriet Edwards Fayes	xv
February, by Harriet Edwards Fayes	xv
March, by Harriet Edwards Fayes	xxi
April, by Emilie E. Hoffman	xix
May, by Emilie E. Hoffman	xix
June, by Emilie E. Hoffman	xvii
Out-Door Play at Skansen, The, by William Johnston	66
Players in Vacation Season, The, by Ada Patterson	188
Plays of Yesterday, by Harry P. Mawson	129
President Taft as a Theatre-Goer, by Karl K. Kitchen	117
Rostand Before "Cyrano," by Warren Barton Blake	89
Seventy Weeks of Stock in New York, by Anne Peacock	67
Sisters Who Have Won Out on the Stage	128
Skinner, Otis — America's Leading Romantic Actor, by Ada Patterson	101
Stage Manager Who Can Also Act, A, by Gertrude Lynch	182
Staging a Sandstorm, by Wendell Phillips Dodge	15
Strange Theatrical Coincidences, by Edward Freiberger	69
"Sumurun," by Gertrude Lynch	54
Terry, Ellen, On Tour With, by Carmen Crittenden Mabie	161
Teyte, Maggie—The Diminutive Prima Donna, by Richard Savage	26
The Diary of a Daly Debutante, by Evelyn O'Connor	57
"The Jewels of the Madonna"	110
"The Miracle" Attracts All London to the Olympia	44
"The Playboy of the Western World"	11
The $10,000 Prize Opera at the Metropolitan	109
Weber and Fields—A Dual Interview with, by Ada Patterson	113
When Audiences Get Angry, by Montrose J. Moses	28
Whiteside, Walker, How, Became a Japanese, by A. P.	180
Why I Don't Write Plays, by Theodore Herzl	98
Yesterday and Today, by Robert Grau	153

Scenes from Plays

	PAGE
A Butterfly on the Wheel	24 and 38
Aida (opera)	177
A Slice of Life	75
Baron Trenck	105
Budget Exhibit	166
Camille	130
Carmen	178 and 179
(Emma Calvé and Her Husband)	112
Corsican Brothers	130
David Copperfield	47
Die Walkure (opera)	125
Doped by Dorothy	86
Elevating a Husband	97
Griffith Gaunt	130
Henry Dunbar	130
Humpty Dumpty	131
Kindling	27
Kismet	1 and 102
La Boheme (opera)	177
Lady Audley's Secret	129
Lady Patricia	133
La Grande Duchesse	129
Le Donne Curiose (opera)	50, 51 and 56
Little Boy Blue	29 and Jan. Contents
Lost in London	129
Manon (opera)	144
Mary Stuart	129
Modest Suzanne	71
Mona (opera)	109
Monsieur Beaucaire	195 and 157
Nobody's Child	129
Oedipus Rex	84
Officer 666	85
Old Curiosity Shop	46, 47 and 48
Old Style Pantomime	131
Oliver Twist	46, 49 and 127
Oresteia (preparing for a production of)	57
Our Mutual Friend	49
Over the River	40 and 136
Patience	June Contents, 170 and 171
Pickwick	48
Pinafore	58
Preserving Mr. Panmure	165
Robin Hood	173
Streets of New York	130
Sumurun	54 and 55
Take My Advice	32
Teaching Elephants to Play Baseball	146
The Attack	174
The Bird of Paradise	59
The Black Crook	131
The Child Stealer	131
The Colleen Bawn	131
The Explorer	171
The Father	176
The Grain of Dust	72
The Green Knight	64
The Jewels of the Madonna	110
The Lady from the Sea	30
The Lady of Dreams	115 and 116
The Man Who Took the Wrong Shaving Stick	86
The Marionettes	25
The Marriage Certificate	129
The Miracle	44 and 163
The Pigeon	106 and 183
The Pink Lady	May Contents
The Playboy of the Western World	11
The Product of the Mill	155
The Rainbow	108
The Return of Peter Grimm	118
The Right to be Happy	147
The Romance of a Poor Young Man	130
The Rose Maid	175
The Rose of Panama	94 and 103
The Sea of Ice	131
The Senator Keeps House	8 and 9
The Stranger	39
The Talker	45
The Ticket-of-Leave Man	129
The Trail of the Lonesome Pine	41
The Truth Wagon	124
The Typhoon	108 and 194
The Wedding Trip	43
The Wife Decides	31
Three Fast Men	129
Two Little Brides	172
Versiegelt (opera)	78
White Magic	134
Winter Garden	186

Plays Reviewed

	PAGE
A Butterfly on the Wheel	38
A California Forest Play	64
A Slice of Life	Mar. xii
A Winsome Widow	140
Baron Trenck	Apr. xiii
Betsy	Jan. xiii
Durbar in Motion Pictures	Mar. xv
Elevating a Husband	75
Hansel and Gretel	June xi
Hokey Pokey	Mar. xii
Just To Get Married	42
Kindling	2
Kismet	40
Lady Patricia	108
Le Donne Curiose	50
Little Boy Blue	3
Lydia Gilmore	74
Making Good	Mar. xiv
Modest Suzanne	Feb. xii
Monsieur Beaucaire	Apr. xiii
New Orleans French Opera Co	June xi
Officer 666	Mar. xi
Oliver Twist	Apr. xi
Outdoor Play at Skansen	66
Over The River	Feb. xii
Patience	170
Peggy	Jan. xi
Preserving Mr. Panmure	Apr. xiv
Rainey's African Hunt	June xii
Robin Hood	170
Sumurun	54
Take My Advice	Jan. xi
The Bird of Paradise	42
The Explorer	171
The Father	140
The Fatted Calf	Apr. xiii
The First Lady in the Land	Jan. x
The Flower of the Palace of Han	138
The Grain of Dust	Feb. xi
The Greyhound	Apr. xv
The Lady of Coventry	Jan. xi
The Lady of Dreams	107
The Man From Cooks	May xiv
The Marionettes	3
The Marriage Not	June xii
The Miracle	44
The Opera Ball	Mar. xi
The Pearl Maiden	Mar. xv
The Pigeon	106
The Playboy of the Western World	11
The Rainbow	Apr. xv
The Return from Jerusalem	39
The Right To Be Happy	138
The Right To Happiness	Feb. xi
The Rose Maid	172
The Rose of Panama	Mar. xv
The Senator Keeps House	2
The Stranger	Feb. x
The Talker	38
The Terrible Meek	139
The Trail of the Lonesome Pine	76
The Truth Wagon	Apr. xv
The Typhoon	Apr. xi
The Wall Street Girl	May xvi
The Wedding Trip	Feb. x
The Witness for the Defense	Jan. ix
Two Little Brides	June x
White Magic	76

Poetry

PAGE

The Fly-By-Nights, by D. M. 72
The Old Man Dies, by Clarence Stratton 31
The Understudy, by Evelyn Watson 192
To Madame Fremstad, by M. F. W. 69
To Otis Skinner in "Kismet," by D. M. 134

Portraits

PAGE

Ali, Sie Hassan Ben 168
Ames, Winthrop 77
Anglin, Margaret 88
Arliss, George 12
Avril, Nancy 198
Ayling, Herbert 148
Bachaus, Wilhelm 52
Baker, Prof. George P 154
Barrymore, Ethel 2
Bates, Blanche 188
Baxter, Marie 192
Beck, William 30
Belasco, David 124
Bell, Digby, in "Pickwick" 46
Bell, Laura Joyce, in "Pickwick" 46
Bennett, Arnold 17
Bennett, Richard 187
Berbers 168
Bernstein, Henry (French Caricature) 174
Bingham, Amelia, in "Oliver Twist" 47
Bishof, Mariel 14
Bissett, Esther 126
Blech, Leo 78
Blinn, Holbrook 13
Bonci, Signor 80
Bonita 71
Box, The President's, at the Belasco Theatre, Washington, D. C. 117
Breese, Edmund 13
Burke, Billie, in "The Runaway" 83
Burt, Laura 191
Butt, Major Archibald 117
Cahier, Mme. Charles 145
Cahill, Marie 3
Caine, Georgia, Husband and Guide 189
Carmi, Maria, in "The Miracle" 44
Caruso, Signor 52
Castle Garden in 1850, Interior of 197
Chatterton, Ruth 200
Cheatham, Kitty 165
Clayton, Bessie, in "Le Clair de Lune" 95
Clement, Edmond 80
Collier, William 12
Collins, Jose, in "Vera Violetta" 86
Crane, William H. 8
Crimmins, Agnes 155
Crosman, Henrietta 188
Dalmores, Charles, as Samson 111
Dalnert, Dolle 198
Daly, Arnold 199
Dean, Julia 191
De Pasquali, Mme., in "Rigoletto" 111
Despres, Suzanne, in "La Fille Elisa" 18
as Electra 19
Destinn, Emmy, in "Pagliacci" 111
in "Tosca" 79
Dickens, Charles 46
Dodson, J. E., in "Oliver Twist" 47
Doro, Marie 149
Dressler's, Marie, Farm in Vermont 191
Drew, John 12
Dufranne, Hector, in "Samson et Delilah" 111
Dunmore, Eveleen 164
Duse, Eleanor, and Rodin, the sculptor 20
Edeson, Robert 12
Summer Home in Long Island 189
Eibenschutz, Camilla, as "Sumurun" 54
Elliott, Maxine 61
Eltinge, Julian 191
Emmons, Grace 128
Evans, Millicent 196
Fairbanks, Douglas 13
and his son 190
Farrar, Geraldine as Marguerite 7
in "Ariane et Barbe-Bleue" 120
in her dressing room 121
as Manon 144
Faversham, William 12
Ferguson, Elsie, in "The First Lady in the Land" 93
Fields, Lew, and Joe Weber 113
Findlay, John 190
Finlay, Vera 10
Fisher, Sallie 69
Fiske, Mrs., in "Lady Patricia" 73
Ford, Stanley G. 71
Fornaroli, Lucia ..... Feb. Contents
Fremstad, Mme., as Isolde 5
in "Tosca" 111
Galli, Rosina 111
Galsworthy, John 158
George, Grace 99
Gerhardt, Elena ..... 80 and 119
Gerville-Reache, Jeanne, as Carmen 123
and her son 123
Glaser, Lulu, in "Miss Dudlesack" 132
Gluck, Alma, as Mimi 4
Goodwin, Nat C., as Fagin in "Olivier Twist" 167
Gordon, Eleanor 164
Gordon, Kitty 189
Gortiz, Otto, in "Konigskinder" 162
Gray, Jane 94
Griswold, Putnam, as Hagan 6
Grover, Jane 148
Gwyn, Nell 96
Hammerstein, Oscar, Head of, in London Opera House 22
Harris, Katherine 126
Hawtrey, Charles 137
Herne, Chrystal 94
Hofmann, Josef 80
Homer, Louise, as Orfeo 78
as Mona 109
Hooker, Brian 109
Illington, Margaret ..... 141 and January Cover
Irwin, May 188
Janis, Elsie, in "The Slim Princess" 70 and May Cover
John Street Theatre, Old, Interior of 197
Johnson, Mary 126
Jones, Henry Arthur 135
Jones, Winifred Arthur 143
Kane, Gail 152
Kelly, Renee 14
Kern, Cecil 68
Kirkland, Hardee, in "Oliver Twist" 47
Knowles, Priscilla 67
Crowds Waiting To See 67
Konstantin, Leopoldine, in "Sumurun" 81
Koroleva, Lina (Mme. Orleneff) 92
La Bella, Maria, as Carmen 178
Lackaye, Helen 126
Lackaye, Wilton, and his son 191
La Malguenita in "Carmen" 178
Langford, R. Helen 194
Laughlin, Ann 164
Lea, Emily 198
Leblanc, Georgette (Mme. Maeterlinck) 87
Lesser, Amy 14
Lhevinne, Josef 52
Lincoln, Florence 155
Little Theatre, The 77
Proscenium and Curtain ..... April Contents
Lloyd, Alice, in "Little Miss Fix It" ..... April Cover
Loupoukowa, Lydia 107
Lorraine, Lillian 42
Lyne, Felice 60
MacDonald, Christie 191
MacKaye, Percy 154
Magrane, Thais 65
Martin, Vivian 143
Matthison, Edith Wynne, in "The Terrible Meek" 159
in "The Flower of the Palace of Han" 151
Matzenauer, Mme. 52
Maycliffe, Ruth 143
McComas, Carrol 198
McFadden, Elizabeth A. 155
McRae, Bruce, in "Nobody's Widow" 62
when a public surveyor 62
in "When Knighthood was in Flower" 63
in "Carrots" 63
in "The Dawn of a Tomorrow" 63
in "Sherlock Holmes" 63
Moffat, Graham 150
Moffat, Katie 150
Moffat, Sanderson 150
Moffat, Mrs. William 150
Moreland, Margaret 136
Morris, Margaret 192
Morrison, Mabel ..... June Cover
Murdock, Ann ..... 91 and 184
Murdock Jean 156
Murray, Elizabeth 16
Nash, Florence 128
Nash, Mary 128
Nazimova, Alla 169
Nikisch, Arthur 80
Nordica, Lillian 22
Odell, Maude 190
O'Neil, Nance 21
Orleneff, Paul 92
as Karamazoff 92
Ostermann, Kathryn 71
Parker, Horatio W. 109
Peabody, Josephine Preston 154
Pearson, Virginia 142
Prince, Adelaide 189
Rambaud, Paul, at the Age of two 123
Ranous, Dora K. 57
Reicher, Frank, in "The Pigeon" 182
Relph, George, in "Kismet" 122
Renaud, Maurice, in "Rigoletto" 79
Rennyson, Gertrude 80
Revelle, Hamilton, in "Kismet" 100
Reynolds, Carrie 68
Ring Blanche ..... 139 and 190
Ross, Charles J. 68
Rostand, Edmond 89
Country Place at Cambo 89
Rothier, M., as Mephistopheles 4
Russell, Lillian 114
and Blanche Bates 190
Ryan, Elsa 126
Sammarco, Signor, in "The Jewels of the Madonna," 110
Santley, Joseph 69
Second Park Theatre, The 197
Selwyn, Mr. and Mrs. Edgar 189
Shelby, Juliet, in "The Littlest Rebel" 104
Sheldon, Edward 154
Simone, Mme. 37
Skinner, Otis, in "Kismet" ..... Feb. Cover
in private dress 101
Slezak, Leo ..... 80 and 185
House 185
Slezak, Mme. and the children 185
Smythe, Mr. and Mrs. William G. 191
Stahl, Rose 190
Standon, Harriet 182
St. Clair, Eleanor 192
Stewart, Grant, in "Pickwick" 46
St. John, Marguerite 153
Suratt, Valeska, in "The Red Rose" 198
Sylva, Marguerite ..... Mar. Contents
Taft, William H. 117
Taliaferro, Edith and Mabel 188
Tasker, Ann 164
Taylor, Laurette 39
in "The Bird of Paradise" ..... 90 and Mar. Cover
Terry, Ellen, as Imogen 161
in Grecian draperies 161
in her garden 161
and her husband 161
Tetrazzini, Luisa, as Lucia 4
Teyte, Maggie, as Mignon 26
The Critic 98
The Manager 98
Titheradge, Madge 40
Trouhanowa, Natacha, in "The Miracle" 44
Troutman, Ivy 160
Vanderbilt, Gertrude 69
Walker, Charlotte 193
Warfield, David 13
Weber, Joe, and Lew Fields 113
Weber and Fields, A Rehearsal of 74
Wehlen, Emmy ..... 126 and 138
Weisenthal, Grete 140
Wellington, Martha 192
Wellman, Emily Ann 143
Wheaton, Anna 76
White, Carolina in "The Jewels of the Madonna" 110
Whiteside, Walker 180
in "The Typhoon" 181
Whittell, Josephine 68
Wirth, May, on Her Cream Stallion 146
Wittkowska, Marta, in "Il Trovatore" 111
Wolf-Ferrari, Ermano ..... 50 and 110

THE THEATRE

VOL. XV JANUARY, 1912 No. 131

Published by the Theatre Magazine Co., Henry Stern, Pres., Louis Meyer, Treas., Paul Meyer, Sec'y; 8-10-12-14 West Thirty-eighth Street, New York City



White

RITA JOLIVET AND OTIS SKINNER IN EDWARD KNOBLAUCH'S ORIENTAL PLAY, "KISMET"

AT THE PLAYHOUSE

DALY'S. "KINDLING." Play in three acts by Charles Kenyon. Produced on December 5 last with the following cast:

Maggie Schultz	Margaret Illington		
Heinrich Schultz	Byron Beasley		
Steve Bates	George Probert		
Mrs. Bates	Annie Mack Berlein	Dr. Taylor	A. G. Kenyon
Mrs. Burke-Smith	Helen Tracy	Rafferty	Frank E. Camp
Mr. Howland	John Jex	Donovan	William Barnes
Alice	Anne Meredith	Mrs. Barker	Margaret Rich

It required daring for Miss Margaret Illington to choose for her reappearance in New York a play that was squalid in all its settings and sordid in everything but certain emotional appeals.

A forlorn figure she is in this piece, dressed in faded calicoes, the wife of a longshoreman, living in a tenement house with torn and greasy paper on the walls, and inhabited by a class that required the attention of the mission workers. The opening scene sees Mrs. Bates, an Irish washerwoman, at the tub. The fashionable, richly-attired slum worker, Mrs. Burke-Smith, thinks it a crime for such poor people to have children. Maggie's husband is violently opposed to his wife's having children, and Maggie keeps from him the secret of her condition. He is laid off from work on account of a strike, and she accepts a position as seamstress with Mrs. Burke-Smith. Bates' son, Steve, is a loafer and a thief. He persuades Maggie to give him information regarding the interior of the house—she to slip a note under his pillow, he to give her a share in the proceeds of the robbery. Maggie pawns a brooch for a considerable sum of money, intending to go at once with her husband to Nevada, where life promised something on a reservation of land. She was thinking of her child, of which she had told her husband nothing. He accepts the money and starts to purchase the tickets, but turns to ask her more about the source of the money. She lies industriously, and he becomes convinced that it has not been loaned to her by Mrs. Burke-Smith's daughter. A detective brings the theft close to her, but Alice stands by her and makes it appear that Maggie's story is true.

The play is well acted and well constructed. Miss Illington, as Maggie, reaches heights of natural emotion that are astonishingly effective. She arouses sympathies that touch one to tears, but it is by the force of individuality in the actress and of the particular case of a wife who risks everything for the sake of her child to be. It is not exactly socialism that the play preaches, but incidentally that is a strong subordinate theme. If the argument of the play were general and not particular with reference to the one woman, the audience could not condone Maggie's offense.

Mr. Charles Kenyon, the new author, comes forward for the first time with fine promise of what he may do. The acting generally was efficient. Heinrich Schultz, as played by Byron Beasley, was the manly husband, whose hard nature, hating the conditions under which children perish young or live to endure a hard fate, but who turned to tenderness and sympathy and defense of his wife when the crisis came. George Probert was the thief who put crime in the way of Maggie. Annie Mack Berlein was the Irish washerwoman, Miss Helen Tracy, the rich slumworker, and Miss Anne Meredith, Alice, the daughter, who saved the situation—a good assemblage of players.

Miss Illington's courage in producing a play of this kind puts her prominently forward in her stage career, and she is doing a service to the stage in helping to keep it from narrow limitations in the range of subjects.



Sarony ETHEL BARRYMORE
Now appearing in "The Witness for the Defence"

GARRICK. "THE SENATOR KEEPS HOUSE." Comedy in four acts by Martha Morton. Produced November 27 with this cast:

Christopher Larkin	William H. Crane	Reeves	L. E. Woodthorpe
Hon. Adolphus Judson	Harry Harwood	Mrs. Ida Flower	Mabel Bert
Patrick Henry Larkin	Jack Devereau	Miss Eva Flower	Lorraine Frost
Colonel Seely	Theodore Marston	Mrs. Wallace	Esther Lyon
Sam	William W. Jefferson	Miss Isabella	Mary Leslie Mayo

Mr. W. H. Crane is remarkable for his almost uniform success with American plays. It is not by accident. It is plain that he brings to the completion of a play, from the manuscript to the production, a knowledge of playcraft in the building up of the scenes. It is not a mere matter of introducing business.

"The Senator Keeps House," a notable bit of clever work by Miss Martha Morton, is not the less interesting in that it is filled with what may be described as domestic sentiment, and that it is free from problems and theatricalism. It is the kind of play of which the stage of to-day stands in need. Its chief merit is in its scenes, which are uncommonly entertaining with many touches of tenderness and humor. The Senator is a widower, living with his nephew, who is his secretary. Their housekeeper has left them, the inconvenience of which is shown in a scene at breakfast prepared by Sam, the negro valet. Eva, the daughter of Mrs. Flower, appears in answer to the advertisement for a housekeeper. The Senator sends her away, advising her that she is too young for the position. His nephew falls in love with her on sight. Presently Eva's mother arrives, and in a delightful scene takes position as housekeeper. She intends to ingratiate herself with the Senator, and at the proper time reveal herself as the claimant in a bill that is before the Congress for the purchase of certain lands of hers in Virginia. She has never seen the land. It is really a job, at the head of which is a certain grafting Congressman. The Senator sends his nephew to look over the lands, and he reports that they are a swamp of no value. The Senator is indignant at what he thinks is the shameless attempt on his honor, and dismisses the housekeeper—she to leave the next morning, he spending the night at a hotel. She confesses her part in the scheme, but her innocence in the matter is established to his satisfaction, and he is to marry the woman who has dominated his household, brought order and comfort to the cheerless home, and shown qualities that had won his heart. She has restricted him to a few cigars a day. She had arranged his papers so that he could always find them.

The scenes are delightfully worked out. One would be captious and hypercritical indeed to indict the plot when the by-products are so true in their comedy and pathos.

What full measure of comedy there is in the scene in which the Senator is in nervous agony because he has no cigar to smoke. Sam, the valet, has stolen the last two. Mrs. Flower had brought with her a negro family maid, with whom Sam has fallen in love. She forces him to confess that he had taken them, and orders him to replace them. The satisfaction with which the Senator begins to smoke one of them, and the disgust at his discovery of their noxious fumes, is a scene in Mr. Crane's best manner. The sequel of the cigar episode is equally amusing when he gives the other cigar to the grafting congressman, and witnesses its effect on him.

Mr. Crane has mellowed in his art with time and without the loss of any of his qualities.

Miss Mabel Bert, as the sweetly dominant housekeeper, is well chosen for the part.

On the whole, the beginning of Mr. Crane's tenancy of the Garrick is most auspicious.

———

LYCEUM. "THE MARIONETTES." Comedy in four acts by Pierre Wolff. English version by Gladys Unger. Produced December 5 with the following cast:

Marquis Roger, Frank Gillmore; Monsieur de Ferney, Arthur Lewis; Raymond Nizerolles, Edward Fielding; Pierre Vareine, Charles Balsar; Bonnaire, A. Romaine Callender; Duc de Ganges, William Hasson; Valmont, Frank Goldsmith; Footman, Arthur Hurley; Lucienne de Jussy, Grace Carlyle; Baronne Duried, Kate Meek; Madame Briey, Eileen Kearney, Marquise Fernande, Nazimova.



Copyright Strauss Peyton

MARIE CAHILL

This popular comedienne will be seen shortly in a new musical play, entitled "The Opera Ball"

Since she became an English-speaking actress, Nazimova's art has been principally associated with the neurotic drama, and her varied gallery of Ibsen heroines demonstrated again and again how skilled she is in the depiction of these abnormal heroines. Her dramatic power has been, and is, unquestioned. What she is capable of doing in the line of comedy no one will ever forget who once saw her play in "Countess Coquette," from the Italian of Bracco. Necessity rather than choice, it is said, forced her this season to again resort to that medium, and in the absence of something "strong," Charles Frohman, under whose management she is now playing, selected for her "The Marionettes," by Pierre Wolff.

There is no new message in "The Marionettes" which has been adapted for the local playhouse by Gladys Unger. This comedy deals with a situation as old as the proverbial hills. It is to be found in "Delicate Ground," "Divorçons," "Francillon," "A Woman's Way," and many others.

The Marquis de Montclars, to pay his debts and placate his mother, marries Fernande, a convent-bred, country mouse. It is purely a marriage of convenience, but as Fernande really loves her husband, she resolves to quicken his affections by awakening his jealousy. She resorts to all the adventitious aids, and becomes a great social success, with an impetuous and insistent admirer on the side. She succeeds, and the final curtain falls on prospective happiness. Not very new or original all this, nor are the added details particularly novel; but the comedy has form and the dialogue is pointed and witty.

Nazimova makes Fernande a breathing, living and human personage. She paints the demure young bride with broad splashes, but it assists the value of the theatrical contrast in the succeeding scenes. How splendid an actress she is is seen in the manner in which she uses her hands and eyes for genuine effects. Her methods are illuminative to a degree and pronounce her an artist of the highest rank.

The cast is a capital one and admirably balanced. The selfish and yet passionate husband is carefully handled by Frank Gillmore. It is a thankless rôle, but his earnest sincerity valiantly helps the illusion. Arthur Lewis, as the old uncle, whose homely advice is of valued importance to the climax, acts with gracious sweetness, and an excellent bit of crabbed and aged social acerbity is contributed by Kate Meek. The society element in the piece looked and acted like the real thing. There was breezy aplomb to Edward Fielding's Raymond Nizerolles, and comic vitality to the butterflies as presented by A. Romaine Callender and Frank Goldsmith.

Beautiful gowns were worn with proper authority by Grace Carlyle and Eileen Kearney. As one of the impelling jealous factors, the former acted with impressive distinction. The stage decorations were most handsome.

———

LYRIC. "LITTLE BOY BLUE." Operetta in two acts by Rudolph Schanzer and Carl Lindau. American adaptation by A. E. Thomas and Edward A. Paulton. Music by Henri Bereny. Produced on November 27 last with the following cast:

Earl of Goberdeen, John Dunsmure; Gaston, Charles Meakins; Dupont, Otis Harlan; Captain Graham, C. Morton Horne; Tabarin, Victor Kahn; Archie, Neil McNeil; Daisy, Gertrude Bryan; Amaranth, Maude Odell; Kitty, Katheryn Stevenson; Dubois, Jack Rowe; Mars, Harry Hamilton; Fleur, Ivan Murchison; Rene, Viola Napp; Marcelle, Edith Warren; Lois, Anita Pollock; Clementine, Ada Ripel; Helene, Mary Hamilton; Raoul, Antoinette Le Comte; Alphonse, Sam Chadwick; Munkacs Janos, C. Grosskopf; Baroness Lloyd, Lillian West; Lady Whitten, Gwendolyn Canfield; Lady Barrison, Florence Taylor.

What a competent and executive stage manager means to a show is vividly emphasized in "Little Boy Blue" at the Lyric. It is not unfair to it to say that its first act is a very feeble effort, but Mr. Frank Smithson, who staged the piece, has invested it with such bubbling vivacity, such unflagging movement and such picturesque restlessness that the mind hasn't time to realize how thin it all is. This is fortunate, for what follows is so good that it would be wicked to have the edge taken off by a poor first impression.

There are a great many persons involved in this production. First, two Germans worked out the original book. Then an Englishman, Edward A. Paulton, and A. E. Thomas, an American, took it in hand and polished it up for the local stage; and right well, too, have they done their work, for the lines are extremely bright. Four rhymesters, or shall it be said poets?—Carolyn Wells, Grant Stewart, Edward Madden and Wm. F. Kirk—supplied the lyrics, which are sound, serviceable and witty. The score by Henri Bereny is simple, catchy and tuneful, and is supplemented by Arthur Weld, who directs the orchestra with all his usual sartorial impressment; while the ingenious and effective dances are arranged by Jack Mason. Out of all this combined effort should come something. And there does: a clean, clever and amusing entertainment, presented with much really beautiful scenery and many pretty and talented men and women in rich and beautiful clothes.

But best of all is the exponent of the title rôle. With no past performances to exact too much in anticipation, Miss Gertrude Bryan comes directly to the front, and by her youthful charm, refined delicacy and ingenuous grace makes a mammoth hit. It is not too much to say that Miss Bryan is the musical comedy "find" of the season. A more fascinating and winsome figure has not been reflected by metropolitan footlights in a long time.

What "Little Boy Blue" is all about doesn't make very much matter. There is a missing heir to a Scotch earldom, and until he turns up his foster sister, by circumstances, is forced into the breach, donning for the time the various habiliments associated with the masculine sex. How modishly and modestly she wears them is one of Miss Bryan's distinct accomplishments.

John Dunsmure is a sonorous and genial Earl of Goberdeen, and Charles Meakins as the French marquis, who eventually wins the hand and heart of the little

(*Continued on page ix*)



Copyright Mishkin
MLLE. GLUCK AS MIMI



Copyright Foley
MME. TETRAZZINI AS LUCIA



Copyright Mishkin
M. ROTHIER AS MEPHISTOPHELES

AT THE OPERA

ANOTHER month of music making has sped past our ears, each day charged with song and symphony, each night weighted with opera. Never before has there been such a glut of music, cramped into four weeks of listening. Midwinter music madness has fastened itself upon New York and New Yorkers; and if our ear drums can survive the present uninterrupted bombardment of opera and concert until spring, then we will have proven that we are not alone a music-loving race but also a collection of physically hardy specimens. In the old world there are countries whose people take their pleasures sadly. We take our pleasures madly. Our musical edifices are all skyscrapers, figuratively speaking. Morning, early and late afternoon and night are filled with music making. There still remains time to take an occasional meal between concerts and opera, and to get the fabled forty winks between opera and concert again. It is a musical merry-go-'round, the hours chasing each other melodiously 'round the clock.

At the Metropolitan Opera House there has not been much that has proven startling in novelty—in fact "Lobetanz," reviewed at length in our last issue, has been the only operatic novelty thus far offered. The reason is that it always takes a good month and more to get the ponderous artistic machinery of this institution in motion, for each familiar work demands rehearsals before it is again given to the public. In some cases, where new artists join the casts, some well known operas are put through their rehearsing paces almost as much in detail as though they were new works. And that consumes time, but it has the gratifying results of producing generally excellent performances.

One of these, in particular, was "Götterdämmerung," the last of the Wagner "Ring" cycle and yet the first of this series to be heard this season. It gave opportunity for the first appearance at the Metropolitan of an American basso, Mr. Putnam Griswold, who was a member of Henry W. Savage's English "Parsifal" company years ago, and who has since been basso in the Kaiser's opera in the German capital. He sang Hagen, at the Metropolitan, and rather disappointed those of his hearers who listened and hoped for a resonant bass voice. Instead, his voice is almost the quality of a baritone, but he sings well and seems an intelligent actor, clear of enunciation and commanding of figure. Gadski, who sang the Brünnhilde, was not exactly at her best, her voice at times assuming a strident character usually foreign to this sterling artist. Hermann Weil, a German baritone, who had made his American début a few nights earlier, sang Gunther and it is safe to say that he is the best singer in years who has filled this generally thankless rôle. Burrian was the Siegfried, musically satisfying as ever, and Matzenauer sang Waltraute with beauty of tone but with a slowness of tempo that had "Made in Bayreuth" stamped all over it. The three Rhine Daughters were excellently sung. Alfred Hertz wielded a forceful baton, particularly effective in the Funeral March. Chorus and scenery behaved ideally and the performance throughout was a joy to Wagner lovers who do not flinch at sound and plenty of it.

Wagner also flourished in an earlier "Tristan und Isolde," when Hermann Weil made his New York début, as Kurwenal. He sings well, but gives the impression that his forte is lyric opera rather than dramatic work. This particular "Tristan und Isolde" promised at the start to be a performance to remember all one's life, for Fremstad, as the Irish Princess, was nothing short of superb. She sang with beauty of tone that amazed even



Copyright Mishkin

MADAME FREMSTAD AS ISOLDE

admirers who expect wonders of this remarkable woman, and who usually are not disappointed. Every dramatic effect throughout the work was made with that complete artistic poise that outwears impulse, a poise which Mme. Fremstad possesses.

But the marring note was Burrian, who was a victim of cold, and had scarcely enough voice to carry him through the performance. He bravely concluded the evening, however. Had he been in voice, that performance would have been the high water mark of the young opera season. Witherspoon's King Marke was good, while Matzenauer's Brangaene was much more than that. Above all these forces towered Toscanini, whose baton directed a performance that for beauty and dramatic utterance has not been equaled even by himself.

Another newcomer of the year is Theodora Orridge, an English contralto, who made her début in "La Gioconda," singing the small part of La Cieca very well. It was a spirited revival of this Ponchielli opera, and would have been even better if the germ of indisposition had not fastened upon Amato, who sang dramatically but not entirely with full beauty of tone. Caruso, as Enzo, was again in full vocal prime, his "Ciele e mar" ringing, and even abounding, in wealth of gorgeous tone. Mme. Destinn, in the title part, was admirable, but Florence Wickham was a bit overshadowed by the vocal company she was keeping, and by the demands of the rôle of Laura Adorno.



PUTNAM GRISWOLD AS HAGAN

Theodora Orridge found her opportunity a few days later, when indisposition laid low Margarete Matzenauer, and she was called upon to leap into the Ethiopian robes of Amneris at a repetition of "Aïda." She was naturally nervous, but she displayed some pretty tones and also temperament. That was Caruso's day, for not in years has he sung his "Celeste Aïda" as he did then, with artistic restraint and with an opulence of golden tone quality.

Not nearly so successful was the season's first French opera, "Faust." It lacked "tradition," and the one person on the stage who seemed to adhere to the French manner born was Rothier, the French basso, who sang an excellent Mephistopheles. Geraldine Farrar was Marguerite, not in the best of voice, and but ever interesting with new "stage business," and gorgeous in a new gown that surely never graced the back of a simple burgher's daughter. Jadlowker, who sang the title part, was vocally fatigued and did not quite scale the heights in his "Salut demeure." This performance served as the début at the Metropolitan of Giuseppe Sturani, a conductor who had been allied with the Manhattan forces. He conducted a conventional "Faust," but his work seemed to indicate a lack of rehearsal, and his accompaniments were frequently not at all in accord with the singers.

At the season's first "La Bohême," some days later, he also did not distinguish himself, leading the first act in a needlessly loud manner and with inartistic, romping haste. After that act he bettered himself, and this performance turned out very well in the end. Alma Gluck sang for the first time this season in opera, singing a Mimi that for sheer beauty of tone will long be remembered. Her voice floated ethereally, and with that lovely quality for which it is noted. Martin's Rodolfo was sincere, if not inspired, and Bella Alten's Musetta smacked ever more of the *Unter den Linden* than it did of the Boulevards, but she sang well.

Geraldine Farrar's re-entry of the season was made in "Königskinder," one of last year's novelties. Whether it was due to the strain of a long concert tour or the matter of indisposition, her voice was very disappointing. It was so cramped in volume that at times it seemed not to reach far beyond the footlights. In acting and in appearance she was an ideal Goose Girl, and was ever picturesque, surrounded by her swarm of geese. Jadlowker, as usual, sang the King's Son, and familiar figures and voices filled familiar rôles.

In "Madama Butterfly," Geraldine Farrar was in better voice, and she has improved steadily since then. Puccini's "Girl of the Golden West" has also had its melodious innings, being sung by the star cast to an enormous audience. Caruso, Destinn, Amato—they all shone vocally in this Italian-American version of early California life.

One of the best presentations of the year was "Lohengrin," with Fremstad as Elsa. It is one of her most difficult rôles, but she was equal to its demands, and Jadlowker, as the Knight of the Grail, was in beautiful voice. Matzenauer sang a most interesting Ortrud, and Weil was one of the best of Telramunds.

Thanksgiving Day was divided into small pieces to make a holiday for music lovers, "Parsifal" being sung all day and "Il Trovatore" at night. The former would have been an exceptional performance had it not been for a slight stage mishap, which snapped the thread of the operatic narrative, but otherwise did no serious harm. As Kundry, Fremstad was again magnificent. Burrian was flawless in the title part, Amato successfully fought down his temporary indisposition and sang Amfortas well, and Alfred Hertz conducted as though he loved this work better than any other. In the night's "Il Trovatore," Gadski shone brilliantly as Lenore, while Theodora Orridge, as Azucena, proved herself a valuable acquisition. Martin as Manrico was excellent, and Gilly sang Luna with much freedom.

But enough of opera! Exigencies of space demand that the concert share of the month be treated briefly. One of its features was the first New York appearance of Maggie Teyte, English soprano, who succeeded Mary Garden at the Opéra Comique, and who is now a member of the Philadelphia-Chicago Opera Company. Miss Teyte gave a song recital, and proved conclusively that she is a tiny, pretty woman, possessing a voice of extraordinary volume, and which in its

(*Continued on page ix*)



White

GERALDINE FARRAR AS MARGUERITE IN "FAUST"



White W. H. Crane Eva Flower
Act. II. Senator Larkin adopts a daughter



Mabel Bert W. H. Crane
Act III. The Senator thanks his housekeeper for his happiness

SCENE IN MARTHA MORTON'S NEW COMEDY, "THE SENATOR KEEPS HOUSE," NOW RUNNING AT THE GARRICK THEATRE

William H. Crane—an Actor Who Loves His Art

By ADA PATTERSON

"RESPECT your business and your business will respect you."

This is the wisdom deduced from forty-nine years on the American stage. The man who made the deduction was William H. Crane, the oldest star and, in regard to experience, the oldest actor in this country. Rich, successful, with the tapestry of many well wrought and strangely different characters for that background we call the past, William H. Crane delivered his dictum, which young actors will do well to pin fast to their memories. His aphorism was builded upon the foundation of general human experience. A great editor looked with a glance, at a bargain driving contributor, and said:

"Don't expend all your mental force in quibbling about prices. Do good work and the rewards will take care of themselves."

Nor did this alert mannered man with boyishly straight figure and keen, clear eye, do any sighing for the good old times. Judicially he balanced their merits, then said: "These days are better than those and they are growing better all the while."

"Certainly the actor shouldn't complain," he went on, "he doesn't work so hard and he receives much more money than in the old days. I've played four characters in one evening, singing first basso rôle in an opera, doing a minstrel turn, a dance and eccentric comedy character in one evening. At that time I was getting, probably, forty dollars a week. And that was when I had been on the stage several years. When I began I worked for nothing, that is my board was paid by the management and my costumes were found. I made my début in Utica, July 13, 1863. It was there I met my wife. We just met. That is about all. But we remembered each other well. I liked her and she must have liked me pretty well for we met quite by accident in New York three years later and were married in two weeks. When I met her I was working for nothing a week, so didn't dare propose. When we were married, in 1870, I was earning thirty-five dollars a week. I lied to her guardian about it, made it fifty, though she knew the truth. From the time we were married I was fortunate, and I owe seven-eighths of my success to my wife. When her intuition says this or that I do it. Once I didn't. I used to argue. Now I don't. I've learned she's always right. She's the one human being I know who is infallible. Not many men can say that.



WILLIAM H. CRANE
At the time he first went on the stage

"I went on the stage at eighteen. I'm sixty-seven, but I don't often remind myself of it. When anyone asks my age, I say, 'thirty-seven,' and almost believe it. I take good care of myself. I always have. I've worked hard, but hard work is the best of tonics. To-night I came home after eight hours of rehearsal, tired. My wife looked at me a minute and said: 'Tired, aren't you?' 'Yes,' I had to answer, 'I am tired.' Then, going on with the domestic catechism, she said: 'Then why do it? Why? You don't have to act.' I answered, 'because I like it. I do like it. I may say I love it.' Her answer was, 'Then there is nothing more to be said.' And there isn't. I shall go on playing as long as I can find a play that interests and as long as I, myself, interest the public. I will stop before they begin to say, 'But you should have seen him in 'So and So.'

"I made my début as the notary in 'The Child of the Regiment.' I am now appearing in 'The Senator Keeps House.' The title and circumstances all seemed auspicious. The fact that the play is by the author of three of my greatest successes is significant. So also is the fact that it contains the title of one of my most successful plays, 'The Senator.' The title of Martha Morton's new play attracted me. When my wife came home and told of meeting the author in a subway station, and of Miss Morton having an idea for a play for me, the title of which she mentioned, my interest was captured. We went to see the



White

WILLIAM H. CRANE IN MARTHA MORTON'S NEW PLAY, "THE SENATOR KEEPS HOUSE"

author and with her I went carefully over the play, with satisfaction to myself. A friend said to me, 'Has it the punch?' and I answered, 'Yes, the domestic punch.'

"And now I'm going to take you into my confidence and tell you something that you've not heard before, I dare say, from an actor's lips. I enjoyed the long rehearsals of the play as a boy enjoys going in swimming. I enjoyed being with the young people of the company and I liked giving some of them lessons in acting. I've had four of them up here in this room. When they didn't get just the idea of the character I've said to them, 'Come up to our rooms and we'll have a go at them there.' They were all deeply concerned about the lines, and I've said to every one of them: 'Don't worry about the dialogue. Try to be the right sort of character and the lines will almost speak themselves.'"



Matzene

VERA FINLAY

Playing Pauline Panhard in "The Never Homes" at the Broadway Theatre

Sitting in his red damask covered easy chair, beside the lace covered table, in the large red and white drawing-room of his suite at one of the most fashionable Broadway hotels, William H. Crane looked more like any other prosperous person than an actor. There's no flavor of romance about his personality. He would look thoroughly at home behind the ground glass windows at the roller-top desk of an office with "president" in imposing letters on the door. He might be a bank president or the head of a commission house with all fitness as to appearance. But no thoughts of Thespis would his trim, dapper, keen-eyed self invoke. A large black tin box on the sofa at his side held the only theatrical suggestions about him. Its contents were photographs of himself in the old-time rôles of nearly fifty years and some pictures of his contemporaries, most of whom have vanished forever behind the curtain.

'Twas those photographs that summoned the memories. He, himself, lives essentially in to-day and to-morrow. It is the queryist, not he, who brings up the past. But it was an interesting past they summoned, one whose visions brought a tolerant smile to his lips.

"When I went on the stage," he said, "we played by gas light. With no electric lights to search out our secrets, we didn't worry much about 'makeup.' At any rate, 'makeup' is not the complex art laymen think it. When I was playing 'The Senator' I grew to expect the whisper as I first came upon the stage, 'What a makeup!' And that 'makeup' consisted of one article, a little tuft of beard that I stuck to my chin in a second. There was absolutely nothing else, except that I felt like 'The Senator' for a few minutes before going on the stage and that made me look like him. That's the real secret of 'makeup.'

"I was very well pleased, indeed, to earn thirty dollars a week, at that period they miscall 'the good, old times.' One hundred dollars a week was the highest salary any actor could hope for. It represented the dizzy heights of wealth to us. To earn a salary and to receive it were different matters. They were paid with amazing irregularity. It was quite usual to put on six plays a week, all of them new to some of us. All companies were stock companies. Stars came and went but we went on almost forever, except when the management failed, which the managements often did. But even the management did its best, for the best seats in a house could be bought for a half dollar, and a house that held four hundred dollars was a large one. Our personal appearance was not taken in the least into consideration. We played a line of parts and were engaged for that line. If a man had played a soldier, a soldier he was though his height was four feet ten."

Remembering the bitter cry of the present day actor that personality gets fine parts and fat salaries while art goes begging from one agent's office to another, I asked:

"And you do not approve of that?"

"Most certainly not," Mr. Crane responded. "I thoroughly believe, in fact I know, that it is a part of art to fill the eye. It is a poor producer who doesn't consider the pictorial phase of the piece. But I do not believe in the huge expenditures of to-day for productions. It is ruinous, just as our having too many theatres is bankrupting for some. But I do not blame the management. It is an axiom of human nature that well balanced persons spend no more money than they must. It is the audiences who are to blame for the lavishness of to-day. They demand it. I doubt whether a large part of the public would go to the theatre if they didn't get it. Now I believe in appropriateness of stage settings and furnishings. I don't approve bringing a tin coffee pot into a well furnished drawing-room. But I protest against the necessity, and the audience has made it a necessity, of some times spending sixty thousand dollars before the curtain has rung up on a first performance. There should be some proper average struck between the few hundred dollars then expended in productions and the immense cost of to-day. The audiences of to-day are in this respect spoiled children.

"But we didn't do things so well, dramatically, then as now. We never rehearsed more than a week. Letter perfect was an almost unknown condition. Actors perpetrated all the gags they wished, because they couldn't know the lines in the brief time given for preparation. Plays, with the exception of the classics, were not so good as to-day."



Eithne Magee J. A. O'Rourke U. Wright Sydney J. Morgan Sara Allgood

The father returns and angrily asks for the playboy

SCENE IN JOHN M. SYNGE'S COMEDY, "THE PLAYBOY OF THE WESTERN WORLD," WHICH CREATED A SENSATION IN NEW YORK

"The Playboy of the Western World"

THE first production in New York on November 27 last of John M. Synge's drama, "The Playboy of the Western World," was attended by scenes of disorder almost unique in the annals of our stage. Rumors of impending trouble had preceded the play to this city. It had been hissed in Boston and there had been even more serious disturbances in Dublin, so when the first potato was flung upon the stage of the Maxine Elliott Theatre, the Irish Players looked as though they were quite used to that sort of thing. No sooner had the curtain risen on the first act of "The Playboy" than the trouble started. Hisses and groans at the outset, timid and sparse, increased in such volume that the actors could not be heard. But behind them the play was still going on. Meanwhile the atmosphere was thick with the odor of asafœtida and rotten eggs, and the first act came to an end amid sounds like Election night street brawls. Now and again some obstreperous individual would rise up and yell "Shame!" but a daintily gloved hand firmly placed on the brawny shoulder would cut short the rioter's eloquence and the police quickly thrust him through the swinging doors. Finally matters quieted down and the scene was transferred to the night court where the magistrate imposed fines. Meantime at the Maxine Elliott Theatre the performance had been begun all over again and was allowed to proceed in peace.

Mere comment on Mr. Synge's baffling play would be unintelligible to anyone who had not read it or seen it acted. At best it is an incredible story and the pity of the unsavory mess is the poetry of it and the apparently convincing evidence of fidelity to Irish character, at least in details. The facts in the story are true or they are not true. But in no event is the play justified for the purposes of the stage. No analysis of character or circumstance can efface the impression to be gained by the reading of it or the witnessing of its performance. That Christy is a type of boaster who is not to be taken seriously and who is to be merely laughed at cannot be maintained, for by the people in the play he is taken quite seriously as a murderer and a patricide. If Mr. Synge's intent was comedy, that comedy is too subtle for anybody of common sense or for Irishmen who attach importance to the decent sentiments of life. Otherwise the play is remarkable in many ways. The speech of these peasants is a delight in its pure English and in its imagery. The play is untheatric. There could be no closer transcript of life in character, manners and speech. But the attempt to make comedy out of the saying and doings of a parricide fails. It does not matter what Mr. Synge's intent was. The effect is offensive.

The Playboy gains all the prizes in the various contests at a fair in Ireland and so gets his name. Up to that time his strength and expertness had been tested in nothing. He had been a dunce who never reached his second book, according to his beggarly old father's account of him, "and came from the school, many's the day, with his legs lamed under him, and he blackened with his beatings like a tinker's ass." He did not drink. Three pulls from his father's pipe sent him "in the ass cart to the females' nurse." He was timid as to women: "If he seen a red petticoat coming swinging over the hill, he'd be off to hide in the sticks, and you'd see him shooting out his sheep's eyes between the little twigs and the leaves, and his two ears rising like a hare looking through the gap. Girls indeed!" He belonged to the lowest order of the peasantry, toiling and moiling and digging from dawn to dusk, drinking, waking, eating, sleeping, a quiet, simple poor fellow with no man giving him heed. His father was a miserable, drinking beast.

The young man seeks shelter and food at the house of Michael James, a publican. Before his coming his daughter, called Pegeen Mike, had begged her father not to go with his cronies to a wake and leave her all alone unprotected for the night. He insists that Shawn Keough, her cousin, a young farmer who is to marry her as soon as the dispensation comes, could remain in the house with her, seeing that they are so soon to be man and wife. She resents the idea and the consequences of it, and Shawn himself is too spiritless and timid to assent to the father's suggestion. She does not care for Shawn at all. Christy Mahon arrives at the moment of this dilemma. He soon intimates that he is a fugitive and begins to boast. In answer to the questions of Michael, his friends Philly Cullen and Jimmy Farrell, and Shawn, he denies a number of petty crimes suggested. He was not a counterfeiter, he had not married three wives, or commit robbery, or "followed after a young woman on a lonesome night," Pegeen grows impatient and finally charges him

(Continued on page vii)



Otto Sarony Co. GEORGE ARLISS Sarony WILLIAM FAVERSHAM Sarony WILLIAM COLLIER Sarony ROBERT EDESON

PROMINENT REPRESENTATIVES OF THE "STARRING" SYSTEM, WHICH SOME THEATRE MANAGERS WOULD ABOLISH

The Falling Star System

By GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

IT is doubtful whether among all the many topics theatrical there is one more often discussed, one more often written of and one more thoroughly conducive to loud words and fisticuffs than the question of the so-called "Star System." Beside the ceaseless debate over this topic, the regular dispute over the relative talents of Bernhardt and Duse and the usual argument over the importance of Eugene Brieux take on a countenance as vague as that of the returned Peter Grimm. And yet, despite the heat and prevalence of the question in direct point, it seems to me that numerous recent developments in the native mimic world would justify a new chronicle of the case and the turns it has lately taken. And I say this in complete cognizance of the fact that my pen has hitherto always checked itself in the face of ardent prayers to enlist its opinions in the current debate.

The fact—for fact it is—that has whispered this reluctant quill into condescending to stride forth onto the battlefield is the unmistakable evidence that year by year—aye, even night by night—the star system as America has known it is falling gradually from grace. Of course, so long as there is a sun in the heavens or a man in the box-office, the star system is destined to be with us in some proportion, but the progressive diminishing of this proportion is what concerns us here. What has brought it about? Secreting a loaded revolver on our person as a guard for personal safety and for use as the occasion may possibly demand, let us outline the preliminary case roughly. A "star," or an actor who is accorded a place above the play in point in the relative ratio of ten to one, is and always has been created in several curious ways. To dismiss temporarily the important question as to the intrinsic ability or lack of ability of the player, it may be stated that "stardom" was and is born as follows:

I. Because a certain play cannot stand on its own feet and the name of an actor is required to lure unthinking metropolitan theatregoers and hinterland hayseeds into the playhouse. Object—subterfuge!

II. Because in many sections of the United States it is claimed that it is a "personality" rather than the play that draws the crowd. Object—dollars!

III. Because the caution of some mummer of variable talents is of such profound measure that he insists upon being listed as a "star" by his manager so that the public may be able to distinguish him from among the other possibly more able actors in the cast. Object—objection!

IV. Because of an hallucination resting in the minds of certain producers that it is the actor rather than the play that counts. Object—subject!

V. Because of the plutonic curiosity of the outland public as to the personal life of the actor. Object—matrimony! Also divorce, dentifrices, corsets and complexion creams.

More intimately speaking, the "star system" is the direct result of an over-appraisal of the relative importance of the actor to the drama; of the commendable effort on the part of producers to make money (although quite as much money might be made, it seems, without a resorting to the "starring" dodge), for the well-liked and able player would still be a member of the company; and of the distorted and artificially cultivated predilections of what is known in a democracy as "the public."

"Artificial," you ask, "why?" Artificial, we reply, because unnecessary, because an unnatural device, because every other art, every other form of trade, every other craft marches forth to successful issue without it, even in a republic! The greatness of this actor or that one cannot militate against the force of the general argument. The art of the theatre—there *is* such a thing, you know—must wax stouter and more substantial in proportion to the elevating into prominence of the drama over the player. And financially (for this question, too, must have its place in any wholly fair and equitable discussion) there would be small loss were the public made to see the error of its ways. The managers have gradually awakened to the strength of the prosecution's case, have applied their brains to the situation, have seen the flaws and holes in the exaggerated scheme of things as they are and have begun to read their answer *in* the stars and *to* the stars. Wagenhals and Kemper, late last summer opened their office windows, leaned far out and called up and down Broadway that henceforth they were done with "stars" for good and all. "What we want and are going to have for the plays we produce are capable actors, not electric lights!" was their pleasure-giving proclamation. Henry W. Savage, who was among the first of to-day's American producers to observe the ruinous tendency of the over-featuring of pretentious mummers, made silent yet all-positive announcement via his plans for the season that, so far as "stars"



Otto Sarony Co.

JOHN DREW

When a member of the Daly stock company Mr. Drew's salary was $50 a week. As a star his earnings, in good seasons, average $70,000 a year

went, he would henrykolker himself only once in the long list. And now, harking to the signs of the times, the Shuberts have come boldly forth with a pronunciamento that they, too, are awakening to the true state of affairs.

As an argument against the "star system," the last named producers pointed out its detrimental effect to the interests not only of managers and playwrights, but to the great mass of actors as well, subordinating the latter as it does to individuals pompous in a fictitious idea of their own value and importance. "Stars," sanely argued these producers, are wont to withdraw from a play after the first season or two, and the play, heavily advertised as being their especial vehicle, forthwith must either go into the discard or must bear a heavy financial loss even if it still remains a well-acted and well-written effort. Where would "Ben Hur," "Way Down East," "The Merry Widow" and "The Chocolate Soldier" be to-day had they been "star" productions? Very plainly, in the same corner of the storehouse where to-day reposes "The Music Master!"

"Managers, themselves," admit the Shuberts and it is to their own credit, "are largely responsible for this condition of affairs. They have insisted upon making stars, only to find themselves in time at the mercy of those whom they have created." Even from a purely business standpoint, agree these producers, the death knell of the star system is beginning to be sounded throughout the land. The public begins to weary of it.



DAVID WARFIELD
When Warfield first attracted attention he was paid $25 a week. As a star he received over $300,000 from a single season of "The Music Master"

To deal a solar-plexus blow to the rebuttal, let me place before you a favorite little idea. Before you disagree with me, may I ask you to read?

There has not been a worthy play produced within the range of memory that has been benefited in any artistic or dramatic direction by the star system!

Let me ask you—if you are one of those who disagree with me and my little idea—to give me the name of *one single* play that has been assisted toward an artistic goal by reason of the starring of an actor in it, however efficient that actor may have been. Think it over carefully before you make bold to rebuff and shame me. The starring of an actor, I said. Remember that! Not the appearance of the actor in question in the play, but the starring of him. His appearance probably helped considerably in the interpretation of the play—but did his starring? Did not this "starring" serve to emphasize unduly a rôle that of right should have been etched gracefully and suavely into the piece? Did not this "starring" draw the action of the play unintentionally to a head at divers moments in the general dramatic progress when such should not have been the case? Did not this "starring" tend to make the exhibit thunder around a single character in your eyes when your brain told you this should not have been? A score of additional questions might follow—but why? Does the star system, after all, not resolve itself into a question of dollars and cents rather than of art and, to be entirely fair, are not dollars and cents as necessary in the theatrical trade as in the manufacture, let us say, of policemen's badges? So long as the public wants "stars," the managers, producers and playwrights would be foolish not to give them "stars." But, comes the question, *does* the public really want "stars?" And this question is for you—a member of the public—finally to answer. The managers cannot lead your taste, however much they may wish to do so, without your acquiescence.

Concretely, what the star system has done to harm the drama of our day would fill a hefty tome or two at the least. Take the present season, for instance. At this writing, it is only eight weeks old—a mere babe in swaddling clothes. And yet the infant has already felt the gnawing of the "system's" sharp teeth. I might name one play whose first act climax was ruined because the "star" felt he should have the centre of the stage at this point and who insisted upon his "rights" despite the urgings of the playwright. I might name another play that failed of success because it was written to fit a "star" when, as a matter of right, there should have been no unnecessarily elaborated rôle in it. The production of such despondent dramatic efforts as, for instance, "The Real Thing," "A Man of Honor" and "Next" must be accredited to "star" vanity. In the first case, more's the pity, because Miss Henrietta Crosman, whatever her vanities, is a thoroughly proficient player. A "star," be it known, is every once in a while all right as an actor where he (or she) is *not* all right as a "star"—so far as the drama in direct point is concerned, that is. A legitimately elaborate rôle is one thing; an artificially elaborated "star" rôle is another. In a more inconsequent direction, McIntyre and Hyams had relatively as much right to be "starred" in musical comedy (good or bad) as Lucy Weston would have to be featured in grand opera, as Gertrude Hoffman has to be "starred" in a Russian ballet or as Valeska Surratt has



White
EDMUND BREESE



HOLBROOK BLINN



DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS

THREE POPULAR ACTORS WHO HAVE RECENTLY BEEN PROMOTED TO "STARDOM"



MARIEL BISHOF
Appearing in the rôle of Miss Dunstan in "The Country Boy" now on tour

to be promulgated in anything. And the season, remember, is only eight weeks old!

A highly capable actor may assist materially in bringing out the inherent good qualities of a play, just as a highly capable miner may assist materially in bringing out the precious ore of a mine. But the moment that actor is made more important than the play, at that moment does the play begin to suffer. Take Belasco's production of "The Woman," interpreted by an entirely efficient aggregation of players. Take the rôle of Wanda Kelly, the telephone operator, in the exhibit. 'Tis nicely and quite satisfactorily translated to the audience by a young actress named Nash. Miss Nash is not "starred." Belasco is too cogent a craftsman to have fallen into such an error. Were Miss Nash possessed of thrice—aye, fifty times—the name she is, I like somehow to believe that Belasco would have exercised the same caution in the instance of this production. For, were the rôle in question made a "star" rôle, and were the play built up by the producer to this rôle, the whole exhibit would take a gorgeous flop over on its side. As things are, we find a rôle starring itself naturally—and it is not a "star" rôle. There's a vast difference! A rôle that makes a "star" of its written and executed self above the other rôles is quite different from the rôle that is made a "star" of by virtue (what a sad phrase!) of strutting vanity, indiscreet pride and ridiculous centre-of-the-stage manœuvrings.

The bread that the producers have cast upon the waters—the "star" bread—has come back to smite them so frequently in the recent theatrical chronicles that it is small wonder they have awakened to the increasing dangers of the system. Cast your eye over the records and recall the serious financial injury that has accrued to these producers, and the like injury that has resulted as the portion of the supporting companies and playwrights because of the vanity and momentary whims of "stars." Late last season, for instance, a musical comedy was produced in New York by a firm of well-known managers. The expense incidental to the production was very heavy. A "star" (a woman) was promulgated in the leading singing rôle. The play made a favorable impression in the metropolis, and, coincident with the good "notices," the "star's" head became exceedingly adipose. The play had not been running more than a few weeks when the "star" insisted that the managers change certain actors in her support. Not wishing to incur the star's displeasure (mind you, they had "made" the "star" themselves), they agreed to her demands. Not many weeks later the play was sent to Chicago. Here the "star" threatened to leave the company if her leading man was not changed at once. The management argued with the lady that the leading man was too valuable a member of the company to lose, but the "star" stamped her foot. "Either he goes and So-and-So is put in his place, or out I go." And, refusing to listen to reason, the lady deserted the company. The "star" was replaced by an actress thoroughly as proficient, but the production had been advertised so closely in connection with the "star" that the public would not patronize it once the "star" had left. And the managers, with a large loss of money staring them in the face as the result of the "star's" whim, had to withdraw the play.



AMY LESSER
Clever young actress seen at the Criterion Theatre in "The Commuters"

Let us look at another and more recent case. Not long ago, there was produced in New York a comic opera upon which a really large amount of money had been spent. At the head of the company there was lodged a woman "star." On the night of the metropolitan *première*, the "star" took ill and, as a consequence, was compelled to give up her place to an understudy for more than a week. Although the understudy was every bit as valid a singer and actress as the "star," the public remained away from the playhouse, because it remembered the "star's" name in connection with the advance notices of the opera. The "star" was probably honestly ill in this case and it was no fault of hers that the *première* was given so darksome an eye, but the fact of things, the final result, remained and does remain the same.

The "stars" themselves are writing the writing on the wall. And the public, any day now, may be expected to sharpen its pencil and put in the additional punctuation. It is up to the people!



White

RENEE KELLY
Appearing in "Peggy" at the Casino Theatre



IN THE GREAT DESERT. TRAVELLERS AND CAMELS SEEKING SHELTER IN AN OLD FRENCH FORT FROM THE ONCOMING SANDSTORM

Staging a Sandstorm

By WENDELL PHILLIPS DODGE

THE busiest actor on the stage of the Century Theatre, where Robert Hichens' drama, "The Garden of Allah," is still attracting large crowds, is the sand man. Though he occupies the centre of the stage only about one-fifth of the time that it takes Lewis Waller to give Boris Androvsky's long soliloquy, he nevertheless grips the audience more than any other incident in the play.

While the sand man does not appear in the cast, still he is very much in evidence behind the scenes. For his one big scene he requires the entire stage from the foots to the back drop, from wings to wings and from the boards to the flies; and for his quick-change dressing-room he must have the great thirty-foot-deep pit, the breadth and depth of the stage itself, which extends under the stage. For his "make-up" he requires almost a ton of dry colors for the ground alone, and no less than three hundred pounds of powder for the high lights. In making up he has to use eight tables, and is assisted by thirty dressers in putting on his costume. His "make-up" is put on with the aid of a dozen powerful electrical blowers, in order to give the right blend, and his costume is made to fly before the breeze by an electrically-driven stage gale that would make the winds of Chicago's lake front seem like a gentle summer's night air ripple. He makes his entrance at top speed and keeps on moving in a whirling-dervish sort of a way throughout the scene, occupying the centre and every other part of the stage at once and all the time until the close of his speech, which is the most heart-body-and-soul-rending in the whole play, filling the minds and hearts of the audience with all the emotions that exist between earth and sky.

In order to stage the sandstorm in "The Garden of Allah," in spirit and in truth, George C. Tyler, of the firm of Liebler and Company, went into the heart of the great Sahara Desert, accompanied by Hugh Ford, general stage director, and Edward A. Morange, of the firm of Gates and Morange, scenic artists, and laid siege to an actual and ferocious sandstorm which they captured and have transported in all its fiery temper to the Century Theatre, New York.

Mr. Tyler sent his automobile to Cherbourg, and from there the motor trip into the desert began. At Marseilles, they embarked on the Ville d'Oran, a small boat, to the African coast. After a rough passage the party reached Philippeville, from which point they put out for the Sahara. On the road between El-Arrouch and Le Hamma the sight of the "devil wagon" spread consternation, once entirely demoralizing a caravan, causing a stampede of camels. After some hours of speeding over the sands of time, the party passed El Kantara. Another hour and they arrived at an oasis in the centre of which lies the city of Biskra. Here they met Mr. Hichens, and after a reading of the dramatization of his novel amid the true atmosphere suggested in the book, they started out to reach the heart of the desert. Their's was the first automobile that had ever penetrated the sands of the Sahara, and this it did to such an extent that on one occasion it sank so deep it took six donkeys and a camel to pull it out of the hole it dug as it plowed through the sand, embedding itself deeper and deeper with each drive. They were no sooner out of this difficulty than they ran into a real sandstorm.

"We had been gone from Biskra a short three hours," said Mr. Morange, "when we began to find it necessary to put on our goggles and raincoats to protect our bodies from the sand, lifted and swirled around by intermittent, playful gusts of wind. Looking at a herd of camels, probably an eighth of a mile away, we noticed that different groups of them would suddenly be veiled to our view while others to both sides would be perfectly visible. Turning to look at the low hills that stand out dark against the sands in front of them and darker still against the sky beyond, we saw faintly what appeared to be steam, along the surface in various shapes, rising from the sands as they approached the dark hills, and veiling them until they, the sky above and the sands in front melted into one even tone of light, misty, yellowish gray. Around the veiled mass the sun was shining. A feeling of discomfort, not unmixed with anxiety, possessed



THE AMERICAN THEATRE MANAGER'S AUTOMOBILE STUCK IN THE SAND OF THE DESERT

our party as the bright sun, with which we started out, disappeared. To move our jaws but slightly found us grinding sand with our teeth, and we instinctively tied our handkerchiefs around our heads, covering our nostrils and securing some protection for the mouth. We could no longer pick out the road that but a few moments before was well defined by the ruts made by the mail diligence that regularly struggles between Biskra and Touggourt. The shifting sand had been blown over the road as snow might obscure a highway. We had gone to the desert for 'atmosphere' and we were getting it with a vengeance.

"We stopped the car, as we all agreed that it would be dangerous to proceed. From the direction from which we had noticed many little whirling steam-like gusts appear, we were now startled by the appearance of a huge irregular cloud, probably a hundred feet in width, moving rapidly toward us. A curious feature of it was that the bottom of it seemed to clear the ground, often rising and sinking alternatively. The color of the cloud was much darker than that of the sands around it. It was of a rather dirty yellowish red, but very luminous in quality. A half dozen camels that we could dimly distinguish, crouched or knelt, huddled together, stretching their necks close to the ground, their heads turned toward the approaching cloud. "The edge of this cloud, nearest to us, seemed entirely independent of the surrounding atmosphere, but as we were directly in its path, we instinctively closed our eyes, crouched in the automobile and turned our backs on it, as one would a blinding onslaught of snow and sleet. We were conscious of a hot, stinging sensation in the parts of our flesh exposed and a peculiar whistling, swirling rush of something passing over us for a few seconds. When I partially opened my eyes, I realized that it was almost as dark as night. When it grew lighter, we found ourselves in a yellowish, smoky fog of fine sand. We had to wait for probably fifteen minutes before the air cleared sufficiently for us to distinguish objects fifty feet away. Protected in the car as well as we were, we were still half-choked with sand. Little piles of sand were heaped up in front of the wheels and in all places that would allow them to form, as drifts of snow might pile. At this moment, we fully realized the oppressiveness of this dreary waste, this awful ocean of seemingly boundless sand."



Morrison

ELIZABETH MURRAY
Popular Irish comedienne seen as Catherine in "Madame Sherry"

The question now was how to transfer the real, living sandstorm to the stage of the Century Theatre. Stage sandstorms date back more than twenty years, when one was introduced in Fanny Davenport's production of "Gismonda." This sandstorm, naturally, was very crude, since in those days there was no such thing as light effects nor stage mechanism. The players themselves created the sandstorm by tossing handsful of Fuller's earth over their heads to the accompaniment of the rubbing of sandpaper in the wings to give the suggestion of wind blowing. Belasco put over the first realistic sandstorm in "Under Two Flags," causing Fuller's earth to be blown through funnel-like machines from the wings, while at the same time stereopticon cloud storm effects were played on gauze drops. Mr. Belasco also introduced the now famous bending palm to stage sandstorms, to convey the idea of motion. Once when "Under Two Flags" was produced in San Francisco the local stage manager told the property man to get something that could be blown across the stage, to be used in the sandstorm scene. There was not time for a scene rehearsal, but the property man connected a "blower" made out of a soap box with the ventilating system, and as the cue was given, tossed heaps of flour into the box to be blown over the stage. The play ended right there, with scenery and everything covered as if a blizzard had struck the place! It required weeks to get the flour off of the scenery, to which it stuck and hardened. Last year Frederic Thompson introduced a sandstorm in a scene showing the Western Bad Lands, sawdust being blown from the wings. But the sawdust scattered everywhere, even into the orchestra.

Messrs. Tyler and Ford found no bending palms in the storm they witnessed and encountered on the Sahara, so no bending palms appear in "The Garden of Allah" sandstorm. Yet motion is suggested by other means—the robes of an Arab going across the stage waving, the sides of the Arab tent flapping in the wind, the garment of Batouch, Domini's servant, fluttering when he emerges from the tent to tighten the anchorage rope to the windward. Besides these things, there is the whirling swirling sand forming real sandspouts, such as have never before found their way on the stage.

To create the actual whirlwind that blows the sand at the Century Mr. Ford installed under the stage a series of powerful electric blowers, and connected these with pipes leading up through the stage flooring at carefully planned points of vantage. One set of pipes is located by the left-stage tormentor near the front of the tent, and another on the other side of the proscenium by the right-stage tormentor. There is another set of these pipes hidden behind the tent towards the centre of the stage, and still another set back stage. The pipe sets consist of four pipes such as are used for drain-pipes on houses, of different heights and with the openings placed at slightly different angles. Under the stage alongside of the electric blowers are two rows of troughs, one on either side of the stage, into which a dozen men feed the "sand," which is forced up the pipes and blown at a rate far exceeding that of any windstorm ever experienced on land or sea! In all there are twenty blowers, arranged in four series of five each. Another single blower is placed in the left-stage tormentor and blows only air, to dispel the continuous streams of sand blown through the pipes by the other blowers. The pipes are so placed and arranged on the stage as to provide a continuous whirling swirl of sand, never ending, never-ceasing, ever increasing in its fiery fury, until the storm quiets down and the light of day brightens the scene.

Mr. Ford placed the pipes at different angles so that each one would send a stream of sand that would cut and dispel the stream from another pipe, thus obtaining a continuous spiral sandspout instead of a streak of sand like the tail of a comet from each pipe. Also, the three sets of pipes used for creating the sandstorm are started and worked alternately, beginning with the set in front of the tent, then the set at the right side of the proscenium, and finally the set beside the tent, towards the centre of the stage. This alternate movement *(Continued on page viii)*

ARNOLD BENNETT AS PLAYWRIGHT

By ARCHIE BELL

ONE of Arnold Bennett's most striking characteristics is his determination. Would it were otherwise! And yet, without that same determination, he would doubtless be a grubber in old Fleet street, writing reviews, essays, paragraphs and reflections upon the passing show of life, and the reading world would not be feasting itself upon his delicious novels.

When he was a newspaper man, his most loyal friends told him that he could never become a successful novelist. He was determined to prove otherwise. When he outlined his plans for a first novel, they told him that he must alter all these things and conform to existing standards, aiming for popularity if he would succeed, "writing down" to the level of his prospective purchasers and readers, and, above all other things, he must practice the art of abbreviation. But he was determined to write two-hundred-thousand-word novels, determined not to "write down," and firmly set in his notions of what his subjects should be, and the manner in which he would treat them.



ARNOLD BENNETT

At first, and for several years, in fact, it was as the friends had predicted. Bennett was overlooked, and his literary product attracted little attention. But his determination won. If the public wouldn't accept one long novel, dealing with the most common and everyday affairs of life, he would try another. A strange theory for obtaining success, but he had confidence in himself and in his work. His pen was never idle. He thinks he is lazy if he has not produced 500,000 words in a year. He never permits himself more than a two-day vacation. He is determined to succeed, and now that overwhelming success has crowned his efforts in fiction, he is turning his attention to the theatre.

"I'll write two plays a year until I have proved that successful fiction writing is not a handicap to successful playwriting," he said to an interviewer. He dotes on smashing the traditions, and one of these is that the man who writes "best sellers" for the fiction counters cannot hope to be a great commercial success in the theatre, although such men as Barrie, Hall Caine, Richard Harding Davis and others, have met with considerable success as playwrights, after first winning their laurels as novelists.

Not long ago Jerome K. Jerome was quoted as saying that the writer of the present time could not afford to spend his days with the novel. Fiction, according to this writer, no longer pays, or at least not in any measure comparable to the rewards of the playwright. Edward Peple, Mr. Davis, and others, have voiced a similar sentiment, but what they have said does not hold good in the case of a prolific novelist like Arnold Bennett. Novel writing has paid him handsomely during the past seven years, and will doubtless continue to do so. His philosophical sketches, essays, reviews and travel pictures are in great demand by the publishers. It is said that an American firm advanced him the sum of 5,000 pounds sterling for his "impressions" of America and the Americans, for which he is now collecting the material during a visit to New York, Chicago, New Orleans, Denver, and San Francisco. Unlike some of his literary masters, Bennett is said to be a first-rate business man. He knows how to drive a bargain. He spent many years of apprenticeship in the service of London newspapers and periodicals. He has traveled far, and has been a keen observer of life in its various forms, as denoted by the penetrating studies in his novels.

But just now, Bennett yearns to be a playwright. In fact, he is a playwright already. He has written something like twenty plays, none of which has been a great commercial success. But, as before noted, he is determined. His latest work, "The Honeymoon," which was produced in London, with Marie Tempest in the principal part, on the eve of his sailing for America, is thought to be destined to a run of something like 100 nights. Another failure!

"But, you see, I am gaining ground," says Bennett, cheerfully. "I have experienced a 'run' of one consecutive night with plays, so an advance to one hundred is progress. The principal thing is that I have a message to deliver in the theatre. I know it, just as I knew that I had something to say in fiction. I learned from early experience with my novels that the British public is not quick to accept my attitude. Whatever vogue I enjoy at the present time at home has come up gradually, almost imperceptibly, it seems. Not so in America, however, for it seems to me that one morning I suddenly awakened to find that my books were selling in large quantities in this country."

In similar fashion, although he does not admit it, there is the likelihood that Mr. Bennett expects the theatre-going public will one day take a sudden fancy to his dramatic works. If that time comes, he is well equipped against the day. He has a good stock of plays already tried out, and there are many which he has not yet written, which are already buzzing in his mind. Up to now, playwriting has been something of a side-issue with him. He had first to convince readers that he was worthy of their time and attention. Now he is in earnest concerning the play.

Bennett's failures have not been like the failures of other men, however, for there has been a big demand for his printed plays, immediately they were withdrawn from the boards. Perhaps the best known of his dramas in America is "What the Public Wants," a brilliantly conceived satire upon modern conditions in the printing and publishing world, which is executed with a technical skill that suggests at once Shaw, Brieux, and Galsworthy. This very technique, however, seems to be the millstone about his neck that drags him down to the waters of theatrical impossibility. He draws characters with a certainty that cannot be questioned. His themes are vital and poignant. He writes dialogue that is more than clever. It sparkles and cracks with a brilliancy that awes and amazes. Still he does not write drama that is to be acted—or, at least, he has not done so in this characteristic effort. One reads it with a relish and enjoys the flavor, all the time regretting nevertheless that it is not a novel, and that Mr. Bennett, who, left to his own devices of extensive phrasing, has not further developed this and that episode, as he knows so well how to do it, instead of handicapping himself with the sharper and more abbreviated form of stage requirements.



Photo Bert

SUZANNE DESPRES IN DE GONCOURT'S DRAMA "LA FILLE ELISA"

Suzanne Desprès—A Great French Tragedienne

By GERTRUDE NORMAN

SUZANNE DESPRÈS is little known in America, yet to those travelled theatregoers who can appreciate the art of acting at its highest, the reputation throughout Europe of this remarkable little French woman is scarcely second to that of Duse.

All who have studied the art of the great Italian tragedienne know of her overwhelming adherence to the truth in all its simplicity, terror and beauty, of the trail she blazed, the bridges she built, the planes of desolation and uncomprehending obtuseness she traversed, to carve her new pathway, alongside which the so-called natural methods of other artists revealed themselves almost as violent melodrama or cold artifice to conceal a lack of temperament. Faithfully has Suzanne Desprès followed in the footsteps of her unsurpassable colleague; encouraged, befriended and admired by her, and their two silhouettes stand out against a lonely but so utterly beautiful sky, unique in their world, not so much, perhaps, because of their being more gifted than other artists of our time, but because of their *complete difference.*

There is a curious and noticeably striking resemblance between these two great artists; more a psychical than a physical one, although Suzanne Desprès's power is more morbid, violent, less tender and poetic than the great Italian's. But both have achieved isolated positions by virtue of their realistic methods and with comparatively little to aid them. Small women both, unbeautiful according to the world's standard of beauty, indifferent to personal appearance, but enveloped in a strange loveliness and unescapable charm all their own—the Italian with her benediction of mystic suffering, hovering between a great, luminous spirituality, and a cryptic, almost neurotic gloom as of one who had dreamed too much, and the French woman with her pallid, sorrowful face, stamped with an almost ferocious ambition, that look which one comes to know on the faces of the sublimely self-absorbed, a fierce capacity to suffer, to comprehend the desolation of loneliness, a woman more occupied with the psychological mystery and possibilities of her own ego than absorbed in a too great power to lavish love and a wealth of burning tenderness on others, which one conceives, haunts the yearnings of the deep-eyed Duse.

There are as great, perhaps even greater actresses than these two; but I speak of them as artists, and also together, because of the similarity of their dream; their unswerving faithfulness to their star, and in that they both have often entered a deep midnight unknown to the frailer imaginations of more brilliant technicians and interpreters, from whence they have brought us tears and dreams and flowers, never seen before but in the hidden recesses of the life of silence and of vision. Some dark and sweet disaster seems to envelop them, to emanate from their remote voices, the elusive look too wise for much joy—the lines of ecstasy and pain around the tortured lips—the empty gestures of the hands, as of those who have sought for ideals and found



Copyright, 1910, by August Scherl

SUZANNE DESPRES AS ELECTRA



ELEANORA DUSE, THE ITALIAN TRAGEDIENNE, PAYING A VISIT TO RODIN, THE SCULPTOR

A very beautiful friendship between two great artists is that of Eleanora Duse, the actress, and Rodin, the sculptor. Both highly intellectual, they find much in common. The great Italian actress never visits Paris without paying her respects to the sculptor at his home in Meudon, outside of Paris. At one time the actress prepared a dinner for Rodin at his home—a real Italian dinner, for the actress can cook as well as she can act, which is sufficient praise for her culinary gifts. In her early days it was necessary for her to know how to cook, and she still remembers the art, and delights to prepare delicious dishes occasionally for her friends. Duse recently startled the theatrical world by announcing the opinion that "to save the theatre the theatre must be destroyed; the actors and actresses must all die of the plague, they poison the air, they make art impossible." This bitter denunciation was taken to be a vigorous protest against the invasion of commercialism on the stage

realities; sought for love, and have found naught but vanishing forms or a handful of ashes.

These two artists are so different to other interpreters in the dramatic form that it is difficult to say if they are forerunners of a deeper, more comprehensive, spiritual and enlarged view of the vast possibilities of dramatic art, or if they are but symbols of a type so curiously pregnant now in the other arts—in poetry, music, painting—that symbolistic wave so miscalled decadent, because so misunderstood. The esoteric charm they emanate we meet in the deep and troubled souls of the creators of the symbolist movement in literature. That haunting look of the eyes do we not feel it in the poems breathed out by the Celtic mystics; does it not shine out from their purple twilights? Do we not hear it in the heart-ache and the throb which palpitates in the music of Wagner, Strauss, Debussy, Wolff? Do we not see this cosmic unanswerable grief in Rodin, Maeterlinck, Verhaaren, Sinding, Zuloaga? Perhaps for this very reason these two artists, Duse and Desprès so seldom appear in dramas all embracing enough for the depth of their comprehensions or the magic mystery of their personalities.

There is "a sadness beyond sadness, a grief beyond all pain" in the pale and poignant face of this remarkable little French woman who, despite her rare appearances in Paris, has stamped herself indubitably on the art-loving souls of her more serious-minded countrymen, and has won for herself in Germany, Austria, Roumania, Bulgaria, Scandinavia, Egypt, and Turkey even, the name of one of the greatest living tragediennes. "Nothing concerns me but the Truth," says Suzanne Desprès, and as she sees it so does she reveal it.

In first coming in contact with this small, curious, remote woman,—with her short but graceful form, pale face, determined jaw, almost English in its length and heaviness, the smooth, straight, dark hair, worn close to the head and severely parted on one side like a boy's, the introspective ecstatic eyes, belonging to a brain intense in all its moments, bent with a ferocious concentration on a single aim domineering in all its moods, despite a very great timidity, individual in all its outlooks,—one is impressed and haunted, long after having met her, with the ineradicable sense of grief which almost unconsciously seems to possess her. She has gay moods, moods of enthusiasm, childlike simplicity, humor and fun, nevertheless a sadness envelops her which has something akin to the Norwegian, Flemish and Russian gloom which enclouds its children in an instinctive, morbid, advanced psychology. A curious combination of astonishing mental culture, with a remarkably untouched primitive simplicity, enfolds these hearts of flame, of whom Suzanne Desprès is so marked a type. Their knowledge has so much of disillusion in it, their endeavor so much of hopelessness.

There is something stubborn, almost violent, in the personality of this tragedienne. She reveals herself volcanically when at last one comes to talk with her, and the timid reserve which enchains her breaks down. Her voice is pregnant with a husky, vibrant quality, a little combative; its cadence tells one, with her eyes, of the pathway of grief, seeming failure, starvation, and ever unending struggle. The eyes are indeed beautiful—grey-blue, full of a radiant intelligence, tender, gloomy, a little suspicious, as of one who has many times been betrayed in her faith. Life has not been gentle to her, but out of the discord she has made a marvellous harmony, a music like unto Strauss's "Also Sprach Zarathustra." This melody enfolds her like some clinging garment of deep and omniscient knowledge.

She wears as a rule soft, neutral tinted gowns, severe in line—greys and dull browns, well suited to her small, sombre self. Her movements are vital with decision, buoyant with the un-

trammeled freedom of one who is unconscious of the body, yet using it to express the moods of her soul, like the tones of her voice, the look of the eyes, the beautiful, firm, boyish movements of the hands. In her face, "so strangely set, of some strange, inherited regret," the face of Duse has become tender by her wisdom of life. The face of Desprès has become wise, but tragic, distrustful, with an almost brutal intensity. The flame of her consciousness is overpowering in its ardency, and by reason of this she has not her equal among modern artists in such plays as "Phèdre," "Medea," "Electra," "Elisa" (in de Goncourt's play,) "Germinal," in Zola's drama, or those of Ibsen, despite the indubitable greatness of a Bartet, Réjane, Weber, Sorel, Simone or many remarkable German and Italian artists. She brings the remoteness of the classic dramas closer to us than the regal elocutionary methods of the declamatory school and curiously invests the modern, psychological play with a classic majesty by very reason of the intimacy of her methods. She attracts one by her almost repellent charm and by that poetic power to reveal to one, one's secret mood, one's isolated experience, the ever unspoken hidden complications of the questioning soul. There is a psychic touch of divination in her portrayals, an elemental power in this Parisian born artist; yet how completely un-Parisian when she gives way to her primitive passions of hate. desire, love, anguish. She seems then to be betraying universal buried moods, cryptic memories, banished desires, when the forces of her genius possess her. And perhaps it is this terrible adherence to truth, *the* truth, which our whole social and artistic life would deny, that withholds from her the success and admiration of the average theatre-going public. We want life presented to us "smilingly envisaged," and when a forceful personality presents it to us with the old burning tragedy in the eyes, and without the spiritual conviction of a joy deeper than all pain, a hope more absolute than any loss, we resent it and too often, alas, reject the genius who is manifesting to us a portion of the truth which must be faced and conquered before the greater glory can come.

Her private life is one of constant, persistent endeavor; very different to the brilliant, social life led by so many stars of the French stage. She is difficult to know, seeking solitude and remoteness, as if contact with the superficial, aimless life of the admirers of great artists would take from her some portion of her inner vision, some energy from her inspiration and her dream. Her joy, recreation, passion are all contained in that one word, "work." She lives almost always in a fever of mental intoxication, of a burning desire to absorb, interpret. Her home is like herself—quiet, sombre but compelling in tone. One room pervaded with the erotic, almost mystic side of her nature; the other clear and primitive like some room in a far Norwegian home. The salon is full of rare, old furniture, dark and Japanese in suggestion, the walls hung with original paintings of her arresting, questioning face. A large bust of Ibsen on the mantel and a massive torso of a nude dancer by Rodin dominating all. The latter, a work of art, pitiless, realistic, cruel, yet supremely delicate in execution, strangely resembles the work of Desprès herself. When last the writer saw her it was the day after a miraculous performance of "Electra" and "L'Amour de Kesa." She brought out a new part she had been copying almost the entire night after her return from the theatre, too wrought up by the stupendousness of her effort for sleep, and so to quiet herself she wrote and studied till five in the morning. The atmosphere of superb deeds accomplished still hung around her despite the tragic tiredness of her face. She can never study a part from the printed manuscript. It says nothing to her, so she copies the entire play in her own handwriting into a copy-book. When the play is taken from the repertoire she destroys it and if it is again produced in a few years she copies and relearns it entirely afresh.

Born of the people, Suzanne Desprès owes much to her origin, her so strongly marked character and temperament, the exalted obstinacy which so typifies the French people, that interior force



Moffett

A NEW PORTRAIT OF NANCE O'NEIL

which is nourished on obstacles, and ends by using them all as a means to success, as "kites which rise against and not with the wind." She seems to become fortified by battle, excited by difficulties, and all her sentiments, inclinations, feelings spring from vigorous and far-reaching roots. She comes to us, as a Gorky, with untrammeled emotions. The school of life, in close, rough contact, has been her teacher. Not as an observer has she learned, which is so often the only way of knowledge for so many artists, who have had no real communion with the life they are called upon to interpret—the life of poverty, rejection, agony and infinite struggle. From her earliest years she has had to work. Daughter of a mechanic on the railroads she entered the public schools at the age of twelve, soon after to go out and earn her own living, and add her mite to the meagre

means of the family. This obligation to work had the advantage of bringing with it a certain amount of freedom, unknown to those brought up in more sheltered homes, and the little "modiste" apprentice used her freedom according to the imperative demands of her genius. She went to the theatre. She walked from her home in the suburbs to her place of work in the rue de la Paix, to and from, every day, thus saving the five sous which her father allowed her for her train fare. At the end of the week she found herself the rich possessor of thirty sous (sixty cents), which enabled her to go to the top gallery of the Théâtre Français, the palace of her dreams, with two sous for the *ouvreuse* and four sous for an orange. The entire sum was swallowed up in this orgy and the young girl would walk home at one o'clock in the morning, reciting like one possessed. One day, the brilliant, iconoclastic young director, Lugné-Poé, then beginning to win fame for himself, not only as an actor but as the ambitous editor of the art magazine *L'Oeuvre* and director of the theatre of the same name (the man who since has familiarized Paris with many remarkable plays from every country, and has brought to Paris, not only Duse, but Grasso, Zacconi, Duncan, the Japanese and Chinese players, and the first man to produce Maeterlinck), received a letter from a painter friend asking him to interest himself in a young girl whom he thought might have talent. An interview was arranged, Suzanne Desprès came, timid, but convinced; recited, and won not only the artistic interest of the young director, but also his heart. Within three months she made her first appearance in "Chariot de Terre Cuite," a Hindoo play, and later entered the Conservatoire, now the wife of Lugné-Poé. At the Conservatoire she won the two first prizes for both tragedy and comedy (but oh! the galling memory of those times of indefatigable labor, discouragement, the fevers of fear, the lack of comprehension, despite the official recognition, except from her husband and a few penetrative souls, such as Maurice Maeterlinck!) When she left the Conservatoire she was engaged by the Vaudeville Theatre, but after several rehearsals they decided not to let her appear, and if it had not been for the extensive tours arranged for her by the Théâtre de l'Oeuvre, and the constant encouragement of her husband, she would have been completely discouraged by the obdurateness of public, of the "boulevard," as they say in Paris, of the directors, critics and even colleagues. They remained suspicious, distrustful before the originality of her methods and the pale, curious personality. At last Jules Lemaitre, hunting for a creator for his "Ainée," heard of her, and in a spirit of intuitive kindness engaged her for the rôle.



Photo Stoll
MME. NORDICA SINGING IN THE OPEN-AIR GREEK THEATRE, BERKELEY, CALIFORNIA

But he was so disappointed in her work at the rehearsals that he wanted at the eleventh hour to take the rôle from her. Luckily he was dissuaded and the play proved for him a success. But for Suzanne Desprès it was a triumph—the triumph of Paris at last!

Since then she has appeared in success after success; not only at her husband's theatre but with the famous Antoine, (who at one time ridiculed her genius), at the Gynmase and in Zola's "L'Assommoire" with Guitry, in which she made a clamorous success. Then came her recognition and engagement by the reserved, difficult to please Théâtre Français, the one-time far-off palace of her dreams; that temple of the classics and home of great traditions and all perfections, and yet—alas often, too, the home of buried temperaments and abandoned hopes. It has evolved a Bartet and a Sorel, but its atmosphere was crushing to the ardent, progressive, severely realistic little Desprès, and, after a too audacious portrayal of Phèdre, the bird spread its as yet unclipped wings and flew away again to freedom and the uncertainty of the struggle. This action on her part built up against her amongst a very large public, those lovers of old traditions, what ere they be, those respectors of ancient temples, a very definite prejudice such as was launched against her great colleague, Sarah Bernhardt, years before, and which has taken all the courage of her genius to efface. But by her performances in Esbrouffe's "Fille Sauvage," Gorki's "Les Bas Profonds," D'Annunzio's "Gioconda," and "La Fille de Jorio," and Ibsen's "Doll's House," she established herself as the most remarkable and original of tragediennes. She has made three triumphal tours to South America with Antoine, and every year makes extensive tours to Prussia, Austria, Scandinavia, etc. In 1906 she and her friend, Eleanora

(*Continued on page vi*)



Head of Oscar Hammerstein on his new London Opera House



2,000 CONVICTS IN THE SAN QUENTIN PENITENTIARY, CALIFORNIA, WATCHING A PERFORMANCE OF "ALIAS JIMMY VALENTINE"

Convicts See a Play of Convict Life

By ELLA COSTILLO BENNETT

PERHAPS the most unique theatrical performance ever given was that which recently took place at the San Quentin Penitentiary, California. Sarah Bernhardt, Julia Marlowe and Maude Adams have played at the Greek Theatre at Berkeley, and Nordica sang there out in the open air under the star-canopied sky; but it was reserved for H. B. Warner, the actor, to conceive the idea of giving a similar performance to the convicts in California's biggest prison.

Two thousand men watched the playing of "Alias Jimmy Valentine" in the prison yard of San Quentin Penitentiary. Outwardly they were "not as other men." They had striped clothing, shaved heads, saddened faces, lined and seamed, hardened, yet perhaps softened in a line here and there by years of suffering and endurance. It was a kind thought that prompted the idea of this performance for men forgotten and shunned by the world, and that kindness was deeply and tearfully appreciated. That the result is far-reaching and good is almost obvious.

The play was staged with the prison wall for a background, and while the action was in progress armed guards paced back and forth like sentinels on the walls of some ancient baronial castle, ever alert for an invading enemy. The prison yard has a natural slope backward from the wall, and this formed a sort of amphitheatre around which chairs were arranged in a way that enabled every man to get a view of the stage. The twenty-four women prisoners were seated in the front row, and Warden Hoyle had, with his usual kindness, seen to it that even the prisoners condemned to death were not forgotten in this wonderful treat. He had good seats reserved for them, to show sympathy for these unfortunates, who must soon pay the penalty for their crimes.

The day was warm and sunshiny, and two thousand convicts made the strangest audience to which actors have ever played. The prisoners—under the instruction of Albert Cowles, of the visiting theatrical company—had built the stage, and were eagerly interested in their novel work.

When the actors, who had been presenting the play at the Cort Theatre in San Francisco, arrived, the prisoners were all excitement. Some of them had not seen a woman for many years, and the actresses, dressed in their up-to-date gowns, beautiful hats, and trim shoes, were a sight to gladden the eyes of the "prison birds." The men, too, in their fresh, well-cut clothes, must have occasioned a gripping, sinking feeling at the heart of these striped unfortunates, who gazed on their opposites—free, happy, prosperous men from the outside world. What a book it would make to analyze the thoughts of those convicts as the players were shown through the prison, in and out of the dining-rooms, the work-shops and chapel, while they, heartsick and remorseful, looked on. Perhaps some of the prisoners had bitterness and hatred in their hearts, but the majority felt only gratitude and pleasure, both towards the players and the warden. Their attitude was proof of this. They were quiet and attentive, so that not a word of the play might be lost.

No actors ever had a more appreciative audience. The convicts laughed at the sallies, applauded when some telling point was made, frowned at injustice, and wept at the pathos of Jimmy Valentine's position. Not a word escaped them. Their own predicament was forgotten, apparently they were wholly absorbed; tears streamed down the faces of the men. The children made a special appeal—bright, sweet, beautiful little tots, who won their share of applause and appreciation.

There were men in that prison who had children. What must their feelings have been! They laughed when the convict got the



Copyright Charles Frohman Marie Doro on the witness stand

THE DIVORCE COURT TRIAL SCENE IN HEMMARDE NEILSON'S DRAMA "A BUTTERFLY ON THE WHEEL"

better of the warden in a battle of words and they scowled at a villainous trick—just as people do in the theatres in the cities. There were men in that vast striped audience who breathlessly watched the play, who never expected to see the outside world again—"lifers," and men whose heads are already bent with age, and the end of whose term stretches too far into the future for anything but the faintest glimmer of hope—a miracle, perhaps—an unlooked for pardon—to keep the spark alive. There were youths there, whose terms are short, and nearly finished. These surely must have made new and strong resolutions. That sermon of "Jimmy Valentine" produced on a stage in the open air must have gone to heavy hearts as few sermons preached in the prison chapel have ever done.

The last act was over, eyes were wiped, noses blown, and the prisoners gave their thanks through one who had an address of gratitude. They thanked Mr. Warner, the leading man, and Miss Phyllis Sherwood, the leading woman, and all the other actors, and their warden; and they are still talking of it, discussing it from a personal and dramatic standpoint, and comparing opinions on the actors.

It was a kind deed on the part of Mr. Warner. He realized the particular appeal this play would make to convicts, the hope with which it might inspire them, and the lesson of endeavor and principle it might instill in these forgotten, outcast men; and it was a kind thing that Warden Hoyle did to give his consent and assistance to all this. Ever since his incumbency in the office, conditions at San Quentin have slowly but steadily improved. There is no more cruelty practised there, and in so far as it has been possible, the warden has tried to take some of the oppressive burdens from the prisoners in his charge. His letter to the public shows his interest in his work and his hope for fallen man:

"This performance to-day is a great thing for the prison. It marks a new era in the public attitude toward convicts. It shows the prisoners, as nothing else could do, that the community has sympathy and encouragement for them.

"From another standpoint it will have an excellent effect. It will serve to interest the public in the prisons of the State and to make society realize that it owes a duty of humanity to the men who are confined within prison walls. It will help remove the idea of punishment as the purpose of imprisonment and substitute the idea of the higher purpose of correction.

"We want the prisoners to know—as this play points out—that a convict who tries to reform will be given a chance and encouragement to work out his regeneration." "WARDEN HOYLE."

The players have gone their way; the incident for them is a pleasant memory. For the convicts it was a light in darkness, the touch of a sympathetic hand; and the memory of a kindly act that will be cherished 'til the drop of the last curtain, and the waning flicker of the last light.



Copyright Charles Frohman

MME. NAZIMOVA AND FRANK GILLMORE IN PIERRE WOLFF'S COMEDY "THE MARIONETTES" AT THE LYCEUM THEATRE

Maggie Teyte—the Diminutive Prima Donna

By RICHARD SAVAGE

A TINY little figure, in the dress of a page, parted the curtains at the back of the stage, a plaintive little face appeared in the opening, and Miss Maggie Teyte, smallest, youngest of prima donnas, made her first appearance on the American operatic stage. The occasion was the first matinée at the Philadelphia Opera House, on the afternoon of November 4th; the opera, Mozart's "Marriage of Figaro," and it was as Cherubino, the youthful page, a rôle in which she took London by storm, that this gifted young girl captivated the hearts of her American audience. Of her success there was no doubt, and after the familiar aria, *Voi che sapete*, the house rose to her, and demanded its repetition. Subsequent appearances in Philadelphia, Chicago and in concert in New York—for Miss Teyte is as much at home in the latter as in the former field—have but endeared her the more to the public.



Bert, Paris MISS MAGGIE TEYTE AS MIGNON

Miss Teyte is absurdly young looking, even for her few years (she is just past twenty), and as she sat chatting in the drawing room of her Chicago hotel, one would have thought, to look at her, that she was some blushing school girl anticipating her coming-out party, rather than a full-fledged prima donna.

She has been called English and Irish, both countries being anxious to claim her, so one of the first questions asked her by the present writer was which nationality she actually claimed. Miss Teyte laughed, and her answer practically leaves the reader to settle the question.

"My mother's father was Scotch. As a little child I remember often hearing her say: 'My father never wore trousers in his life.' It used to puzzle me greatly to know what she meant until I was old enough to realize that, of course, she meant that he had always worn a kilt. He married an Irish woman, and their son, my father, was far more Irish than Scotch. My mother was English, and I was born in England. Now then, what is my nationality?" she concluded, and the question proved too difficult for immediate solution.

Irish certainly are the big grey eyes with their dark lashes, and most of her listeners insist that only Irish blood could account for the artistic temperament displayed by the tiny singer. Miss Teyte's father was an accomplished amateur pianist, who studied seriously in Leipzig, although he never put his talent to professional use. All of her mother's family were musical, and so it is not surprising to hear that the future artist sang as a mere child. As a child, too, she began her vocal studies with her first and only teacher, Jean De Reské.

"I do wish you would emphasize the fact that I never studied with anyone in my life but M. De Reské," said Miss Teyte earnestly. "There seems to be an impression in America that he never trained any artist entirely, but there are at least five of us now singing before the public who have never had any other teacher." Among these five is Mme. Saltzman-Stevens, who joins the Chicago company later.

"I made my début in opera three and a half years ago, as Zerlina in 'Don Giovanni,' at Monte Carlo," she continued, "and from there went to the Opéra Comique to sing Mélisande, after Miss Mary Garden left. I shall never forget my first meeting with M. Debussy. I was sent for to sing the music for him. I arrived first. I was smaller, thinner than I am now," she mused (as a matter of fact, one would not call her thin; slim, slight, willowy, certainly, but a round little figure), "and my hair was down my back in a pigtail. Presently M. Debussy came into the room, and glanced at me. Dubiously he asked:

"'Pardon me, but is this Miss Teyte?'

"'*Oui, Monsieur,*' I replied.

"'Are you Miss Maggie Teyte?'

"'*Oui, Monsieur.*'

"'Pardon me, but are you Miss Maggie Teyte of the Opéra Comique?' he again questioned.

"'*Oui, Monsieur.*'

"A resigned expression came over his face, and he seated himself at the piano. I knew he was disgusted, and wondered why they had sent that child to sing for him, but we began. In a few minutes he paused, and asked me if he might ask his wife to come and hear me. He did so, and from that moment we became friends."

How great is the admiration which the composer feels for his youngest of Melisandes is proved by the fact which Miss Teyte's husband related, namely, that Debussy insists upon her singing his music whenever she is in France, and he is directing a concert. She is engaged for every one of the Debussy festivals directed by the composer, which are to be given in France this coming summer.

"I love the rôle of Melisande," the little prima donna remarked earnestly. "It is so interesting, so beautiful. After my engagement at the Opéra Comique I went to London, to sing at His Majesty's Theatre in the spring of 1910, during Mr. Beecham's season of grand opera. There I sang Cherubino in 'The Marriage of Figaro,' Antonietta in 'Tales of Hoffmann,' another rôle which I find very sympathetic, Suzanna in Mozart's 'Il Seraglio,' an opera not as well known as it should be. Then in the autumn, at Covent Garden, I sang the same rôles, Marguerite in 'Faust' and others. A rôle which I hope I may be able to sing here, and which I have sung on the Riviera, is Mignon in Ambroise Thomas' opera. Mimi in 'La Bohême' is another, and one which I especially hope to sing—I have never done so yet—is Eva in 'Die Meistersinger.' I feel that it would suit me admirably, and should love to sing it."

For the benefit of those who have not yet heard her, it may be well to mention here that Miss Teyte's voice does not match her five feet of height, and generally tiny, fragile appearance. It is surprisingly full and resonant, especially in the upper register, as well as even and smooth.

One of the singer's greatest admirers is Sir Paolo Tosti, the renowned song writer, and whose opinion in London may be said to be law. He declares that Miss Maggie Teyte is the only singer to-day who can sing.

"He has often embarrassed me terribly when I have been singing at some reception where he was present," remarked Miss Teyte. "He would be so extravagant in his praise that I would feel like sinking through the floor."

Scenes in Charles Kenyon's New Play "Kindling" at Daly's Theatre



White

Mrs Bates
(Annie Mack Berlein)

Maggie Schultz
(Margaret Illington)

ACT I. MRS. BATES: "THE LORD MADE THE RULES OF NATURE BEFORE HE MADE THEM TEN COMMANDMENTS"



White

Maggie Schultz
(Margaret Illington)

Heinrich Schultz
(Byron Beasley)

ACT II. HEINRICH: "THE STRIKE'S OFF, AND I START WORK TO-MORROW"



Soldiers of the Seventh Regiment shooting down theatre rioters in Astor Place, New York

When Audiences Get Angry

By MONTROSE J. MOSES

THE disgraceful scenes enacted recently in a New Haven theatre by college students, who wrecked the auditorium and stormed the stage, because they were dissatisfied with the entertainment, and the still more recent public protest against the plays presented by the Irish Players—protest which, in this city, took the form of actual violence, the actors being pelted by overripe eggs and other objectionable missiles—come as gentle reminders that theatre audiences, patient under much provocation as they seem to be, are sometimes apt to lose their temper, with serious results.

It is really the mob spirit that prompts us to clap at the theatre, the same mob spirit that made some of the admirers of Charlotte Cushman take the horses from her coach on the occasion of her farewell in New York City, and drag her, themselves in the traces, to the Fifth Avenue Hotel. And it is this spirit reversed—changed from enthusiasm into hatred—that resulted in the wounding of forty-one soldiers during the Astor Place riots. Audiences are quick to rouse, and not easy to quell.

Even that sanctuary of dramatic art, the Théâtre Français, is not exempt from turbulent scenes of this kind. It is only a few months ago that there was an incipient riot in the dignified house of Molière over the production of Bernstein's play, "Après Moi." Some attributed the disturbance to the fact that the author, Henri Bernstein, well-known to America by "The Thief," "Samson," and "Israel," is a Jew, and that the Royalists had carried their anti-Semitic prejudices into the playhouse. Others claimed that the author was unpopular because he had evaded military duty, still others because of the vulgarity of the harem skirt worn by the heroine. Whatever the cause, the disturbance was undoubtedly the outcome of quarrels wholly separate from the theatre itself, and the play, which had been first produced on February 20, 1911, was withdrawn by the author on March 3, 1911. The result was that Daudet, son of the novelist, and a mover in the royalist faction, insulted Jules Claretie, the director of the Théâtre Français, and Claretie's son fought a duel to avenge his father's honor.

It was not the first time the Comédie had been the scene of public disapproval. Sardou's play, "Thermidor," was howled from the stage for political reasons. Only last spring, when "The Lights o' London" was revived, Mr. Charles Richman was boohed by the gallery gods for playing a stereotyped villain's part in grave seriousness.

Actors and managers both sometimes forget how near the brink they are in their relation to the public. For the crowd—once excited—loses its reserve, and either madly destroys others or itself. It was the mob spirit in frantic agony that increased the horrors of the Iroquois fire in Chicago. It is when the audience makes assault upon the theatre itself, and for theatre reasons, that we obtain the typical riots, such as dot the pages of theatrical history.

They start, as all quarrels begin, in a small way, mounting to huge proportions. To-day, we have lost that faction interest in the theatre which was so strong when Edmund Kean fought against Booth, and Edwin Forrest against Macready. For one thing, as far as this country is concerned, there is much more *entente cordiale* between New York and London than there was in those days. The whole irritation preceding the Astor riots came from Forrest's sensitiveness while in England—a sensativeness, no doubt, fanned into a flame by the generally accepted belief that American actors were always slighted.



Riot at Covent Garden during a performance of "Artaxerxes," in 1763

Sometimes these riots are not without their attendant blessings, for, in the very fact that Junius Brutus Booth was the "star" at Covent Garden, while Kean held sway at Drury Lane, lay the reasons why America was to be histrionically enriched by the Booth family. The events of February 25, 1817, are too well-known to descant upon fully; it was a case of a rival blotting the clear horizon of Kean's career. London town split into parties, and at the last hour, due to the stingi-

Scenes in the Scotch Operetta "Little Boy Blue" at the Lyric Theatre



White

Little Boy Blue (Gertrude Bryan)

ACT I. LITTLE BOY BLUE AWAITS THE TEST OF HIS BIRTHRIGHT



White

Gaston (Charles Meakins) Daisy (Gertrude Bryan)

ACT II. SINGING "KISS ME, DEAREST, KISS ME, DO"



White

Arnholm (Lionel Belmore) — Lyngstrand (Hylton Allen) — Ellida Wangel (Hedwig Reicher)

SCENE IN HENRIK IBSEN'S PLAY, "THE LADY FROM THE SEA," AS PRESENTED AT THE LYRIC BY THE DRAMA PLAYERS

ness of Harris, manager of Covent Garden, Booth deserted for Drury Lane, inveigled over by the wiles of Kean himself. This only infuriated the followers of Covent Garden, who yelled machinations upon the head of Harris, and then went over to Drury Lane to see Booth's Iago face Kean's Othello.

Beginning thus, those who tried in this way to suppress the genius of Booth did not reckon with his temper or his keenness. But he saw soon enough the intention to keep him under for the sake of Kean's career; therefore, with seeming contrite heart, he slipped over to Covent Garden, and on the fateful night, just in time to stop litigation which Harris was about to hurl against him, he appeared as Richard III. His best friends and his worst enemies crowded the house, and, as a consequence, the hours passed in dumb acting, while the rabble hissed and the adherents howled for quiet. Then, seeing the futility of speech, the management raised a placard on which were printed the words, "Grant silence to explain." But the mandate was unheeded. It was useless to flaunt the other placard, "Can Englishmen condemn unheard?" The Keanites and Boothites were too busy to heed any argument, and it was even rumored that Drury Lane was paying for the unseemly demonstration.

On March 1, 3 and 6, the bill at Covent Garden was repeated, but the conflict increased. Crowds surged from the street into the pit; they threw orange peel from the galleries. A mob loves to throw something into the auditorium; during the Bernstein turmoil in Paris the rabble let fly a bevy of pigeons. At Covent Garden they pounded upon doors, and howled, and gradually they became aware that Booth had printed an address for them to read. It must have been as conciliatory as his speech when the last curtain fell; for the audience pardoned him in their mob way. Maybe the whole affair was due to Kean's excessive jealousy; maybe it was the working of over-zealous and rival managers. Certainly the two were towering geniuses, much alike in appearance, and quite similar in the style of their work. But neither of them gained one point of advantage, and though he was not driven to America, undoubtedly Booth's rivalry with Kean hastened his determination. Here, then, was a riot which was caused by what we may call a matter of politics at the theatre.

Of the same type was the Astor Place riot of May 10, 1849, instigated by the ill feeling between Macready and Forrest. If anything, the latter was an ardent American, and physically he was a fearful man to antagonize. His word was law unto himself and, as he thought, unto others. Editors were intimidated when it came to mentioning his name in their papers. He would stop at nothing, even to horsewhipping Nathaniel P. Willis in Washington Square. Having toured England, Forrest accused Macready of coming one night to hiss him while he played. On his return to New York, Forrest enlisted the sympathy of his friends. How much ill feeling had been created was not known to Macready, who set sail on his farewell tour to this country. Forrest was playing at Wallack's Broadway Theatre; Macready went to the Astor Place Opera House, a site used later by the Mercantile Library. On the same night, the two were to play "Macbeth." Again the public split into factions, the friends of Forrest determined that he should not play. Crowds flocked to Astor Place, and there were hisses, followed by a shower of eggs.

The storm rose to its full on May 10. Forrest, in large bills posted next to the Macready announcements, made appeal in this incendiary manner: "Workingmen! Shall Americans or Englishmen rule in this country? The crews of the British steamers have threatened all Americans who shall dare appear this night at the English aristocratic Opera House. Workingmen! Free men! Stand up to your lawful rights!" This meant business in warlike fashion. Therefore, Macready's friends made



WILLIAM BECK
This well-known French baritone is now appearing as the Sheriff in Henry W. Savage's production of Puccini's opera "The Girl of the Golden West"

appeal to the police. They would not compromise, as the actor at first wished to do. When the evening arrived, there were 300 policemen at Astor Place, outside and inside the theatre. When the audience was seated, doors were closed and barred, while the windows were reinforced by planks. The mob had filled the street with paving stones which now were pounded upon the doors and were later to be hurled against the Seventh Regiment, waiting its summons at the armory.

This alarm call came, and the soldiers hurried up Broadway. But the mob forced them to turn into Third Avenue, after several had been wounded. Militia did not seem to awe the people; hence, it was necessary to give orders that all guns be loaded with ball cartridges. No intimidation resulting, the officer of the small army told the city officials present that unless his men were allowed to fire, a retreat would have to be called. That is why the first volley was fired—a volley above the heads of the mob. But a mob cannot be fooled, and no awe followed in the trail of the charge. The second volley was aimed low, and brought death in its wake.

The mob retreated, then rallied; and a third volley brought down thirty-four of the transgressors. Macready had the satisfaction of playing through it all, but it was an uncomfortable evening, besides being a dire one. He dared not brave those outside, so he slipped through a rear entrance and was in secret hiding for two days. His adventures included a trip to Boston, taken in disguise; and from there he sailed for England. So intense was the feeling that the Seventh Regiment remained on the ground for two additional days, without any other undue excitement.

In England, the pit and gallery have in many ways ruled the theatre; even to-day their boohing will send many a drama into oblivion. And they are jealous of any special privileges. Baker mentions the burning of the Cockpit in 1616, not so much because it was a playhouse held in low repute, as that it was a *private* place of amusement. Hence, in the spirit of class, the apprentices attacked the aristocratic premises.

But it was not alone from these quarters that disturbances emanated; those of high rank were likewise the centre of stage brawls. In 1721, certain persons were allowed to sit upon the stage, but one night, during a performance of "Macbeth," my lord stepped across stage to hail a friend, and the action of the piece was halted while he blocked the way. Rich and Quin were acting and their swords were brought into play inasmuch as his insolent lordship struck Rich in the face. It was now war to the hilt with the actors against the quality. Then followed the riot which ended in smashed mirrors and broken seats. Finally soldiers were hastened to the Portugal Street theatre to quell the mob. Thereafter, so it is believed, Charles II placed two guards on the stage to forestall any further disputes.

It is strange how riots nearly always involve actors contending for histrionic supremacy. Sometimes, as in the case of Spranger Barry and Garrick, it was simply a matter of artistic rivalry; note for instance the reason of the famous "Romeo and Juliet" contest. Garrick and Macklin were at Drury Lane together, at the time when the patent theatres could make or mar any player. In 1743 Fleetwood's reign was nearly over at Drury Lane, to be succeeded by Lacy and Garrick in partnership. Salaries being in jeopardy, the company deserted, thinking to get the Haymarket. But their plans failing, they all were taken back by Fleetwood, except Macklin, who was regarded as somewhat of a ringleader. The latter organized a riot, and upon hearing of this, Fleetwood engaged a band of prize-fighters to mete out punishment to the offenders. Pamphlets were printed and there were disgraceful moments of contention. Finally there was a compromise, for if the management took Macklin back, the actor himself returned much chastened.

THE OLD MAN DIES

Ballade

I

Yea, I believe the world's a stage.
  Great Shakespeare said so, long ago;
Where women smirk, and men may rage,
  As on the boards their craft they show.
When from the house, filled row on row,
  The cheers have burst from grinning jaws,
Back to the rear I've shuffled slow,—
  I've played my part without applause.

II

The greatest scene's a gorgeous cage
  Where bright plumed birds strut to and fro.
Where compliments may half assuage
  The wounded pride that smarts below.
Yea, then when dainty hands may throw
  Sweet flowers before a crow who caws,
You think no bitterness I know?
  I've played my part without applause.

III

How hard it is to disengage
  The tinsel from the real gold's glow;
I've learned from Life's dramatic page,
  True acting from the false I know.
Now tottering from the scene I go,
  My art still pure from tawdry flaws;
No antic tricks to catch them,—no,—
  I've played my part without applause.

ENVOI

Great Prompter,—God or merely Sage,
  Whose Acts are ages without pause,
I've earned no more than just my wage—
  I've played my part without applause.

CLARENCE STRATTON.



Act. III. The courtyard of Nora's villa at Santa Barbara

SCENE IN THOMAS McKEAN'S DRAMA, "THE WIFE DECIDES," LATELY AT WEBER'S THEATRE

This man, who was the first to humanize Shylock, was also the first, at the age of eighty-four, to play Macbeth clad in Highland tartans. The public was enraged and did not hesitate to yell forth demands for Macklin's discharge—demands that on the instant had to be satisfied. But though discharged, he was reinstated the next season, 1789. It is a pathetic scene—that of Macklin's appearance, aged ninety-nine, in the rôle of Shylock.



Thomas Garrick William Lamp William Collier John Junior
SCENE IN WILLIAM COLLIER'S NEW PLAY, "TAKE MY ADVICE," AT THE FULTON THEATRE

The public makes itself heard forcibly at times. Garrick nearly had his house ruined because, at Drury Lane, some foreign dancers were engaged during 1755—a policy strongly objected to by the pit and the gallery. Kemble, having redecorated Covent Garden in 1804, bethought him to raise prices; but on September 18, 1804, the O. P. (old price) Riots began, lasting two months, during which time the soldiers were called and the riot act read. An earlier record of foreign prejudices is found in the history of the Haymarket, where the actors had to walk between a file of grenadiers, and where peas were showered upon the boards, in order to prevent dancing of any kind.

There is a certain element of justice in the theatre mob largely swayed by hero-worship and limelight. Should one look through the "Ingoldsby Legends" he will find accounts of the riots that replaced one baritone after he had been succeeded by some singer of inferior standing. And in the case of Robert Walpole's Licensing Act of 1737, the public damned every new piece produced under that law.

Sensibilities are easily roused. At the Haymarket in 1767, Foote produced a satirical piece, "The Tailors," to which that craft objected. In New York, during the early part of 1787, a piece was given which resulted in those sympathizers of the French demanding no more caricatures of Frenchmen on the stage. The manager was obliged to submit to public decision.

The management in those early days had to make laws quickly. Garrick in his theatre pushed the audiences from the stage into the auditorium, separating the actors from the public by the then newly-acquired footlights. In 1797 Hallam allowed liquor to be sold in the playhouse; two sea captains became screechingly drunk and demanded "Yankee Doodle" or no play. The consequence was that a riot ensued, and thereafter liquor was prohibited until after the first piece.

There were two riots in London theatres during 1748 and 1763 of considerable proportion, one centering around a French company, whose enemies were English actors and French refugees who had suffered under the revocation of the Edict of Nantes. Rowdies in the galleries were met by thirty gentlemen armed with stout sticks and drawn swords. The result was that the theatre had to be closed. The 1763 disturbance was another fray over prices. In 1792 Covent Garden abolished the shilling gallery, but had to reinstate it for fear of what the mob might do.

The slightest turn of fortune will precipitate a riot. On the evening of Dec. 26, 1801, a ruffian at Covent Garden threw a quart bottle from the gallery, barely grazing an actor's head. Though the offender was arrested, the excitement proceeded until guards charged upon the gallery with leveled bayonets. On Nov. 18, 1806, some one threw an apple at Mrs. Siddons, though it was claimed that the apple was intended for a noisy party in the stage box. However that may be, Kemble offered one hundred guineas for the discovery of the scoundrel who dared do such an act. The O. P. riots were again in full swing when the new Covent Garden in 1809 was opened with increase of prices. Newspapers took sides, the *Times* for Kemble and the *Chronicle* for the rioters. Like college boys to-day, the factions had banners which they flaunted, and one side would try to capture the banners of the other side, like a veritable game. During the contest, Mrs. Siddons showed fear lest something might happen to Kemble. The result was that the latter had to apologize to the objectors and to compromise with them.

These are but a few of the many disturbances that have occured within the theatre and about the theatre. At times they were organized; at others they were spontaneous. It is difficult to say how often politics entered the pit. Nevertheless, an audience is no safer than a firecracker whose fuse is burning. Something might be said or done at any moment to enflame them, for the mob spirit in the theatre is quick to act.

EUROPEAN SUPPLEMENT

BY PETRONIUS

"AFTER the 'Tales of Hoffman'" wrote Auguste Vitu, February 11th, 1881, "the name of Jacques Offenbach, already popular, has suddenly become famous, and innumerable rays have been added to his glory."

Since the superb revival at the Opéra-Comique, do we of to-day confirm the judgment of the witty critic? For it was not at all certain that posterity, and we are playing the rôle to-day, would preserve an admiration for Offenbach. But it is now definitely agreed that his glory is henceforth assured and cannot be dimmed by the caprices of the public. We need not fear that the contrasts and exaggerations are already antiquated conceptions, nor need we hesitate to use the word "genius" in connection with this charming musician. And if Offenbach is now classed among the masters, it is precisely because his exaggerations and drolleries will always be fresh and sparkling, his spirited rhythm incomparable, and rich in unrivalled spontaneity.

In listening to the "Tales of Hoffman" and realizing the great charm of the work, one cannot help but be amazed that it should ever have been considered too crude to approach the traditional standard of taste prevailing at the Opéra-Comique.

Mr. L. Beyle played the rôle of Hoffman that was created by Talzac; Mr. Beyle acted splendidly but he gave little proof that he possesses the qualities necessary for a singer. In the four-fold rôle M. Jean Perier was given the opportunity to employ his incomparable talents, and was marvelously successful in portraying the ironic and mysterious Counsellor Lindorf; Coppelius, hideous, epileptic and romantic; Dappertuto, jovially sinister; While Dr. Miracle he presented as a clever caricature of Death. This terrible creation calls for superior art. Madame Nicot-Vanchelet was delightful as the automaton, while Melle. Lefargue as Giulietta looked beautiful and was in splendid voice.

In the hall were noticed many lovely gowns that were undoubtedly Paquin creations, and charming hats that owed their beauty to the genius of Madame Lentheric.

The play presented at the Gymnase, "L'Amour Défendu," by Pierre Wolff, is not a comedy of modern manners, but a romance of the days of chivalry. The characters should wear the costumes of the thirteenth century, with the stage set to show a feudal castle in the background. But listen:

Lord Pierre Verneuil is passionately in love with his young wife Madeleine. One day he discovers that his great friend and brother officer, Jean Derigny, also loved her. The husband decided to go away, and before going calls Jean, and without revealing to him what he believes he has discovered, confides to him that he has noticed a change in Madeleine's love and trusts that, during his absence, Jean may succeed in discovering the cause. The husband when leaving tells Jean, "If you succeed, send for me,—if you fail, send for me, but I count on your fidelity, and your solicitude for my interests." During the absence of Lord Pierre Verneuil, Jean, though living



PAQUIN BUILDING AT THE TURIN EXHIBITION



Photo Felix

CREATION DOEUILLET

near Madeleine, remains strangely reserved and she, loving him, cannot understand why de does not request the proof of her love. He is divided between an unquenchable desire to possess her, and shame at deceiving his friend. He feigns coldness towards Madeleine, whose passion is intensified by this simulated indifference. She becomes ill with anguish. But Jean resists temptation and continually haunted by the fear that he may succumb, he hastens to recall the husband. Lord Pierre Verneuil returns full of hope, but he finds Madeleine weeping, languid, and almost dying, and concludes that there is but one cure for her malady, and so he goes away again, thus leaving the way clear for their love.

This old fashioned tale in verse by Armand Sylvestre, Catulle Mendès, or Richepin, with a halo of poesy, and enveloped in a legendary and heroic atmosphere, embellished with the symphonic harmonies of a Fauré, or a Debussy, would doubtless be delightful. Then another point, an audience accepts exaggeration when it is transported to the domain of fable or supposed to be representative of the manners of bygone days, for they seem to feel there were more excuses to be found for the indulgence of powerful and exceptional emotions in olden times. An audience is more critical and analytical when the same characters and emotions are contemporaneous.

A Parisian of the year 1911 has not quite the same point of view nor is he animated by the same spirit as a Crusader. The conduct of a man of to-day is influenced by entirely different motives. Now, Mr. Wolff attributes to his heroes a candor and simplicity that is so decidedly at variance with the age in which we live as to be misleading. There are evidences that he struggled against a ferocious ending. He had to choose between a sanguinary and a pathetic drama, between a revengeful and a self sacrificing husband. The Wolff of "Jacques Bouchard" and "Leur Filles" probably would have decided in the first. The Wolff of "Secret de Polichinelle," of "Ruisseau" and "Lys" adopted the second, for he now prefers peaceful endings. This play of Mr. Wolff is a history of people whose pyschology is not complicated, and it is developed with great simplicity. The author shows a very strong sentimental tendency to exalt the mystery and fatality of amorous passion. Mr. Wolff's tone almost implies that he holds the subject sacred; to this sentimentality he adds delicate humor and picturesque action.

Around the central figures strongly modeled, he scatters with grace and ease bright side lights. All of his comedies are composed of a certain number of heavy parts interspersed with lighter things. The song of the heroine or the tenor is succeeded by a comic ditty or a droll duet. This mixture of grave and gay, of sentimentality and humor, has become a usual proceeding agreeing excellently with the temperament of a French audience.

Many creations of Redfern and Doeuillet were worn by our very smart Parisiennes.

At the Odeon, they are having great success with a play ingeniously adapted by Mr. Max Maurey from the celebrated stories of Charles Dickens. During a month we have had ample time in which to admire the many aspects of the genius of this great English writer,—the humor in Pickwick, and the sentiment in David Copperfield. Beneath the grotesque exterior of Mr. Pickwick is hidden a wealth of kindness. David Copperfield is pathetic and rich in eccentric types and pleasant character sketches drawn from nature.

Mr. Max Maurey has concentrated on the unhappy little boy whose sufferings bring tears to many eyes. David endures the persecutions of his stepfather, Mr. Murdstone, which the weak and futile tenderness of his mother is powerless to mitigate. We are also introduced to Mr. Murdstone's unlovely sister. We meet the faithful old servant Pegotty, and the incomparable Mr. Micawber.

I hope that all young Parisians will be interested in listening to and applauding this work of their English brother. They will be charmed and touched by the interpretation of little Mona Gondré in the title rôle. They must admire Mr. Vilbert's Micawber, heedless, ingenuous, lofty, delicious. The other rôles are splendidly played by the rest of the excellent company of the Odeon: Messrs. Vargas, Desfontaines, Denis d'Inès, Grouillet, and Mmes. Danège, Kerwich, Barsange, Rosay and Boyer. They have reached the generous soul of Dickens, and understand the pathos of the humble, the lively sentiment, and the grace of the adorable figures he created.

Fashion with its never ending variations is a subject rich in possibilities for the in-



PAQUIN EXHIBIT AT THE TURIN INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION

terviewer. By chance the other day an opportunity offered (of which I gladly availed myself), to talk with one of the great couturiers.

The Paris world of great dressmaking may aptly be compared to a firmament in which, among many stars, there are a few that shine with incomparable brilliancy. Their talent and wonderful taste form an aureole that keeps ordinary mortals at an admiring and respectful distance. But the chroniclers of Parisian luxury, sometimes come near these stars and are not afraid to approach them that they may describe what they see for others. The task of describing them should not be arduous since there are so few. How many are there in the place de l'Opera, at the Theatre Français who have a lofty title, that is theirs not by inheritance, but by the devoted work of a lifetime? Such is the great dressmaker. Among the chosen few I know of none that must be more inherently artistic nor who must give more devotion to his art. Watch those who come and go in his salon, the crowds of saleswomen, mannequins, *premières* and customers. Even though one may not have been introduced, yet instinctively the presiding genius is recognized among the numbers who come and go in this renowned establishment.

As typical detail, the great dressmaker talks very little about business, though he works for money as do we all, yet when conversing with him it really seems to be non-existent in the mind of this great artist. His one idea appears to be your opinion, to listen to your expressions of admiration



Photo Felix

MLLE. JULIETTE CLARENS, THEATRE MICHEL. CREATION REDFERN

for the beautiful models. He is successful, his creations are sought by the most exclusive who wish to wear them, knowing they will be immediately recognized as the creations of a master artist, and yet this does not suffice. He desires continual approbation from others, from connoisseurs and from friends.

When talking to this artist the day before yesterday, he said to me, "Listen, you who write for the papers, while I call attention to a situation which, if prolonged, menaces that which should be most important to us—our art. There are two knotty questions which, unless settled in a few years, will make success impossible.

"The motifs back of these mistakes, we need not look into too closely, all that should interest us is their effect on Paris as the fashion centre which in a few years will slowly be wiped out if we are not careful. In this country of delicate taste, where beautiful and classic lines are admired, there is a minority that, under the pretext of novelty, do violence to all discretion and tradition, and endeavors to impose on us discordant symphonies, giving form to certain inaesthetic ideas that universal ridicule seems powerless to silence. Take, as an example, the divided skirt. If this mistaken attitude were the indication of a preconceived plan with the evident object of killing the interest of our foreign customers, who do not always sympathize with nor understand such daring, they could not be more successful. These customers have remained faithful through much, but eventually will surely abandon those foolish ones who are too stubborn to realize their attitude before it is too late. Thoughtful persons are asking why those who are very little considered among their profession should be allowed the opportunity to lose to Paris what it has always held, a monopoly of fashions for the world. It is only fair to suppose that it was gained by our reputation for elegance, our love of simple, harmonious lines, and should be lost to us if we insist on dressing women in such a manner as to make them the objects of universal ridicule. I cannot precisely express, Monsieur, the protests I wish to formulate against many of the innovations of the last few years." "But you must not complain, Monsieur," I hastened to assure him, "what about your famous muff-stole and your no less famous coat-dress which one does not hesitate to pronounce masterpieces, even though your modesty may suffer?"

We talked on, and he put his finger on another sore spot among dressmakers —the imitators! "You have no idea to what extent these people go in copying, borrowing and stealing! yes, I say stealing! when you consider what such thefts mean, the taking without a word that for which an establishment is maintained, where increasing thought, untiring efforts are expended, where enormous quantities of materials are sacrificed to evolve an original creation. I will give you one example among thousands. You remember the little tailor-made of net? The success attending this innovation constituted a small revolution in the world of fashion. And like all revolutions it would have been a very bad thing for us if our customers had not accepted it with favor. We took every precaution to guard this model, hoping that we might keep it exclusive long enough to gather the benefits it should bring to us. Yet without scruple the imitator in the most barefaced manner, and without even as much as 'by your leave,' seized upon this model that should have always belonged to the 'grand couturier.' Then the inevitable happened. The fastidious customer wore it, but finding that it could no longer be called exclusive put it aside. The consequences were bad for all, for us who were the creators, for dressmaking in general, and also for the imitators who only killed the success of a pretty thing that might otherwise have had a long life."

"Has nothing been suggested for your protection?" I asked. He answered that it is very much easier to suggest than to do. The law protects the proprietor of a play, of a book, of a photograph, of a painting, of even a postal card, yet there seems to be no way of protecting a gown that has taken weeks of work and the sacrifice of all other thoughts.

PETRONIUS.



Drawn by Burne-Jones

Paderewski plays for the Victor

All the wonderful sentiment and expression this great artist calls forth from the piano captivate you with their exquisite beauty in his Victor Records.

Go to any Victor dealer's and hear Paderewski's records of Chopin's graceful "Valse Brilliante" (88322) and his own beloved "Minuet in G" (88321)— masterly reproductions of a master's performance.

And be sure to hear the Victor-Victrola

Victor Talking Machine Co., Camden, N. J., U. S. A.
Berliner Gramophone Co., Montreal, Canadian Distributors

Always use Victor Records played with Victor Needles—there is no other way to get the unequaled Victor tone.

New Victor Records are on sale at all dealers on the 28th of each month

CRÈME SIMON



THE PUREST
THE HEALTHIEST
AND THE MOST PERFECT
OF ALL BEAUTY CREAMS

The Crème Simon

IS BENEFICIAL

ITS principal element is glycerine, which gives to the skin health and softness, and does not make hair grow on the face.

POWDER and SOAP

ISABEL CASSIDY'S



"BEAU BRUMMELL"
BY KIND PERMISSION OF MR. RICHARD MANSFIELD
Finger Nail Polish
PRICE 50 CTS.
MANUFACTURED SOLELY BY

EVERY WOMAN
WHO CARES
SHOULD USE
Beau Brummell Liquid Nail Polish
Brilliant—Instantaneous
Standard for 21 years

Your dealer or by mail
50 Cents
Sample Bottle 10c.

ROELLY CHEMICAL CO.
2 W. 29th St. Dept. D New York City



THE first essential to hair health is a clean, well-nourished, healthy scalp, and this is best secured by systematic shampooing with

Packer's Tar Soap

(*Pure as the Pines*)

Because it contains pure pine tar, combined with other hygienic and cleansing agents adapted especially to the needs of the scalp.

Used regularly and systematically as a shampoo it exerts a tonic, nourishing effect on the scalp that is reflected in the lustre and growth of the hair. The benefits from Packer's Tar Soap are prompt and positive.

Send for our booklet of practical information, "How to Care for the Hair and Scalp." Mailed free on request.

The Packer Mfg. Co., Suite 87v, 81 Fulton St., N. Y.



MURRAY & LANMAN'S Florida Water

"THE UNIVERSAL PERFUME"

Has a marked individuality quite its own, and should not be classed with cheap perfumes which usurp the name but can nowise approach it in quality or permanence. These facts stand after a century's test. For the bath, after shaving, and for general toilet purposes it is the one thing to use, if you are seeking the genuine and the best.



ACCEPT NO SUBSTITUTE!
SOLD BY ALL LEADING DRUGGISTS

Sample mailed on receipt of six cents to defray mailing charges

LANMAN & KEMP, 135 WATER STREET NEW YORK

White Rock



The Most Popular Water

PROGRAM CLOCKS

for automatically ringing bells at stated intervals are a great modern convenience. By their use any number of bells in any number of different rooms may be rung at any times desired during the day. Prentiss 60-day clocks are the only 60-day clocks manufactured in the world.

Also Electric, Synchronized, Watchman's and Frying-pan Clocks.

Send for Catalogue No. 607

THE PRENTISS CLOCK IMPROVEMENT CO., Dept. 62, 92 Chambers St., N. Y. City

THE
EMPIRE STATE ENGRAVING
COMPANY
190 WILLIAM STREET, NEW YORK
Telephone: 3880 Beekman

PLAYS Large List of New Professional and Amateur Plays, Vaudeville Sketches, Stage Monologues, New Minstrel Material, Jokes, Hand-Books. Operettas, Musical Pieces, Special Entertainments, Recitations, Dialogues, Speakers, Tableaux, Games, Drills, Wigs, Beards, Grease Paints and Other Make-up Goods. Catalogue Free. T. S. DENISON & CO., Dept. 33, Chicago.



INA
Queen of Face Powders

The favorite beautifier of cultured women everywhere. Imparts to the skin the soft, velvety smoothness and bloom of youth. Adheres most perfectly of all face powders, yet is absolutely invisible. Daintily scented so as to diffuse a most delicate but lasting odor of refreshing fragrance of refinement. Use INA and avoid complexion worries. Pure and harmless. Rose, White and Natural. 50c. a box at druggists, dept. stores or by mail.

JULIUS SCHMID
Importer
Astoria, N. Y. City

Makes a Matchless Complexion

LABLACHE
FACE POWDER

PERFECT BEAUTY

assures the poise which comes from knowing you appear at your best. Thousands of women gain that confidence by using LABLACHE. It beautifies the delicate tissues, smooths the wrinkles and gives the skin that youthful velvety appearance which imparts the desired touch of refinement.

Refuse substitutes.

They may be dangerous. Flesh, White, Pink or Cream. 50c. a box of druggists or by mail. *Send 10c. for a sample box.*

BEN. LEVY CO.,
French Perfumers, Dept. 26,
125 Kingston St., Boston, Mass.



Grace Morrissey. Copyright 1911

SUZANNE DESPRES

(*Continued from page 22*)

Duse appeared together in an unforgetable performance of Gorki's drama, "From the Depths," and later in Vienna she appeared with the great Viennese actress, Hohenfells, in de Musset's "Nuit d'Octobre."

She persistently refuses now to belong to any theatre, preferring her liberty. Consistently she refuses to abase her art for commercial reasons, and never produces a play but from the highest motives. The infinitude of her career of battle resembles the heroic one of our own great and conscientious artist, Mrs. Fiske, who has also conquered over insuperable difficulties undreamed of by artists who acquiesce to the commercialism of managers and the easy path of going over old trails. She desires that not only her art, but her individual effort, be respected, for she gives of her all with complete abandon and supreme effort, without affectation, charlatanism or artifice. Her sincerity is absolute and she loves her public, esteems its opinions and cares for its approbation, but she would never stoop from the heights she has set herself to win.

Her repertoire is vast, comprising dramas by Porto-Riche, Brieux, Bacques, Bernstein, Maeterlinck, Ibsen, Bernard, d'Annunzio, Sudermann, Daudet, Dumas, Hofmannsthal, etc., as well as Racine's "Andromaque" and "Phèdre," de Musset's "Carmosine" and George Sand's "Marquis de Villemer."

She is still so young, not more than thirty-five, that even still greater heights may be expected of her. There should be a large public to give her recognition in the United States, for the way has been paved to a comprehension of her art by the genius and pioneering spirit of Mrs. Fiske, Mary Shaw, and the pen of James Huneker. Her "Electra" is one of the great dramatic achievements of our time. She is epic in the rôle, living it in all its madness of deep, ferocious revenge. "She has filled with sighing the city and the ways thereof with her tears." From the moment the curtain rises, revealing that tortured piece of girlhood, one in color with the earth she crouches on, "clothed in sordid rags, thin, famished like a wolf, moaning, frantic, tearing at the earth with her nails, she fills the palace of Argos with her lamentations and the desolate fury of her grief-stricken spirit." She expresses with a fearful eloquence and force the madness of hate, atrocious, brutal, superhuman, which is burning out her heart; the implacability of revenge which is not balked in her soul for a moment, despite the seeming hopelessness of her fate. She is exalted by her one sentiment, that of revenge; she is nourished on it and is yet withering up from its flames; she is tormented, corroded by an ulcer of cosmic hate which can only find assuagement in a sea of blood.

Like unto those black figures which the Greek potters engraved with so sure a touch on the red roundness of their vases, she detaches herself, stencil-like, from the red background of her terrible destiny, lifting it to an ominous height of terrible and fearsome beauty. Beneath the rags which cover her, her lissome body moves one moment like a panther ready to spring, at another her form is uplifted with a superb dignity of exquisite passion and rage. The extraordinary attitude of *violent silence* she expresses when leaning against the grim wall, listening to the exortations of her mother, the almost voluptious tenderness of her pleadings with the timid, lovely Crysothemes, and the three great cries, as if coming from "a distance beyond distance," on her recognition of Orestes, are unforgetable moments.

France is, indeed, rich in vital personalities, dowered with power to express themselves with a curiously perfect, profound and poetic genius. The compression among the people is very great, and the pervading sense of freedom and equality, as known to us, is comparatively unknown here. But it seems to have an artistic value in that the difficult struggle to break through the shackles and prejudices of the ages produces much more definitely outlined, forceful individualities than over the seas. And Suzanne-Després is of France, of Paris, of the people; she expresses the tragedies of their murmuring souls; but, she is also a world artist, a universal genius, comprehensive by the very depths and realism of her art to any country, taking her place among the ranks of those great names so dear to us; Duse, Bernhardt, Dibwald, Sorma, Terry and Fiske. Living, indeed, up to her ideal expressed a few years ago: "The great artist of the future, the great artist, she whom I would be, must be a woman like unto all women."



Connoisseurs, Since 1859, will tell you that

COOK'S IMPERIAL
Extra Dry

The American Champagne

Has a delicious flavor and bouquet that never fail to satisfy the most discriminating palate. Better than foreign — costs but half — no duty or ship freight to pay.

Served Everywhere

TEST FOR YOURSELF

Mix the best cocktail you know how—test it side by side with a

Club Cocktail

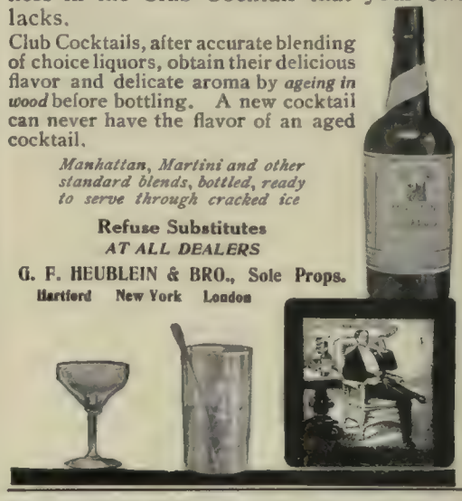
No matter how good a Cocktail you make you will notice a smoothness and mellowness in the Club Cocktail that your own lacks.

Club Cocktails, after accurate blending of choice liquors, obtain their delicious flavor and delicate aroma by *ageing in wood* before bottling. A new cocktail can never have the flavor of an aged cocktail.

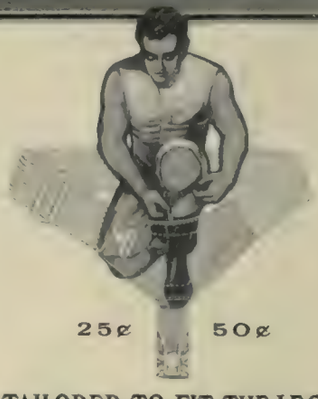
Manhattan, Martini and other standard blends, bottled, ready to serve through cracked ice

Refuse Substitutes
AT ALL DEALERS

G. F. HEUBLEIN & BRO., Sole Props.
Hartford New York London



PARIS GARTERS
No Metal Can Touch You



25¢ 50¢

TAILORED TO FIT THE LEG

The name PARIS on every garter for your protection.
A. STEIN & CO. MAKERS - CHICAGO, U.S.A.

THE PLAYBOY

(Continued from page 11)

with having done nothing at all and that "a soft lad the like of you wouldn't slit the pipe of a screeching sow." She is about to give him a crack on the skull with the butt of the broom. "Don't strike me," he says, "I killed my poor father, Tuesday was a week, for doing the like of that." He adds later: "With the help of God I did surely, and that the Holy Immaculate Mother may intercede for his soul."

He is admired on all hands. Michael offers him employment as pot-boy at good wages. Shawn objects. Peggy encourages the idea. Christy is installed and is to protect Pegeen that night. The Widow Quin and three village girls take an interest of great curiosity in the presence of Christy in the house, the Widow Quin having it in her mind to marry Christy. She does her best to that end, making a shrewd bargain with Shawn in the event of her success. Shawn provides a new suit of clothes for her to give to Christy for his better appearance in view of the widow's carrying him off. This only results in Pegeen's deeper infatuation with Christy and in fitting him out to take part in the games in which he conquers and gains the name of the Playboy of the Western World. Just as Christy is in the fulness of favor and renown, his father, Old Mahon, crawls in at the door. After a quarrel between them the boy drives the old man out, follows him, and this time we are led to believe that he has laid him out for good and all.

The Irish peasants, having the matter brought so close to them, now bind him; but they release him to let him fare further. The father, unkillable as a cat and as worthless, comes in again, Christy gives him a welt with the end of the rope by which he had been bound, and leads off his submissive and proud father to dwell with him as before and to moil and toil. Shawn thinks he is again in favor, but Pegeen gives him a box on the ear and bids him go, while she wails: "Oh, my grief, I've lost him entirely. I've lost the only Playboy of the Western World."

GREAT BEAR SPRING WATER
50 cts. per case—6 glass-stoppered bottles

New Victor Records

SPECIAL RECORDS FOR SCHOOL AND HOME USE.—This list of records has been made to help in the uplift of the ideals and tastes of children everywhere, and these songs and others to follow are just as suitable for the home circle as for the school room and should be used for children anywhere and at any time. It contains numbers for General School Use, Kindergarten, Primary, Intermediate and Grammar Grades, the High School and College. The short songs are grouped several on one record with small spaces between, enabling the teacher to present any of the songs she may choose for teaching without the unpleasantness of guessing where it begins and getting a part of another song. These individual songs may be played over and over as many times as required for complete mastery by the class. We are issuing most of these school songs in Double-faced Records, which makes the price per song extremely low.

PRIMARY GRADES.—The Gaynor Songs. The Gaynor songs are known and loved in almost every school and home in the country. They seem never to grow old and the children sing them with ever increasing delight. The words of most of these songs were written by Mrs. Alice C. D. Riley, some from Mother Goose themes, some of beautiful, gentle, refined child thoughts of birds and flowers, and the sweet mysteries of Child World. Mrs. Jessie L. Gaynor, the Carl Reinecke of America, was born in St. Louis, Missouri, in 1863. She had her musical training in Boston under Louis Maas, but has lived most of her life in the Middle West. Her work for the children began with the writing of "Jerushy," a doll song, which won the love of every doll-mother. Following came the "Slumber Boat," "The Jap Doll," "The Gingerbread Man" and other childhood favorites. The inspiration of her own children and the student-children in her school of music has kept her in close touch with the needs and point of view of the real American child. In the field of rote songs for schools, Jessie Gaynor stands pre-eminent. Here no one has written with such originality, versatility and charm as she. "Songs of Child World (I and II)," "Lilts and Lyrics," "Playtime Songs" and the operetta, "House That Jack Built," are some of her contributions to schools of America.



Copyright 1911, by The Bauer Chemical Co.

Signing their Declaration of Confidence in Sanatogen

Sir Gilbert Parker, M. P.
The eminent novelist-statesman, writes from London:
"Sanatogen is to my mind a true food-tonic, feeding the nerves, increasing the energy and giving fresh vigor to the overworked body and mind."

Hall Caine
The dramatist, writes:
"My experience of Sanatogen has been that as a tonic nerve food it has on more than one occasion benefited me."

John Burroughs
The distinguished naturalist and author writes:
"I am sure I have been greatly benefited by Sanatogen. My sleep is fifty per cent. better than it was one year ago, and my mind and strength are much improved."

David Belasco
The eminent dramatic author, writes:
"It gives me pleasure to let you know the wonderfully beneficial results I have experienced from the use of your Sanatogen. It has a most invigorating effect upon the nerves, and I heartily recommend it to all who, like myself, are obliged to overwork. After my personal experience I can readily vouch for its recuperative qualities."

FAMOUS men and women of many lands, of many occupations in the strenuous life of the modern world—and *fifteen thousand practising physicians*—have written words of golden praise for that greatest of food-tonics—Sanatogen.

These remarkably enthusiastic endorsements by men and women of thought and action, and by scientists of eminence in a conservative profession, recognize the splendid efficiency of Sanatogen as a tonic *food*, as a re-creative *builder* of nerve strength, as sustaining *nourishment* for impoverished conditions of the human system.

Sanatogen reaches sources of energy that have been exhausted, and *feeds* them with its highly assimilable, *constructive* elements—feeds, *without reaction* as in the case of drugs, the cells and tissues that have been dangerously drained of their necessary support. Sanatogen is the pre-eminent *restorer*—a scientific combination of elements that answer the hunger of the debilitated nerves.

The wide success of Sanatogen as a natural, *elemental* food to brain and body, has inspired a striking and very unusual manifestation of confidence on the part of scientists and laymen alike—men who have *seen* and *experienced* its upbuilding power—men who *know* what it will do. *Their* confidence is an assurance to *you*.

This Remarkable Book FREE

We ask you earnestly to get acquainted with Sanatogen. Investigate our claims first if you like and we are only too glad to have you do so. Ask your doctor about it, and in any case write at once for our book, "Our Nerves of Tomorrow," written in an absorbingly interesting style, beautifully illustrated and containing facts and information of vital interest to you. This book also contains evidence of the value of Sanatogen which is as remarkable as it is conclusive.

Sanatogen is sold in three sizes, $1.00, $1.90, $3.60

Get Sanatogen from your druggist—if not obtainable from him, sent upon receipt of price.

THE BAUER CHEMICAL CO. 47 East 17th Street Union Sq., New York





THE SILENT
Waverley Electric

The Electric with Room for the Theatre Party

AMPLE ROOM FOR FIVE ADULTS in the deeply upholstered seats of *Silent Waverley Limousine-Five* makes it the Electric Car *par excellence* for the theatre party. Delicate gowns are not crushed in this spacious interior, nor soiled by smoke or spattering oil. No one need sit with back against the front window. The driver's view of the thoroughfare is entirely unobstructed.

SILENT WAVERLEY LIMOUSINE-FIVE
FULL VIEW AHEAD :: :: Design and Construction Patents Applied for

¶ Is in actual operation in the hands of owners on the boulevards. It is being demonstrated at Waverley Agencies.

¶ Work on this car was begun over a year ago. It has had a full year of tests, and months of road use. All the time tested Waverley features are included. Powerful Waverley Motor—High Efficiency Shaft Drive—Full Elliptic Springs—Solid or Pneumatic Tires.

¶ Send for the beautiful Waverley Art Book on Town and Suburban Cars.



Price, fully equipped, $3500

¶ It shows ten models. Prices $3500 down to $1225. Also the Waverley Catalog of Commercial Vehicles. Exide, Waverley, National, Ironclad or Edison Battery.

THE WAVERLEY COMPANY
Factory and Home Office
183 South East St. Indianapolis, Ind.
New York, 2010 Broadway
Philadelphia, 2043 Market Street
San Francisco, Van Ness Ave. & Port St.
Chicago Branch, 2005 Michigan Blvd.

AMERICAN ACADEMY OF DRAMATIC ARTS

The Mid-Winter Term opens January 15
Connected with Mr. Charles Frohman's Empire Theatre and Companies

Recognized as the Leading Institution for Dramatic Training in America

BOARD OF TRUSTEES
Franklin H. Sargent, President
Daniel Frohman, John Drew
Benjamin F. Roeder, Augustus Thomas

Founded in 1884

For catalog and information apply to the Secretary
Room 152, Carnegie Hall
New York

The official Programme of the

Metropolitan Opera House, New York

The most exclusive medium which no advertiser can afford to overlook will be published, beginning this season, by

THE THEATRE MAGAZINE CO.

Send for Rates and Particulars 8 to 14 W. 38th St., New York

STAGING A SANDSTORM

(*Continued from page* 16)

gives the swirling effect that makes the storm real. The one set of pipes placed back stage behind the tent, however, shoots straight across the stage in order to give a cloud of mystery and add density to the scene.

About three hundred pounds of sand is blown through the four sets of pipes at each performance. This is kept from blowing into the auditorium by means of an "air curtain" at the footlights and at the first entrances—enough pressure of compressed air to keep the "sand" back. The sand used is nothing more nor less than good old cornmeal! Three hundred pounds wasted at each performance—enough to feed a whole ranch!

Cornmeal was resorted to after everything else, including sand itself, had failed to look and act like sand on the stage. Real sand from Fire Island beach was first tried, but besides being too heavy to be kept swirling in the air it did not look like sand when the lights were thrown on it. Real sand on the stage when the lights were thrown on it as it was blown across the stage looked like so much soft coal soot.

The heaps of sand on the stage, forming the minor sand dunes, and also the ground of the desert, are composed of ground cork painted an orange yellow. Cork is used because it is clean and dustless, and easily handled.

To light the sandstorm, Mr. Ford uses only the footlights, the central portion being a deep orange, with a deep blue on either side. This keeps the heart of the storm, so to speak, in the light, and the edges are blended away into the darkness at the sides of the stage, providing not only absolute realism, but shadings that suggest the most delicate of pastels. The wonderful lighting of this scene shows the varying color emotions of the desert, with its sand dunes of the palest primrose, and the purple fury of the desert storm.

Stereopticon storm cloud effects are thrown on the sand curtain formed by the cornmeal shot across the back of the stage by the pipes set there for that purpose, and on a gauze curtain just behind, from arc-lights placed on two fighting tops built on either side of the proscenium.

To obtain the delicate pastel light effects of the sandstorm, and of the other desert scenes in "The Garden of Allah," Mr. Ford first painted the scenes with stage lights, using the remarkable switchboard of the former New Theatre for his palette, and the clouds of cornmeal for his canvas. In that way, having the true picture of the sandstorm which he had himself seen on the Sahara in his mind, he achieved what no one else ever has done before—he has, "in spirit and in truth," transported the sandstorm of the desert, with all its multitudinous shades and shadows, feelings and emotions, to the stage!

The Man Who Discovered Caruso

Edouardo Missiano, baritone at the Metropolitan Opera House, who died suddenly recently of heart disease, was the man who discovered Caruso.

"When I was 18 years old, and living in Naples," said Mr. Caruso to a *New York Times* reporter, "I went to a certain bath every day, where I met Missiano, who was at that time a member of a wealthy family and never had sung in public. He had a good baritone voice but he sang only for his own amusement. I used to sing about the bath, and one day he remarked that I had an unusual voice, and said that he would take me to his teacher, which he did. This teacher was a certain Guglielmo Vergino, and when I first went to him he said that he didn't think he could do much with my voice. Missiano, however, took me away and taught me to sing an air from 'The Pearl Fishers' and the Siciliano from 'Cavalleria Rusticana.' Then Vergino accepted me and taught me to sing.

"Missiano became my great friend. When I returned to Italy a few years ago I found that he had lost his money. He asked me to help him, and I got him a place at the Metropolitan Opera House. He has been here ever since. He was more than a brother to me—one of my closest friends."

The Berlin police have created a stir in the German capital by decreeing that a seat in a theatre box does not entitle a woman to wear her hat in the theatre. Every offense is punishable by a fine of $25, which the house manager must pay.

GREAT BEAR SPRING WATER
50 cts. per case—6 glass-stoppered bottles

AT THE OPERA

(Continued from page 6)

high register has appealing, floating qualities. In French songs she was most interesting, but when she strayed into the German she was artistically lost, nor was she heard with credit in some uninteresting English songs. She will probably be heard to infinitely better advantage in French opera later in the season.

Two pianists "came back"—Rudolph Ganz and Harold Bauer—the latter playing at two concerts, Liszt's "Danse Macabre," and later Brahms' little known D minor piano concerto. He was in fine artistic fettle on both occasions. Ganz has not been heard here in years, and he gave a most brilliant performance of Tschaïkowsky's brilliant B flat minor concerto.

Josef Stransky, new conductor of the Philharmonic Society, has been provng his worth, not as a phenomenally great conductor, but as a good, painstaking artist. Schumann-Heink, eminent contralto, gave an interesting song recital. Fannie Bloomfield-Zeisler, American pianist, gave her only New York recital of the season and played as she never has here before, having conquered her nervousness completely. Walter Damrosch has been conducting an array of concerts of the New York Symphony Society. The Russian Symphony Society has been giving its usual concerts devoted to music of the Czar. The Olive Mead Quartet, fair, feminine players of stringed instruments, have been giving chamber music concerts at Rumford Hall, a very treasure of a little, intimate auditorium, and at one of these they produced, for the first time in New York, a quintet by Mrs. H. H. A. Beach, of Boston, who proved to be a most interesting writer of ambitious music.

And then, too, there was that unique chamber music concert of the Barrère Ensemble, chamber music of wind instruments, at the Belasco Theatre. Like a glimpse of old world serenity was this affair, miles and miles removed in spirit from noisy Broadway.

GREAT BEAR SPRING WATER
80 cts. per case—6 glass-stoppered bottles

AT THE PLAYHOUSE

(Continued from page 3)

masquerader looks like a gentleman, dresses like one and acts like one, while a minor love interest is pleasantly perfected by C. Morton Horne and Katheryn Stevenson. The broad comedy is entrusted to Otis Harlan as a French detective and Maude Odell as Amaranth, a seeress, and a very dashing and handsome one she makes. Harlan is always funny, but in this production he is particularly so, as he has been provided with some excellent material. The result is a succession of deliciously droll and amusing conceits.

EMPIRE. "THE WITNESS FOR THE DEFENCE." Play in 4 acts by A. E. W. Mason. Produced December 4 with this cast:

Henry Thresk, A. E. Anson; Stephen Ballantyne, W. L. Abingdon; Harold Hazlewood, Ernest Stallard; Richard Hazlewood, Leslie Faber; Robert Pettifer, Lumsden Hare; Hubbard, James Malaidy; A Servant, Walter L. Stacey; Baram Singh, W. S. Phillips; Stella Ballantyne, Ethel Barrymore; Mrs. Pettifer, Annie Esmond.

A. E. W. Mason, the novelist, about ten years ago ventured forth as a serious dramatist, at the old Manhattan Theatre, with "Miranda of the Balcony," which made a fair success. This year as a comic writer his "Green Stockings" gave veritable amusement and pleasure. Now he comes forward again, this time with a play of serious kind called "The Witness for the Defence."

The piece had a good vogue in London and was produced here to give opportunity for Miss Ethel Barrymore to display her emotional gifts in the rôle of Stella Ballantyne. It is an exacting part in which this actress shows to mixed advantage. In the opening scene, laid in India, she is found as the long suffering and insulted wife of a civil officer, Stephen Ballantyne, a drunkard and a brute. To their tent for dinner comes Henry Thresk, to whom she was formerly engaged. She had sacrificed herself lest his future might be jeopardized by their poverty. Sneered at and insulted thro' the meal and fearful of physical violence she shoots and kills the husband after the departure of the visitor. Here, at least, Miss Barrymore showed the skill and depth of her growing art. It was an admirable exhibition of cowed but rebellious womanhood. The acting was firm and tense; the movement repressed but forcible; the *dé-*



From an old print in La Telegrafie Historique.

Napoleon's Visual Telegraph

The First Long Distance System

Indians sent messages by means of signal fires, but Napoleon established the first permanent system for rapid communication.

In place of the slow and unreliable service of couriers, he built lines of towers extending to the French frontiers and sent messages from tower to tower by means of the visual telegraph.

This device was invented in 1793 by Claude Chappe. It was a semaphore. The letters and words were indicated by the position of the wooden arms; and the messages were received and relayed at the next tower, perhaps a dozen miles away.

Compared to the Bell Telephone system of to-day the visual telegraph system of Napoleon's time seems a crude makeshift. It could not be used at night nor in thick weather. It was expensive in construction and operation, considering that it was maintained solely for military purposes.

Yet it was a great step ahead, because it made possible the transmission of messages to distant points without the use of the human messenger.

It blazed the way for the universal telephone service of the Bell System which provides personal intercommunication for 90,000,000 people and is indispensable for the industrial, commercial and social progress of the Nation.

AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY
AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES

One Policy *One System* *Universal Service*

"Sunset Limited"

Extra Fare California Train, Semi-weekly between New Orleans, Los Angeles, San Francisco—New Steel Pullman Equipment—Drawing Rooms, Compartments, Observation-Library Cars—Dining Car Service best in the world—Barber, Valet, Manicure, Ladies' Maid, Hair Dresser, Stenographer, Telephone, Electric Lights, Fans, Vacuum Cleaners, Shower Baths—58 hours to Los Angeles—72 hours to San Francisco—Every Safety and Convenience.

For Pullman reservations apply to any ticket agent or address

Southern Pacific Sunset Route

366 or 1158 or 1 Broadway, New York

THIS ARTICLE REPRODUCED FROM THE

New York Evening Mail

OF DECEMBER 15th, 1911

regarding the Metropolitan Opera House Programme, which we now publish, needs no further comment.

ADVERTISING TALKS
WRITTEN BY
WILLIAM C. FREEMAN

It is not often that I have an opportunity to spend an evening at a concert or at a theatre—probably five times in a year.

Just now I am attending pretty regularly Sunday night concerts, but even at places of entertainment I cannot get away from the ADVERTISING IDEA.

The programme at the Metropolitan Opera House attracted me. Programmes are necessary at entertainments. This particular programme was well printed on a good quality of paper. IT WAS CLEAN. The ink didn't rub off. It did not soil the gloves of the ladies.

THE ADVERTISEMENTS in the programme had evidently been prepared with GREAT CARE. All of them left a pleasant impression on the mind. The CHARACTER of the advertisements appealed to me. CHARACTER ADVERTISING IS MY HOBBY, if it is a hobby to wish to see artistic, intelligent, convincing, honest advertisements.

I noted, in looking over the programme, that all of the advertisements represented houses of UNQUESTIONED BUSINESS REPUTE. I also noticed the following announcement of the management:

"Our programme is a thing apart, an achievement of distinction, because we did not hesitate to make a radical departure from the beaten track.

"ELIMINATING ALTOGETHER ADVERTISEMENTS OF AN OBJECTIONABLE NATURE, we decided to make it a veritable Blue Book of the creme de la creme in the advertising world, and only the best firms were invited into our columns. We leave it to you to decide if our selections in this 'Who's Who of Commerce' are the right ones."

Is this MODERN IDEA OF THE KIND OF ADVERTISING that shall be printed in newspapers, in programmes, in street cars, in magazines, in weeklies, on sign boards, A FAD, or is it a NECESSARY CONCESSION to public opinion?

I don't think there is any doubt that the public demands it, and WHAT THE PUBLIC WANTS IT GETS, SOONER OR LATER.

For rates and particulars apply to

THE THEATRE MAGAZINE, 8 WEST 38th ST., NEW YORK

Holland House

Fifth Ave. & Thirtieth St.
NEW YORK CITY

Famous Many Years
as the Centre for the most Exclusive of New York's Visitors

Comfortably and Luxuriously
appointed to meet the demand of the fastidious or democratic visitor

Royal Suites—Public Dining Room—Private Dining Saloon for Ladies—Rooms Single or Ensuite—New Grill—After Dinner Lounge—Buffet

All that is best in hotel life at consistent rates

Booklet, HOLLAND HOUSE
5th Ave. and 30th St.
Near underground and elevated railroad stations



nouement fatefully pathetic. For the sake of the audience's sensitory nerves the gun was not discharged—a concession nearly fatal to the dramatic situation.

Accused of murder Stella only escapes through the perjured testimony of Thresk, who swears the husband was killed by a vengeful native, and returns to England where she loves and is loved in return by a young English officer, Richard Hazlewood. The relatives are suspicious of Stella's acquittal and thro' an artifice Thresk is brought down to Little Beding, Sussex, and put through a gruelling cross-examination which through tergiversation he successfully withstands. He insists, however, that she tell her lover of the true facts. They have been married in the meantime, but this she does, first to his father and the following morning again to the husband. There is suspense to much of this and some good acting moments, but the construction is loose and reiterates.

In the consciousness of her new found happiness, Miss Barrymore is again sweetly and nicely effective and there is pathetic grace to some of the confession. But the enduring note straight from the heart is not struck.

GAIETY. "THE FIRST LADY IN THE LAND." Comedy in 4 acts by Charles Nirdlinger. Produced December 4 with this cast:

Sir Anthony Merry, Clarence Handyside; Jennings, Luke Martin; Beau Pinckney, David Todd; Dolly Todd, Miss Ferguson; Sally McKean, Beatrice Noyes; Clotilde, Georgette Passedoit; Mrs. Sparkle's Footman, Lawrence Windom; Sophia Sparkle, Helen Bond; Mrs. Sparkle, Maud Hosford; Aaron Burr, Frederick Perry; James Madison, Lowell Sherman; Honorable Ena Ferrar, Margaret Gordon; Lady Angela Merry, Florence Edney; Hairdresser, Edward Stewart; Don Carlos Martinez, William David; Louis Andre Pichon, John Prescott; De Vaux, Francis Bonn; Vrou Van Berckel, Myra Brook; Franko Petrus Van Berckel, Carl Hartberg; Cook, Luke Martin; Servant, Lawrence Windom.

Dolly Madison, in history, is our most famous First Lady of the Land, and Mr. Nirdlinger in a play so entitled has very happily characterized her. Lively interest is maintained in the relation between her, Aaron Burr and James Madison, but the political intrigues and the affairs between the other characters are only faintly outlined, and the persons themselves are for the most part blotches of color in the quaint and picturesque costumes of the day. There were too many people in the bill who were "afterwards somebody else," afterwards "Marchioness D'Yrujo," afterwards "Madame Pichon." If we are not interested in what the people in a play are here and now, we care nothing about what they became later on. Too much history, too much talk, too much wasted energy. Sir Anthony Merry, British Minister to the United States, a lugubrious man, with a dominating wife who stood on points of etiquette, had to do with the plot because he connived with Burr in furnishing him with funds for his Mexican enterprise, and his wife was diverting at one or two points in the action, notably in a scene in which she declined to give up her right of precedence in going in to a state dinner. But between Mr. Nirdlinger and Miss Elsie Ferguson, they hit the mark with Dolly Madison. Dolly Madison was witty. To make a character consistently and continuously witty in an action that calls for every line uttered and is in no way forced and extraneous is no slight achievement. Dolly was also independent, vivacious in manner, clear headed, resourceful, and in that state of mind which is most interesting in an ambitious woman who hesitates in choosing between two suitors. She admired and loved Burr for his daring qualities, his brilliance and his decision of character, Madison gave her little satisfaction in his constant answering "Yes—and No." This indecision serves the purposes of the play in a way, but it leaves the sympathies with the less meritorious lover, Aaron Burr, and leaves the disagreeable impression, and very distinctly in a scene between Dolly and Burr toward the close of the play, that after the discovery of his treasonable designs, she would continue to love him even after her marriage with Madison. We need not quarrel with minor and, for the purpose in hand, immaterial departure from history in the matter of dates and small facts, but James Madison, the President, who ordered Jackson to take Florida, sending the order by messenger and not making it public, could not have been conspicuously a "Yes—and No" man. The handling of Madison by the actor of the part, if not by Mr. Nirdlinger, is too vague. The dramatic triangle is not equilateral, but more of an isosceles. However, there are incidents enough in the relations between these three characters to make the story unremittingly interesting. Mr. Frederic Perry gave a most veracious impersonation of Burr.

GREAT BEAR SPRING WATER
50 cts. per case—6 glass-stoppered bottles

Mr. Lowell Sherman was less fortunate with Madison. Less formality and more fire would improve his performance. Miss Ferguson is fitted for her part; she has temperament, is attractive in personality, and depicts changing moods with precision, while her voice is full of character and an appealing softness.

FULTON. "TAKE MY ADVICE." Play in three acts by William Collier and James Montgomery. Produced December 11 with this cast:

William Ogden, William Collier; Jack Cornish, William Lamp; Professor Hugo Kardly, Chas. Dow Clark; Thomas Brooks, Thomas Garrick; Robert Brooks, John Junior; Paula Brooks, Paula Marr; Mrs. Clark, Helena Collier Garrick; "Buster" Clark, William Collier, Jr.; Diana Kardly, Dorothy Unger; Sing Foo, John Atrhur; Lew, John Adams; West, Thomas Stuart; Miss Underwood, Regina Connelli.

There is nothing dramatic about the William Collier kind of stage entertainment; but it is as full of quaint and catchy verbal humor as a plum pudding is of currants, and of lines, which when smartly delivered make the piece seem much better than it is. And this smart delivery, especially in the case of the star, Mr. Collier himself, is in reality much better acting than it casually appears to be. The sum of the whole matter is, that the playgoer of the Collier clientèle gets a fair $2.00 worth of nothing.

"Take My Advice" may as well be called by that title as by any other. It is a Collierization of a little fable by James Montgomery, once used for a brief period by Nat Goodwin, and then known as "A Native Son," if we remember rightly. This native son is a California product, president of the Pacific Lemon Company, and a near-millionaire. The latter estate is contingent upon his "cutting out" strong drink and tobacco, making the lemon business show a certain profit per annum, and marrying Diana Kardly. He comes out badly in each and all of these propositions, and so paradoxically achieves a happy ending—for the million had brought him false advisers, the profit was only on paper, and Diana was—well, the sort of girl of whom her fiancé gallantly remarked, "I wish she'd get well, or—or something." Besides, he wanted to—and finally did—marry Paula Brooks.

No moral, no ethics, no uplift of any kind whatsoever, is noticeable in this rather sprightly offering. Some things in it are in dubious taste, when you think them over in cold blood after the show; but this criticism does not occur to you while Mr. Collier and his relatives are romping through the piece.

CASINO. "PEGGY." Musical play in two acts by George Grossmith, Jr. Lyrics by C. H. Bovill. Music by Leslie Stuart. Produced December 7 with this cast:

Captain James Bendoyle, Farren Soutar; Auberon Blow, Charles Brown; Cecil Custard Caruthers, Harry Fisher; 'Phonso, Jules Charmettes; Emil, A. Hylton Allen; Montague Bartle, John W. Ransome; Man About Town, and Official at Casino, Lew Quinn; Marquis of Didsbury, Tom Dingle; Artistide Picot, Jules Charmettes, Rastus, Tom Dingle; Lady Snoop, Alva York; Peggy Barrison, Renee Kelly; Polly Polino, Louise Alexander; Doris Bartle, Vida Whitmore; Diamond, Esther Bissett; Lady Frederick, Rose Winter; Miss Vooch, Margaret Rutledge; Dolly, Elise Hamilton; Ruby, Maud Brown; Jeannette, Blanche West; Jeanette, Florence Walton.

There are certain combinations in comic opera plots that have ceased to be amusing or entertaining in any way unless the author of the book has the right touch and initiative enough of his own to give them distinctive novelty. "Peggy," with its plot of double identities, shows its age. It is even not well preserved. Peggy is engaged to somebody, is loved by a captain who gets somebody to pose as the rich uncle of the somebody she is engaged to, with the result that most everybody becomes nobody. Consent to the marriage with one or the other of the suitors depends on the money of the rich uncle. The substitute uncle becomes the barber at the hotel. There is a comic duel which probably amuses "the tired business man." A seltzer bottle casts aspersions on certain people, who no doubt deserve it, and afforded joy to naive bounders. How much of the original opera, which is announced as the *London Gaiety Theatre production*, has been retained, is conjectural, but the book is said to be by George Grossmith, Jr., the lyrics by C. H. Bovill, and the music by Leslie Stuart. It is staged by Ned Wayburn. The Wayburn stamp is on it.

DALY'S. "THE LADY OF COVENTRY." Play in four acts by Louis N. Parker. Produced November 21 with this cast:

Dorothea, Miss Allen; Alys, Jane Ferrell; Damaris, Adelaide Robinson; Philippa, Frances Savage; Father Bernard, Charles Harbury; Malet, S. Van Dusen Phillips; Nigel, Fred Bock; Gilbert, George Cooke; Leofric, Henry Kolker; Waltheof, Henry Stanford; Gamel, Lewis Howard; Witgar, Frank P. Giles; Torfrid, Winfield Freeman; Cymen, Vincent Sternroyd; Ulling,



Famous For Complexion

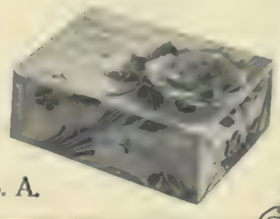
Maxine Elliott Toilet Soap

will preserve a good complexion or improve a poor one.

It cleanses thoroughly without irritating a tender skin. It cools, soothes, refreshes. Daintily scented.

Made in this assortment:

Buttermilk and Roses
Buttermilk and Violets
Buttermilk and Glycerine
Buttermilk



You will find Maxine Elliott Toilet Soap wherever good soaps are sold.

10 cents the cake 50 cents the box of 6

Swift & Company, U. S. A.

DUST A CARRIER OF DISEASE

The Corn Broom a Menace to the Health of the Whole Family



BISSELL'S "Cyco" BALL BEARING CARPET SWEEPER

confines all the dust, thus protecting the health of the entire household, besides reducing the labor of sweeping 95%; cleanses and preserves your carpets and rugs, accomplishes the work in one-quarter of the time the corn broom requires, and makes sweeping an agreeable task instead of a positive drudgery. Don't think the corn broom is more economical, as this would be a great mistake. One Bissell sweeper will last longer than fifty corn brooms. Once you use the BISSELL you will regret the comfort and cleanliness you have so long sacrificed in using the tiresome, inefficient, unsanitary corn broom.

The Bissell is sold by all the best trade; price $2.75 to $5.75. Booklet "*Easy, Economical, Sanitary Sweeping*" sent on request.

Bissell Carpet Sweeper Co., Dept. 93, Grand Rapids, Mich.

(Largest Exclusive Carpet Sweeper Makers in the World.)

X B

The great skill and science employed in the compounding of **X. BAZIN'S Depilatory Powder** make it absolutely safe and reliable. If some former remedy has been tried without success, it is because the *right* powder was not applied. For sale at all first-class drug stores, or by mail in sealed package, postpaid.

Price 50 cents

HALL & RUCKEL
NEW YORK CITY



WRITE US FOR A
Sample Copy and Rates
of the
Metropolitan Opera House Programme

THE THEATRE MAGAZINE CO.
8 West 38th Street - - - New York City

A UNIQUE and exclusive feature of the THEATRE MAGAZINE is the Fashion Department. Do not fail to read the suggestions and pointers of our Fashion Editor, an authority of both continents.

GREAT BEAR SPRING WATER
50 cts. per case—6 glass-stoppered bottles

Howard Morgan; Jenny, Elinor Brownell; Godild, Nina Lindsay; Joan, Jessie Crommette.

Lady Godiva's ride has long been the subject of legend, song, poetry and drama. It is romantic because impossible to modern thought, and because it has the accent of purity among a warlike and savage people who put out the eyes of Peeping Tom. It is a pretty story without a particle of drama in its main incident. Mr. Louis N. Parker has given it a new turn. The Saxon chieftain, Leofric the Wolf, claimant the Lady Godiva's land, besieges her first as the warrior and then as her lover. In the play her name has been changed to Dorothea, which is of no consequence, as she performs the ride covered by her abundant hair and protected by the order that none shall see her. It was Leofric the Wolf who gave his promise to shield her by this order after he found that his command that she ride was irrevocable under some tribal or religious law. Her people were to go free in event she submitted to the ordeal. He alone breaks his edict made to protect her; he becomes the Peeping Tom. He will suffer the penalty of his own proclamation. She urges him to reconsider and bids him look into her eyes and read there her feeling for him. He does so, clasps her in his arms, and the war is over. To make anything out of this a great deal of noise, breaking in of doors and threatenings of slaughter had to be applied to the action. There were clamorous doings, invocations, execrations, pleadings, defiance and incidental combats. The externals of drama abounded. As a picture play of a make-believe action it was effective. It was poetic and picturesque. Miss Viola Allen was never better in poses and impassioned speech.

HERALD SQUARE. "Betsy." Comedy in three acts. Book by H. Kellett Chambers. Lyrics by W. B. Johnstone. Music by Alexander Johnstone. Produced Dec. 11 with this cast:

Frederick, Donald Buchanan; Agnes, Myrtle Jersey; Gloria Stebbins, Lucie Carter; Pitney Killigrew, Worthington L. Romaine; Teddy Bacon, Hassard Short; Jasper Mallory, Robert Dempster; Augustus Tutwiler, George W. Callahan; Mrs. Elizabeth Killigrew, Betsy, Miss La Rue; Earl of Dexminster, Alfred Deery; Mrs. O'Leary, Lavina Shannon; Abaloni, Juliette Lange; Charlie, R. Saito.

"Betsy" is a relief from simpering chorus girls (who simper, it must be admitted, very prettily sometimes), the Ponies, the six show girls, too stately to dance much, but who from time to time sit on the knees of six young gentlemen, and the various abounding incidents of comic opera. "Betsy" is a little play with music when it is needed to express something in the action and dancing when something can be better expressed in that way than by speech. At all events, that is the probable theory. It is something that Quaker people can go to see without turning a hair. The story of the play is old, having been seen here in the form of "An American Widow," which was not successful financially, although much liked and praised. It promised good fortune to Miss Grace Filkins, an actress of quality, but its fate was to be turned into a "comedy with music," as we now see it. Miss Grace La Rue is now the young American widow, who, under the terms of her rich husband's will, was to forfeit the millions of the estate if she married any other than an American. Miss La Rue is not a finished actress, dancer or singer, but she suits the modest and decent story admirably.

The American Playwright

William T. Price who, for many years, has conducted a school of playwriting in this city, is about to issue a monthly publication to be called *The American Playwright*. It will be devoted exclusively to the technical side of play construction and is intended primarily for those students of the drama who are also trying to write plays. Mr. Price is the author of "The Technique of the Drama," a revised edition of which, under the longer title of "Analysis of Play Construction and Dramatic Principle," forms one of the most expert, exhaustive and valuable works on the subject ever written. Mr. Price's reputation both as a teacher and critic is so well established and his school has been the means of so many playwrights securing a public hearing, that there seems to be no doubt as to the usefulness and success of his new venture.

Books Received

George Bernard Shaw, His Life and Works. A critical biography by Archibald Henderson. 528 pp. Illustrated. Cincinnati: Stewart & Kidd Company.

A Manual of Mental Science. By Leander Edmund Whipple. New York: The Metaphysical Publishing Co.

Some Forerunners of Italian Opera By W. J. Henderson. New York: Henry Holt & Company.

Footlights, Fore and Aft—A Study of Stage Life. By Channing Pollock. Illustrated. Boston: The Gorham Press.

Rauch & Lang Electrics
on Exhibit at the
Waldorf-Astoria
"Turkish Room"

From January 6th to 15th, in New York, during the National Automobile Show, our cars will be shown at the Waldorf-Astoria, in the comfortable "Turkish Room."

Readers of this announcement who are in New York at that time are cordially urged to inspect them.

This unusual exhibit itself is interesting and it exhibits an unusual car.

The Rauch & Lang meets every requirement of most people's definition of the word "correct."

Call at the Waldorf-Astoria between January 6th and 15th, and see if it doesn't meet yours.

Rauch & Lang Electrics

THE RAUCH & LANG CARRIAGE COMPANY
2327 West 25th St. Cleveland Sixth City



Additional exhibits at our New York Branch Showroom, Broadway and 58th Street.

Exide Battery standard equipment. Special Electric Pneumatic or Motz High-Efficiency Cushion Tires optional.

(118)

THE LAKEWOOD HOTEL
THE HOTEL THAT MADE LAKEWOOD FAMOUS
LAKEWOOD, N. J.

Now Open Under the Direction of Mr. Louis Frenkel, of the Hotel Kaaterskill, Kaaterskill, N. Y.

Lakewood is one hour and thirty minutes from New York City, and for its climate, its pine trees and its wonderful dry air it has no equal.

Prospective patrons going to Lakewood will find the Hotel Lakewood one of the best managed hotels in the world.

Special inducements will be made for parties who wish to spend the season at this wonderful resort.

There is also in connection with the hotel one of the finest 18-hole golf courses in America.

The hotel will be conducted on the most exclusive lines on the American plan.

F. H. NUNNS, Mgr.

THE THEATRE MAGAZINE BOUND





IN TWO VOLUMES

The Most Welcome of all Holiday Presents

A COMPLETE RECORD IN PICTURE AND TEXT
OF THE THEATRICAL SEASON OF 1911

Complete Year, 1911—$6.50 a Set

Ready December 15th. Sent Prepaid

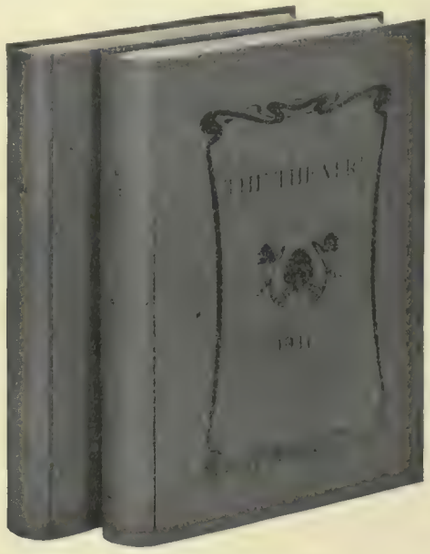
Two handsome volumes of over 200 pages, containing the twelve numbers issued during 1911 and beautifully bound in attractive green cloth.



Two Handsome Books for Your Parlor Table

colored plates, 1,500 engravings. Notable articles; portraits of actors and actresses, and scenes from all the plays produced during 1911.









The Handsomest Magazine Published

The most sumptuously illustrated, the most splendidly printed, full of anecdotes, reminiscences, and stories of stage life. In Uniform binding

The Complete Collection of 14 Volumes, Bound in Cloth, from 1901 to 1911 included, $125.50.





The following Volumes are still sold separately:

Year of	The	Theatre	for	1902	-	-	-	-	-	Price,	$18.00
"	"	"	"	"	1904	-	-	-	-	-	"	11.00
"	"	"	"	"	1905	-	-	-	-	-	"	9.00
"	"	"	"	"	1906	-	-	-	-	-	"	8.00
"	"	"	"	"	1907	-	-	-	-	-	"	7.00
"	"	"	"	"	1908	-	-	-	-	-	"	7.00
"	"	"	"	"	1909	-	-	-	2 vols.		"	6.50
"	"	"	"	"	1910	-	-	-	2 vols.		"	6.50

The magnificent colored covers which appear on each issue are all bound in the Yearly Volumes

THE THEATRE MAGAZINE CO.

8 WEST THIRTY-EIGHTH STREET - - - NEW YORK











Dec. 16, 1911.

Messrs. HAINES BROS.,
New York City.

Gentlemen:—

It is indeed a privilege to say a word of praise of the superb Haines Bros. Piano. It possesses so many qualities that please the artistic ear, while the chaste elegance of the case designs are a delight to the eye. It is, indeed, all that a perfect piano should be.

Cordially yours,

Léon Rothier

A Word Regarding

The Haines Bros.

PIANO

From LÉON ROTHIER

Basso, Metropolitan Opera House

Write for descriptive literature

HAINES BROS., 437 Fifth Avenue, New York City

Division—American Piano Co.

OUR FASHION DEPARTMENT



A SUMPTUOUS EVENING GOWN IN BROCADED GOLD TISSUE, BEAD PASSEMENTERIE AND LACE, BY MAISON MAURILE, FIFTH AVE.

HINTS ON SUMMER FABRICS AND FASHIONS

ALREADY one hears rumors of new fashions. Scarcely is one season in full swing before is heard the oft repeated query of "What will be the next turn?" Always there is a certain element insisting upon something new. Would it not be far better for the followers of fashion to insist upon the makers of garments perfecting those already in vogue, before they brought out some other style?

Certainly women do want and need changes in fashions, in color, in material, and in trimming as well as in shape. One of the greatest of womanly charms is to attract by her infinite variety not only of mind but of dress. We soon become so accustomed to the picture that hangs year after year in the same place upon the wall that we no longer regard it. So it is with the woman who dresses always in the same style and color. The husband, brother, son or friend may not appreciate the fine distinctions of the new gown or hat, but he knows whether she is looking well or not, in other words whether that gown or hat is becoming, or appeals to his aesthetic sense.

Clothes undoubtedly play an important rôle in the life and fate of woman, and it therefore behooves every woman to take thought that she shall be as well clothed as her station in life and her means permit. Did not Ruskin give the sage advice to a young lady of his acquaintance that "a pretty face under a pretty bonnet looks all the prettier?" While there is a great possibility of thinking and talking too much of clothes there are women among us who go to the other extreme. The happy medium should be preserved in this as in all other matters.

But to go from the general to the particular. This is the season when the new cottons first blossom forth in the shops. The woman who knows what she will require for the summer will do well to make her purchases early, for by so doing she can cull the best of the new goods. This is especially true of the imported cotton and silk and cotton goods. She is likely to find at this time of year materials that she will be unable to get later on. Therefore, this is the harvest time of the woman who loves something unusual, something different. To a lesser degree this is so of American made cotton goods.



Photo by Henri Manuel

AN ARTISTIC COIFFURE



Photo by Felix

A QUAINT NEW AUTO BONNET OF STRAW

The reason that you can get cotton goods that are out of the ordinary now is because the later goods are all more or less patterned on those which prove to be the biggest sellers at this season. We turn out such an immense quantity of cotton goods in this country that it is only the goods which sell in great quantities that are made by the American mills.

As for the imported cottons, merchants first order only small quantities of them, particularly of the fancy fabrics, and it is often quite impossible for them to duplicate any desired design.

Ginghams and zephyrs are to be quite as much worn during the coming summer as they were last year. They tub beautifully, and there is nothing more useful and attractive than the freshness of a daintily made gingham or zephyr frock. There will not be

FOR Spring and Summer, silks are again the most favored materials, with

"Shower-Proof"
Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.
Foulards

in great demand because of the beauty, variety of designs and "shower-proof" features of these well-known fabrics.

CHENEY SILKS

also offer a large selection of printed dress silks. In all the standard as well as in a number of exclusive weaves and fashionable shades.

Because of the variety of Cheney Silks, it is impracticable to send samples, but send us your address and we will tell you what stores in your vicinity sell our silks.

Cheney Silks include "Shower-proof" Foulards, Dress Silks of all kinds, Florentines, Decorative Silks, Upholstery Goods, Velours, Velvets, Ribbons, Cravats, Velvet Ribbons, Spun Silk Yarns, Reeled Silks, etc.

CHENEY BROTHERS
Silk Manufacturers
4th Avenue and 18th Street, New York

Maternity Dresses
and Negligees

Early Spring and Summer Models for
Southern Resorts

Charming Conceptions for Traveling and Dress Wear
$15.50 to $90.00

Tea Gowns, Semi-Negligees
$12.50 to $50.00

Matinees and Lounging Robes
$3.00 to $35.00

Send for catalog "B"

EVERYTHING MADE ON THE PREMISES
EVERYTHING MADE TO MEASURE

Lane Bryant
19 West 38th Street
NEW YORK
WASHINGTON HEIGHTS BRANCH
Broadway & 163d St.



1062 (*as illustrated*). Graceful model in Crepe de Chine, with bands of Messaline and Venetian balls. Yoke and sleeves of lace veiled in Marquisette. Expands to the figure through all stages without alteration. Made in all choice colorings. PRICE **$37.50**

THE HAAS FABRICS
PARIS

WHITE TROPICAL SUITINGS
FOR SOUTHERN WEAR

The new Haas fabrics in white tropical suitings, for Spring and Southern wear, are being shown by the best dressmakers and women's tailors. One of the Haas Blue Books of samples, just issued, is devoted entirely to authoritative white wool fabrics for the 1912 season.

The Haas white fabrics not only tailor well, but they also have another advantage which women appreciate—they do not turn yellow.

Inasmuch as all the Haas fabrics are confined to the exclusive trade, Haas Brothers maintain a much higher standard of quality than is necessary for fabrics sold to the general trade.

HAAS BROTHERS
American Distributing Offices
303-305 FIFTH AVE. NEW YORK



Photo by Henri Manuel
AN EVENING COIFFURE BY LUCIENNE

much change in the shape of these frocks. Two yard skirts, perhaps the more elaborate with scalloped flounces, bodices with kimono or regulation sleeves, and generally cut with deep pointed openings rather than the square neck, tell the story of admirable styles for wash dresses. Yet, if the square neck is more becoming than the pointed one, then by all means the square neck should be used.

Guimpes of lace, net or embroidery will still be worn, and long may they live! For never was there a fashion more commendable both on account of its becomingness and its practicability. The more transparent the guimpe the more fashionable the rule at present, and one which will in all probability last throughout the summer.

Linens will once again be fashionable, and the white linen suit and gown bids fair to be one of the greatest favorites. Indeed, white will be the color *par excellence* for the spring and summer. White serge, white broadcloth, white bengaline, and white linen tell the story of the fashionableness of white. Bengaline is altogether a new arrival in the world of fashion. It is first cousin to faille and ottoman silk, all of which are well suited to the construction of the smart tailored suits.

The woman who wants something dressier than a suit of white serge will select one of broadcloth or one of the silks mentioned. Bengaline is a mixture of silk and wool, and therefore drapes beautifully, so is well in accord with the general fashion tendencies as regards both tailored suits and costumes. It is an admirable wearing fabric, and somewhat less expensive than an all-silk material.

Last spring it was the tailored suit of blue serge or black satin which reigned supreme. This year white will be given the fashionable preference. For those who do not care for an all-white suit there are silks and cloths showing the narrow hairline stripe in black or color.

For simple costumes and separate waists nothing more admirable will be found than the R and T tub silks, which this season are shown in an unusually attractive line of designs and colors. Those which most impressed me are the white grounds carrying a black or white satin stripe, and those showing two or three colored stripes on a white ground. So admirable are some of the black satin broken stripes that I can quite imagine their being appropriately used for the construction of summer evening gowns. Trimmed with time yellowed lace such a gown would be quite out of the ordinary.

There are also among those R and T tub silks some excellent designs on natural colored shantung grounds. These will look well made up into street dresses, or as separate waists to be worn with the new wool crashes of the same tone. Such garments will be found exceedingly useful for motor, travelling and general wear. Those tub silks wash as well as any cotton material, if they are properly washed, and last quite as long, if not longer, than the cotton garments, besides all which tub silk garments do not soil so quickly as those made of cotton.

Some excellent ottoman cords are among the new cottons. They are suitable for the construction of separate skirts, coat suits, and in the lighter weights for dresses. They are also appropriate for the construction of children's frocks. These cotton ottomans show a white stripe alternating with a colored one. The black and white combination is to be found also in the ottoman cotton cords.

Among the all-cotton and silk and cotton materials none are more admirable than the Courtauld voiles and crêpes. The boards on which these are wound are marked "Courtauld's English Dress Goods," so that it will be an easy matter for you to know when you are purchasing these dependable fabrics. They come in a wide range of stunning colors and designs that make them suit-



Photo by Henri Manuel
NEW DESIGNS IN PEARL JEWELRY



Size 11 x 46 inches

WRITE NOW
For This Beautiful
Hinds Cream Girl CALENDAR

PRICE **10c** Postpaid

Has no advertising on the front

This daintily colored art panel shows three new and exceedingly attractive pictures of the Hinds Cream Girl. They are reproduced from life in crayon finish by a leading American artist. In style, quality and effect this calendar equals many that are sold at a much higher price. You should write at once, enclosing 10 cents in stamps or coin, as the supply is limited.

HINDS HONEY AND ALMOND CREAM



For many years the favorite in thousands of refined homes. A snow-white, creamy liquid that imparts a most refreshing effect of cleanliness, and makes the skin soft, smooth and fair. Guaranteed not to aid a growth of hair.

A non-greasy cream that's quickly absorbed, relieving the pores of impurities and restoring the skin to its natural, healthy, girlish attractiveness. Withered, dry conditions are soon dispelled. It acts quickly on

Rough or Chapped Skin

soothing and restoring the irritated, sore surface.

UNEQUALLED *for the skin ailments of infants and children.* Men use it to relieve the after-shave tenderness. It prevents dryness and chapping.

50c in bottles. Sold everywhere. Refuse substitutes; write us if your dealer cannot supply you, we'll send it postpaid on receipt of price.

Liberal Sample Free on Request to Those Who Have Not Tried It. No Duplicating or Repeating

A. S. HINDS, 95 West St., Portland, Maine



The Burgesser Tailored and Semi-Dress **Hats** for SPRING and SUMMER



combine the quality and style that characterize all models bearing this trade mark.



For sale at all leading dealers throughout the United States and Canada

Designed and Introduced by

A. D. Burgesser & Co.

149-151 Fifth Avenue
New York



A. D. BURGESSER & CO. IMPORTERS AND MANUFACTURERS NEW YORK TRADE MARK

able for the construction of gowns for all occasions. The Courtauld voiles and crêpes are also made entirely of silk.

Cotton crêpes, marquisettes and voiles will be even more used this summer than they were last year. Some of the loveliest of the new lingerie waists are made of these materials, and discreetly trimmed with lace. There is no more elegant style of waist for wear with tailored suits than the French waist made with regulation long sleeves, tucks and a side frill. The spring is the legitimate season for the reign of the side frills in this country. Jacket fronts are cut more open, and the soft, fluffy frill fills in the opening in a most becoming and attractive manner.

Black and white striped voiles are lovely made over silk foundations of brilliant color. Made over white they are stunning, touched up with brilliant color in the trimmings. For this purpose the new reds will be exceedingly effective. Older women should not forget the value of green as a trimming color, for it enhances the rose color in the cheeks. Blue is a good color for ornamentation if it be becoming, and there are certain shades of purple that combine beautifully with yellow when used in discreet quantities, and which combine well with grey and, if cleverly managed, with black and white effects.

The new embroideries and laces are altogether delightful. There are broad bands of heavy guipure laces, which will serve admirably to border and at the same time weight down the light summery materials. These will be more used in the yellowish or ecru tints than in the dead white. Then there are the modern productions of old Italian laces which are suitable for the adornment of wraps as well as dresses.

Embroidered nets will be much sought for in the more elegant lingerie frocks. Those already being prepared for Southern tourists are in styles that make them appropriate for both afternoon and evening wear at the large hotels. Then there are the finest of embroidered muslins that remind one of the old-time convent embroideries.

The new vogue of white brings in its train a detail that is at once smart and practical. This is the use of the false hem of black or a lovely golden brown, which protects the edge of the dress from soiling as quickly as it otherwise would. I know one woman who has been reveling in a smart white broadcloth three-piece suit this winter who by a little trick of her own devising managed so that she could wear the gown in the street with a deep fur band, and yet when she desired it for house use the band could be removed. For the fur band was attached to the skirt by means of the little fasteners similar to those used on gloves, so that it was no trouble at all to put it on, or take it off.



Photo by Henri Manuel
A PLUSH HAT BY GABRIELLE CHANEL



Photo by Henri Manuel
AN ODD AND ATTRACTIVE HAT BY ELIANE

Velvet, ottoman silk, satin and chiffon are the materials which will be employed for these bands on the white summer frocks and tailored suits. I said summer, but really the early spring is certain to see the white tailored suit well to the fore on the fashionable promenades.

The new white serges are quite elaborate in design. They will be used for tailored suits, dresses, and long separate coats. The fancy serges intended for coats are quite a bit heavier than those meant for suits, and they are sufficiently elaborate to make very acceptable evening coats for young girls. The designs are in basket weaves of rather small size, and stripes of varying width, but those which appeal most strongly to me are the inch-wide stripe alternating with a pencil strip. Imagine how stunning this would be made into one of the long draped coats, and lined with one of the new reds; this lining turned up to face the wide cuffs and revers, and fastened in front with a single big, red button embroidered in white and gold. It would almost pay to be young to be the possessor of such a natty garment.

The basket weave serges will make stylish tailored suits, and are susceptible of braid and button ornamentation. There are some new Directoire models in suit coats in which the front reaches only to the waist line, while the back is some eighteen inches longer. But really at the moment of writing it is quite too early to speak with authority of tailored suit fashions.

LENTHÉRIC

The King of Perfumers

245 RUE ST. HONORÉ

PARIS



THE LADY IN BLACK PERFUME

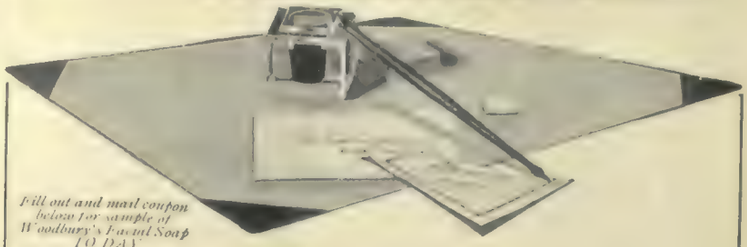
Full of charm, grace, mystery and beauty is the "Lady in Black," whose delicate profile, modestly veiled and executed by an artist hand, appears on the dainty crystal bottle. It is the perfume of the Lady in Black, drawn with such power by the celebrated novelist, Gaston Leroux, in his story, which sleeps, subtle, penetrating, mysterious, between the narrow confines of this flask. You remember well in the novel? It is a unique perfume, which at each gesture throws off an atmosphere of trouble and adoration! It is a perfume which gives to she who uses it such irresistible charm that one cannot separate the sauvity of the aroma from the seduction of the woman. It is a perfume that one cannot forget, which follows one like an obsession of love, a perfume which makes one relive the happy hours and falls upon the heart like an adorable dew, the perfumed drops of memory.

Such a perfume was too precious to be permitted to escape, and here it is, filled with sunshine-like liquid gold. From the moment it appeared, all the fashionable women, all the leading actresses, adopted it and made it the favorite on their toilet table. All mystery, charm, beauty, it is a perfume which pierces all veils, captivates the mind, sways the heart, envelopes the soul with its penetrating and subtle odors.

LENTHÉRIC

245 RUE ST. HONORÉ

PARIS



Fill out and mail coupon below for sample of Woodbury's Facial Soap TO DAY

Prepare your skin for rough winds

This is the hardest season in the year on your complexion. The sudden changes and the sharp, harsh winds that roughen and chap, soon ruin an *unprepared* skin. This is when complexions are spoiled for months to come.

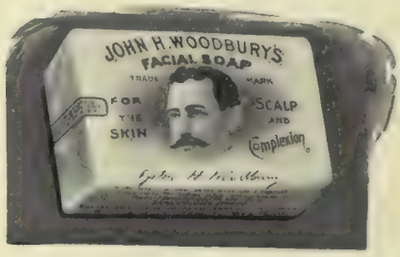
By proper precautions, you can keep your skin in an active, healthy condition in which it can *withstand* results from such exposure.

During bad weather, always rinse in cold water. Select your soap carefully. Woodbury's Facial Soap supplies what is exhausted by the wind, keeps your skin active and healthy. The regular use of Woodbury's and cold water protects your skin, gives it, all during cold weather, the delicate freshness and glow of health.

Woodbury's Facial Soap costs 25c a cake. No one hesitates at the price, *after their first cake.* The feeling it gives the first time you use it is a promise of what its steady use will do.

For 4c we will send a sample cake. For 10c samples of Woodbury's Facial Soap, Cream and Powder. For 50c a copy of the Woodbury Book on the care of the skin and scalp and samples of the Woodbury preparations. The Andrew Jergens Co., Dept. A, 2605 Spring Grove Avenue, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Woodbury's Facial Soap



For Sale By Dealers Everywhere

THE ANDREW JERGENS CO.
Dept. F, Spring Grove Ave., Cincinnati, O.
I enclose postage as per sample offer

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____

The Files of the Theatre Magazine are Invaluable to Collectors

BIND YOUR NUMBERS OF THE

Theatre Magazine

READERS who have preserved their copies and return them to us in good condition, by express, prepaid, will receive a complete copy, together with title page, table of contents, on payment of $3.00.

The Eleventh Year (1911) is bound in TWO VOLUMES



Photo by Felix
A NOVEL AUTO BONNET OF STRAW, LINED WITH SILK

However, I notice that the best dressed women among those who are always a season in advance of the general fashions, are wearing jackets of fantastic cut, often with bias lines in both front and back. Quantities of buttons are used of the material of the suit, of velvet or satin, and small ones of some composition. All are of matching color to the fabric which they ornament. The tiny buttons are used to accent the bias lines of the jacket, when these lines come over the hips. They are likewise used in the same position on the skirts.

Dainty ball gowns for young girls carry many good ideas for the construction of summer frocks of wash fabrics. These mostly have tunic skirts which end just above or just below the knees. The latter will be found to be more becoming generally, because a tunic of that length does not detract from the height of the wearer, and so gives an appearance of greater slenderness. The underskirt is composed of a slightly fulled flounce of the transparent material, often finished with a band of lace trimmed with colored ribbon. Over this band the tunic falls. It can be thus seen how highly desirable the heavy laces will be.

Bodices are always draped, and will have the deep V opening reaching to the high narrow girdle. This opening is often filled in to produce a square neck effect, while the flat lace collar or other trimming accents the long lines of the V opening.

Ball and dinner gowns for older women have the bodices generally in one or two styles. One is the entire bodice made of lace. with a point of the skirt reaching up over it in front. The other is the one-sided drapery, that of the left side of lace, net or other transparent material, and that of the right side of a contrasting sheer material, or the material of the skirt. When the contrast is not too great in color and material the effect is excellent, but when the contrast is great the nude effect is too much for this style to appeal to the more refined women.

One of the new and clever ideas in maternity dresses is to be found in the Leonard model, which is self adjustable, and requires absolutely no alteration either at the bottom of the skirt or the waistline during the entire period of its use. The very latest styles and fabrics can be used in this form of dress, so that women who require such mode of apparel may now be as fashionably dressed as the women in normal health. The prices according to the materials selected range from twenty-two to one hundred dollars.

The double-faced satins and silks should be highly desirable for spring and summer wraps, particularly in this country, where we require so little warmth. Long wraps are desirable, because they are so picturesque, and serve so admirably to protect the light-colored gown worn beneath. The double-faced satins answer all requirements for such wraps in a most excellent manner. They were so new last spring that they were not generally accepted. Then came the winter season, which put them quite out of the running because of their lack of warmth. So that in a few weeks many women will find them just the thing for a great number of occasions. And be it added that at the present moment these double-faced satins can be had at very advantageous prices, because some of the shops stocked up on them in the autumn in anticipation of a big demand, which did not materialize for the reason already stated.

Linings of contrasting color continue to be used in the most expensive and elegant wraps. A magnificent opera wrap which I saw the other day in the process of making was of lovely dull rose and gold brocade—only twenty-five dollars a yard—lined with a dull blue satin veiled with chiffon, and trimmed with skunk. When women put as much money as that wrap will cost into a garments, they are not likely to select a style that is a back number. All which goes to prove that there will be a number of women wearing spring and summer wraps of double-faced satin.

Speaking of contrasting colors, Maude Odell, in "Little Boy Blue," wears a combination of dark apple green and russet brown that is exceedingly artistic. The character she presents is eccentric, and therefore, the clothes have been chosen to accord with the character. For those who appreciate brilliant colors there are many good suggestions to be obtained from the costumes worn by Miss Odell.

Miss Bryan, who plays the part of Little Boy Blue, wears in the last act a delightfully simple white evening gown which, in its excellent lines and charming style, should serve as an excellent example to many young girls.

Another charming white evening gown is worn by Miss Mary Boland who supports John Drew in "A Single Man." This gown is of crêpe charmeuse with a bodice mostly of lace in the exact shade of the silk.

HARRIET EDWARDS FAYES.



Photo by Henri Manuel
A PRETTY HAT BY LENTHERIC IN BLACK VELVET WITH WHITE AIGRETTE

Facts Worth Knowing

We will gladly answer any inquiry, giving names of shops where these articles are shown or sold, providing a stamped envelope is enclosed.

When taking a course of face treatments, it is highly desirable, I have discovered, to find a woman of refinement and pleasing personality. I am, therefore, very glad to recommend a lady who is at the head of one of the best establishments in this city. Furthermore, she has the great ability to select and train her assistants, so that they not only are skilled in their profession, but have, to a great extent, the delicacy of touch that characterizes their chief. That this lady has the qualities I have ascribed to her is evidenced by the fact that the establishment, of which she is the head, numbers among its clientele many of the best known society women of this and other American cities. Naturally, it is impossible for this lady to give all the treatments, but her eye is everywhere, and she supervises every treatment that is given in the establishment, and it is, undoubtedly, for this reason, that all the patrons of the establishment are so enthusiastic about it.

Now that the social season is well under way, it will, no doubt, be of interest to many women to know of a place where they can go to be beautified for the evening's social engagement. The eyes must be lustrous and sparkling for the opera, the theatre or the dance. The skin must glow, and must have just the right rosy tint to be attractive under the searching electric light. It requires the professional touch to set off the natural charms, even of the débutante. The proper powders and other cosmetics require skill in their selection for the evening event. Any woman can soon learn what best becomes her for day occasions, but it is another story for the evening, and if one wants to do this correctly, one must at least take lessons in the art from a skilled professional.

A toilet cream that is guaranteed by the maker to be always absolutely pure and fresh, and never to contain any harmful substance, and which is highly endorsed by such well-known women as Mrs. Fiske, Margaret Anglin, Mme. Tetrazzini, Geraldine Farrar, Billie Burke, and countless others, is now within the reach of every one. It is to be had for the moderate price of $1 a jar, and it may be added that all the value is put in the cream itself, and not in an ornate package. To obtain the best results, one has only to follow faithfully and persistently the directions that go with the cream. For special cases, the advice of this expert maker is always at the service of the user of his cream.

I saw the other day such a lovely, quaint Colonial tea set, given by Mrs. Cleveland to a friend for Christmas. The decorations were gold bands and the recipient's monogram also in gold. The whole thing was so artistic that I asked where it came from, and immediately made a visit to the shop. It is a most original place, where they make a specialty of decorating china to order, and at such moderate prices that they are simply astonishing. For example, a French china tea set, which I intend to possess, is only $15. This consists of a dozen cups and saucers, decorated with gold band, handles and monogram, and a tea pot, sugar bowl and cream pitcher with gold band and handles. I could not have the monogram on these, because I chose that old fashioned, quaint fluted design, the style one so often sees in old silver, but which I never before found in china. A china teapot is so much more hygienic than a silver one, yet it is so difficult to get really artistic shapes in china that I feel I have made an important discovery in this little shop. I say "little shop" because in the showroom only samples of these shapes are shown, yet there is such a profusion of these that there is a shape to suit every taste. The plain white shapes are shown in both French china and Beleek, the latter being more expensive than the French china, as most of you no doubt know. There are not only afternoon tea sets, but entire breakfast and dinner sets, and all sorts of odd pieces, such as vases, bowls and comports. A comparison shows that for this individual china the prices are no more than for that which is already decorated. For example, ramikins with plates are only $8.50 a dozen, and this includes the decoration. Besides all which the owner is never too busy to give his special attention to a customer.

Now that lace fichus, collars and frills are so much the vogue dainty jeweled pins to hold them in place are an actual necessity to every woman's toilet. Smart women are using long bar pins to hold the side frill to the shoulder. I saw some unusually attractive bar pins in lace work designs that were set with sapphires, amethysts and topazes. The settings were gold hand work, and the prices ranged from $12.50 to $28, those at $17 and $18 being particularly effective. Colored stones are being more and more used for daytime occasions, the idea being that the stone shall harmonize with the color of the gown or its trimmings. This idea is even carried out in earrings, and it is truly astonishing how many women wear earrings nowadays. For formal occasions pearls and diamonds, or combinations of these stones, are used for earrings, but for morning use colored stones with pearls or diamonds are considered more elegant. Some unique designs set with these stones were shown me at from $32 to $85, all of which were beyond criticism.

Bind Your Numbers of the
THEATRE MAGAZINE
See page xxi for particulars

—LOOKING AHEAD—

As the winter season advances the skin gradually becomes dry and hard, the complexion pallid, and tiny lines and furrows begin to appear, especially about the eyes. To guard against the ill effects of cold weather one must give the skin the careful attention it requires.

MRS. ADAIR'S
Ganesh Toilet Preparations

known here, in London and Paris for fifteen years, will aid you in maintaining your good looks at all seasons and in all climes. Your especial attention is directed to the following:

GANESH EASTERN MUSCLE OIL, $5, $2.50, $1. Removes lines, fills hollows, obliterates lines on eyelids, making them white and firm.

GANESH DIABLE SKIN TONIC, $5, $2, 75c. A splendid wash for the face; closes pores; strengthens and whitens skin; removes puffiness under the eyes.

GANESH EASTERN BALM CREAM, $3, $1.50, 75c. Can be used for the most sensitive skin; unequalled as a face cleanser and skin food.

MAIL ORDERS for all preparations promptly filled on receipt of check or money-order. WRITE TO MRS. ADAIR for a copy of her valuable book, "How to Retain and Restore the Youthful Beauty of Face and Form." Price-List Book FREE.

HYGIENIC FACIAL MASSAGE and ELECTRICAL FACE TREATMENTS (Vibro Treatment included) at Mrs. Adair's Salons, cost $2.50. Course of six treatments, $12.00.

NEW YORK - - - - - - 21 West 38th Street
LONDON - - - - - - - 92 New Bond Street, W.
PARIS - - - - - - - - 5 Rue Cambon

Jaeger
SANITARY GOODS

The many who have worn **Jaeger Underwear** do not need to be told of its merits. The few who have not should lose no time in adopting it, as it benefits pocket as well as health in the end.

All weights for all wants

Dr. Jaeger's S. W. S. Co.'s Own Stores
NEW YORK: 306 Fifth Ave., 22 Maiden Lane
BROOKLYN: 504 Fulton St. BOSTON: 228 Boylston St.
PHILA.: 1516 Chestnut St. CHICAGO: 126 N. State St.
Agents in all Principal Cities.

DR. COGSWELL'S "FOOT TONIC" and "HEALING OINTMENT"
will be found
an excellent remedy in the treatment of
CHILBLAINS
So great is the relief for all foot troubles one is apt to exclaim
"Oh, how good it feels"
Price: FOOT TONIC, $1.00; HEALING OINTMENT, 50c
Send for Booklet
DR. E. N. COGSWELL
SURGEON CHIROPODIST-MANICURE
418 Fifth Ave., cor. 38th St. New York City

ACTING ALVIENE SCHOOL OF STAGE ARTS
Dramatic Arts, Musical Comedy & Stage Dancing

Now twentieth year at Grand Opera House Bldg., Cor. 23d St. and 8th Ave., New York. Our Students Stock Company and Theatre assure practical training. New York Appearances and Engagements. Such celebrities as Mr. William Faversham, Gertrude Hoffmann, Ethel Levy, Pauline Chase, Harry Pilcer, Julia Opp, Anna Laughlin, Joseph Santly, Barney Gilmore, Mlle. Dazie, etc., taught by Mr. Alviene. For information and illustrated booklet of "How Three Thousand Succeeded," address the SECRETARY, Suite 10 as above.



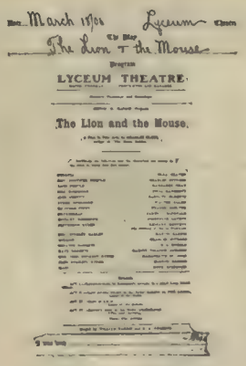
NEW SUBSCRIBERS get Theatre Magazine for one year and these pictures, the two together being only 50c. more than the subscription price to Theatre Magazine.

OLD SUBSCRIBERS can have these pictures on payment of 50c., mailed free to any address. This means that you are clearing $3.00. Our price for these pictures without the magazine being $3.50.

Look at the 6 pictures above. Have you got a den or an office, or have you a friend who has one? Could you get any more beautiful furnishings than these six pictures of extraordinarily beautiful women set in fitting frames? They are an ideal gift. These six favorites of the footlights reproduced in beautiful colors double the attractiveness of a den, office, sitting or living room. We advise you to send your order at once. Remember these pictures separately are $3.50. The subscription to THEATRE MAGAZINE separately is $3.50. That makes $7.00. Order them together and you save $3.00 cash. The two only cost $4.00.

THE THEATRE MAGAZINE
8 West Thirty-Eighth Street, New York

REMEMBER THE PLAYS YOU SEE



Specimen Pages



THE success with which The Theatre Record was received last season has been an important factor in the publishing of our new volume, the

PLAY DIARY

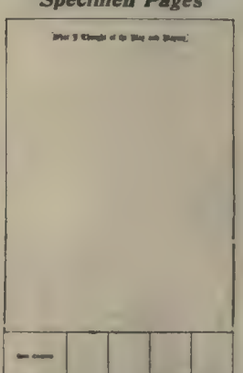
A Handsome Book of eighty pages, size 10 x 14. Beautifully bound as a scrap book, in silk cloth, gold lettering, title page and table of contents. Japanese vellum is used throughout the entire volume. Printed headings on each page. Postpaid,

Price, $3.00

Four pages are reserved for each play, thus insuring to the collector all the necessary space for the program, pictures of the plays and players, and one page to write his own criticism if so desired.



Specimen Pages



THE THEATRE MAGAZINE, 8, 10, 12, 14 West 38th Street, New York

$2.50 a Year THE MAGAZINE FOR PLAYGOERS. VOL. XV. NO. 132

THE THEATRE

(TITLE REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.)



Photo White

"Onyx" Trade Mark *Hosiery*

Silk



Nature has settled many questions for us beyond the shadow of dispute. But no one can foretell the vagaries of fashion in woman's apparel.

Here is an article always reliable and ready—

"ONYX" SILK HOSIERY

which has an unbroken record of Success for twenty-five years. During all this time "ONYX" has been the choice of Women of Fashion who demand Style, Quality and Elegance.

See the New "ONYX" Silk Qualities for Women

at $1.00, $1.50 and $2.00

Best merchants delight to sell them.

Lord & Taylor Wholesale Distributors *New York*

THE THEATRE MAGAZINE BOUND











IN TWO VOLUMES

The Most Welcome of all Holiday Presents

A COMPLETE RECORD IN PICTURE AND TEXT
OF THE THEATRICAL SEASON OF 1911

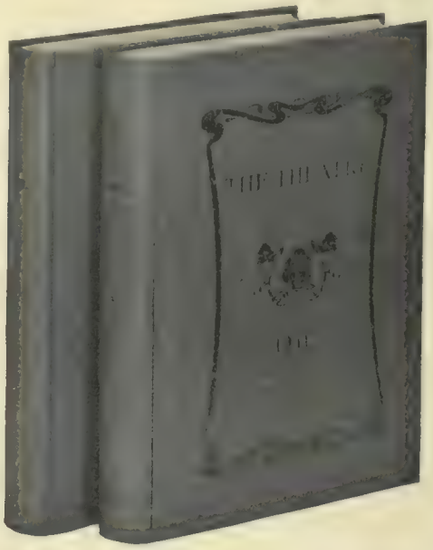
Complete Year. 1911—$6.50 a Set

Ready December 15th. Sent Prepaid

Two handsome volumes of over 200 pages, containing the twelve numbers issued during 1911 and beautifully bound in attractive green cloth.

Two Handsome Books for Your Parlor Table

colored plates, 1,500 engravings. Notable articles; portraits of actors and actresses, and scenes from all the plays produced during 1911.



The Handsomest Magazine Published

The most sumptuously illustrated, the most splendidly printed, full of anecdotes, reminiscences, and stories of stage life. In Uniform binding

The Complete Collection of 14 Volumes, Bound in Cloth, from 1901 to 1911 included, $125.50.

The following Volumes are still sold separately:

Year of	The	Theatre	for	1902	-	-	-	-	-	Price,	$18.00
"	"	"	"	1904	-	-	-	-	-	"	11.00
"	"	"	"	1905	-	-	-	-	-	"	9.00
"	"	"	"	1906	-	-	-	-	-	"	8.00
"	"	"	"	1907	-	-	-	-	-	"	7.00
"	"	"	"	1908	-	-	-	-	-	"	7.00
"	"	"	"	1909	-	-	-	2 vols.		"	6.50
"	"	"	"	1910	-	-	-	2 vols.		"	6.50

The magnificent colored covers which appear on each issue are all bound in the Yearly Volumes

THE THEATRE MAGAZINE CO.

8 WEST THIRTY-EIGHTH STREET - - - NEW YORK















Maillard's

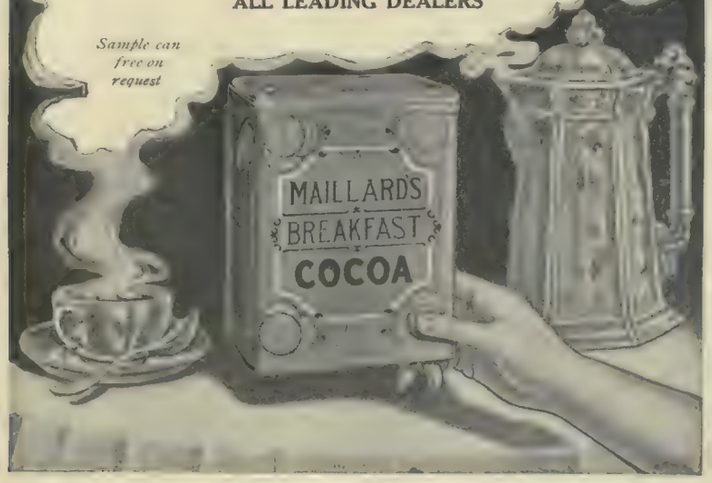
The best COCOA of them all

Maillard's Breakfast Cocoa and **Maillard's Vanilla Chocolate** are the ideal beverages. Served hot or cold—they are wonderfully rich in food values, and being quickly prepared and easily digested, they particularly appeal to the careful liver—the growing child, and persons in delicate health.

Ask for Maillard's

ALL LEADING DEALERS

Sample can free on request



FLINT'S FINE FURNITURE

FLINT QUALITY FFF FOUNDED 1840

Exhibit of Spring and Summer Styles

We invite inspection of our New Spring Patterns in Furniture for Country Homes and particularly emphasize the guarantee in the Flint Trademark.

In the world-wide competition for Excellence, the Flint Trademark stands for the highest furniture ideals, "Flint Quality" is recognized as the "best"—and Flint prices are proved to be UNIFORMLY LOW.



Reductions

of from 10% to 50% on many odd pieces and discontinued patterns.

[Booklet illustrating Spring and Summer Styles mailed on request]

GEO. C. FLINT CO.

43-47 WEST 23rd ST.

24-28 WEST 24th ST.

Spring Opening Announcement

OUR SPRING EXHIBIT of imported and original crinoline models will open on Monday, March 4th, and will continue for several weeks in our Fashion Salon.

Our aim is to show novelties that will not be duplicated in America and styles especially adapted to the requirements of the American Woman.

Sketches and Patterns of all models will be for sale

Dressmakers and all Women interested in being well dressed cannot afford to miss this Opening and are cordially invited to come.

Remember the date, Monday, March 4th

L'ART DE LA MODE

8, 10, 12, 14 West 38th St., (Just off Fifth Ave.) New York



GOOD WHITE TEETH ALL AROUND IF YOU USE

SOZODONT

LIQUID, POWDER AND PASTE



Copyright Mishkin

CONTENTS: FEBRUARY, 1912

Edited by ARTHUR HORNBLOW

		PAGE
COVER: Portrait in colors of Otis Skinner as Hajj in "Kismet"		
CONTENTS ILLUSTRATION: Lucia Fornaroli, *danseuse* at the Metropolitan		
TITLE PAGE: An American portrait of Mme. Simone		37
THE NEW PLAYS: "The Talker," "A Butterfly on the Wheel," "The Return from Jerusalem," "Kismet," "The Bird of Paradise," "Just to Get Married," "The Stranger," "The Wedding Trip," "The Grain of Dust," "Modest Suzanne," "Over the River," and "The Right to Happiness"		38
SCENES IN "THE WEDDING TRIP"—Full-page plate		43
"THE MIRACLE" ATTRACTS ALL LONDON TO THE OLYMPIA—Illustrated		44
SCENES IN "THE TALKER"—Full-page plate		45
DICKENS ON THE STAGE—Illustrated	*Harry P. Mawson*	46
"LE DONNE CURIOSE" AT THE METROPOLITAN—Illustrated		50
A NAVAL BATTLE AND A VOLCANIC ERUPTION ON THE STAGE—Illustrated		53
"SUMURUN"—Illustrated	*Gertrude Lynch*	54
THE DIARY OF A DALY DEBUTANTE—Illustrated	*Evelyn O'Connor*	57
SCENES IN "THE BIRD OF PARADISE"—Full-page plate		59
OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN DISCOVERS A NEW SINGER—Illustrated		60
MAXINE ELLIOTT—Full-page plate		61
BRUCE MCRAE—AMERICA'S MOST POPULAR LEADING MAN	*Ada Patterson*	62
A CALIFORNIA FOREST PLAY—Illustrated		64
THAIS MAGRANE—Full-page plate		65
THE OUT-DOOR PLAY AT SKANSEN—Illustrated	*William Johnston*	66
SEVENTY WEEKS OF STOCK IN NEW YORK—Illustrated	*Anne Peacock*	67
STRANGE THEATRICAL COINCIDENCES	*Edward Freiberger*	69
TO MADAME FREMSTAD—Poem	*M. F. W.*	69
THE FLY-BY-NIGHTS—Poem	*D. M.*	72
OUR FASHION DEPARTMENT	*Harriet Edwards Fayes*	XV

CONTRIBUTORS—The Editor will be glad to receive for consideration articles on dramatic or musical subjects, sketches of famous actors or singers, etc., etc. Postage stamps should in all cases be enclosed to insure the return of contributions found to be unavailable. All manuscripts submitted should be accompanied when possible by photographs. Artists are invited to submit their photographs for reproduction in THE THEATRE. Each photograph should be inscribed on the back with the name of the sender, and if in character with that of the character represented. Contributors should always keep a duplicate copy of articles submitted. The utmost care is taken with manuscripts and photographs, but we decline all responsibility in case of loss.

SUBSCRIPTION: Yearly subscription, in advance, $3.50. Foreign countries, add $1.00 for mail. Canada, add 85c. Single copies, 35 cents.

LONDON: On sale at Daw's Steamship Agency, 17 Green St., Leicester Sq.

BOSTON

CHICAGO

PHILADELPHIA

PARIS: 99 Rue des Petits Champs

Published Monthly by

THE THEATRE MAGAZINE COMPANY, Telephone, 6486 Murray Hill 8-10-12-14 West 38th Street, New York City

COPYRIGHT 1911, BY THE THEATRE MAGAZINE CO. TRADE MARK REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

ENTERED AT POST OFFICE, NEW YORK, AS SECOND CLASS MAIL MATTER



The Knabe Piano

has been and ever will be the choice of the discriminating. The workmanship that makes The Knabe the World's Best Piano is not an acquisition of one generation, but

A PEDIGREE OF SKILL

that has run through the families of employees, where Sons have succeeded Fathers at the head of some particular branch of the art, and who in a great part have suggested the improvements when such were possible. Thus in 1912, as in 1837, The Knabe is universally acknowledged The World's Best Piano.

Knabe Pianos may be purchased of any Knabe representative at New York prices with added cost of freight and delivery

Wm. KNABE & Co., Fifth Avenue, cor. 39th Street

NEW YORK

BALTIMORE LONDON

Division—American Piano Co.

THE THEATRE

VOL. XV FEBRUARY, 1912 No. 132

Published by the Theatre Magazine Co., Henry Stern, Pres., Louis Meyer, Treas., Paul Meyer, Sec'y; 8-10-12-14 West Thirty-eighth Street, New York City



Photo Sarony, N. Y.

AN AMERICAN PORTRAIT OF MME. SIMONE

The distinguished French actress now appearing in this country in Maurice Donnay's comedy, "The Return from Jerusalem," and other plays



White Chas. Quartermaine Olive Temple Madge Titheradge Evelyn Beerbohm

Act. II. Lady Atwill (Olive Temple): "You're a nice lot. Why didn't you tell me breakfast was ready?"

SCENE IN MESSRS. HEMMERDE AND NEILSON'S SUCCESSFUL COMEDY, "A BUTTERFLY ON THE WHEEL," AT THE THIRTY-NINTH STREET THEATRE

THE NEW PLAYS

HARRIS. "The Talker." Play in three acts by Marion Fairfax. Produced on January 8 last with the following cast:

Harry Lenox	Tully Marshall	Maud Fells	Berta Donn
Kate Lenox	Lillian Albertson	Leonidas Whinston	Malcolm Duncan
Ruth Lenox	Pauline Lord	Jessie Smith	Isabelle Fenton
Mr. Fells	Wilson Day	Elizabeth	Elaine Foster

Marion Fairfax's play, "The Talker," is very suggestive of the part that women can play in the affairs of life, and that they are playing in the affairs of the drama. The most thoughtful, if not always the most successful, plays within the last season or two have been written by women.

The idea in the present piece is good, but unevenly carried out. While the play does prove that evil may come of too much talking in uttering silly theories about the emancipation of women, it is the futility of the theories rather than the talking that is the gist of it. A wife who has tired of the stupid seclusion of life in a suburb, belongs to a club which discusses women's rights. She not only talks but writes essays on the subject. Her husband's sister falls under the influence of her talk and gets it into her silly head that every woman has "a right to live her own life." The result is that she elopes with a married man of the neighborhood, is abandoned in Chicago, and steals back home to borrow money from her sister-in-law to go further and fare better at honest work. She had thrown over her honest young lover, to whom she was engaged, and at the last moment he sends a note saying that he will marry her, or words to that effect.

Pauline Lord made a lovely, foolish and then pathetic figure of Ruth. Of course, you can sympathize with a girl in her plight, whether she is silly or not, and her story, as it is unfolded in the scenes will make many weep, only to dry their eyes promptly because the solution is too easy. In itself each scene in which she figures in the last act is touching. Her brother catches sight of her as she is about to slip out of the door, goes over to her, and without a word folds her to his breast. Tully Marshall understands how to make the most out of such a situation by doing the least. On the whole, however, he is hardly the ideal actor for the part, good an actor as he is. He was effective enough in a way, but he does not "look the part," as the professional saying is. He has some good scenes, and makes his points, too.

The strongest scene in the play is where the husband renounces his wife after berating her soundly for talking too much of her theories, and humbles her into repentance and renunciation of her foolish ideas.

The play is in three acts, and each act has scenes of equal opportunities, if not of force. The piece is a comedy, a satire and a tragedy. The comedy is well carried out, with the exception of the doings of a servant girl and her admirer, who is accommodating enough to bring in the wood for the fire. Mr. Fells, a neighbor of the Lenox family, as played by Wilson Day, is an amusing person. He no sooner gets home of evenings than he is sent out by his wife for bread. He earns his right to be in the play. Kate Lenox, the wife, is played by Lillian Albertson in a pleasing and effective way. She is comely, and is not in appearance the strong-minded woman. That is entirely fitting. She is not silly, either, in manner or talk; she is foolish in believing, or half believing, silly women's emancipation talk. The play is well acted, entertaining in passages, pathetic in parts, but it is unconvincing, except in a general way. It may gain a foothold, however, on the merits of its good intent.

THIRTY-NINTH STREET. "A Butterfly on the Wheel." Play in four acts by Edward G. Hemmerde, K.C., and Francis Neilson, M. P. Produced January 9 with the following cast:

George Admaston, M.P.	Eille Norwood	Jacques	Walter Claxton
Roderick Collingwood	C. Quartermaine	Detective	John Wilmer
Lord Ellerdine	Evelyn Beerbohm	Foreman	James Stuart
Sir John Burroughs	Herbert Budd	Lady Atwill	Olive Temple
Sir Robert Fyffe	Sidney Valentine	Pauline	Loretta Wells
Gervaise McArthur	Lewis Broughton	Footman	Frank Dossert
Stuart Menzies	Denis Cleugh	Peggy	Madge Titheradge

There is a story behind the New York presentation of "A Butterfly on the Wheel," if not a moral. It at least emphasizes Henry Arthur Jones' dictum that no matter how good and effective a play a dramatist may turn out, its public acceptance must depend upon the manner in which it is acted. This play, by Edward G. Hemmerde, K. C., and Francis Neilson, M. P., is an excellent case in point.

The story of a divorce case, the piece had a prosperous career in London, where the rôle of the co-respondent was acted with passionate fervor by Lewis Waller. The American rights to it

were secured by Charles Frohman, who tried it for several weeks in various Western cities with an English cast supporting a very young American actress in the rôle of the bitterly misunderstood heroine. The response was such that Mr. Frohman decided to withdraw it. For sentimental reasons, perhaps, Mr. Waller resented this treatment of the play that had stood him in such good stead, so he bought out the local rights, picked up some of the original players, cabled to England for Miss Madge Titheradge to come over, and under his own management presented it at the Thirty-ninth Street Theatre. The general press reception was fairly cordial, but the box office is telling a different story, and if indications do not go awry, Mr. Waller has an attraction that most sympathetically appeals to women, and what women approve of in the playhouse spells pecuniary success.

"A Butterfly on the Wheel" is one of those plays written to and from a big crucial scene; and to provide for it the authors first give two acts in which the imprudent, but not criminal, conduct of Peggy, the very young wife of the Rt. Hon. George Adamston, M. P., is set forth; to be followed by the court room scene, in which the neglected, flighty and impulsive young wife figures as a witness in a divorce suit, of which she is the defendant. This is the big scene, and most effective is it. The detail of the picturesque proceedings in an English court are perfectly carried out, and Peggy's heroic defense in the face of much damaging evidence results in a scene of sustained dramatic interest and great sympathetic appeal. The fourth act neatly and briefly unmasks a jealous and designing woman who plotted against the heroine and brings her and her husband together again.

Peggy is a star part, and in its interpretation Miss Titheradge leaped into immediate favor and showed herself to be a magnetic and graceful comedienne and an emotional artist of compelling worth. There was earnest fervor in Charles Quartermaine's rendering of the lover and reserved dignity in Eille Norwood's husband. A stolid and obtuse Englishman was acted with perfect naturalness and humor by Evelyn Beerbohm, and a wonderfully impressive performance was given by the counsel for the plaintiff by Sidney Valentine. Suave, insinuating, courteous, but implacably insistent, he breathed the K. C. to the life.



White LAURETTE TAYLOR
Now appearing in "The Bird of Paradise"

HUDSON. "THE RETURN FROM JERUSALEM." Play in four acts by Maurice Donnay. English adaptation by Owen Johnson. Produced January 10 with the following cast:

Michel Aubier, Arnold Daly; Lazare Hoendelssohn, Earle Browne; Emile Aubier, Charles Harbury; M. Aubier, Wilfred Forster; Dr. Lurdau, K. L. Dietz; Vowenberg, Geoffrey Stein; Trevieres, Norman Tharp; Moissac, Edward Lester; Captain George Aubier, Charles Francis; Afkler, Claus Bogel; Sonchamp, Theodore Langdon; Servant, David Paulson; Henriette De Chouze, Mme. Simone; Suzanne Aubier, Selene Johnson; Andree Daincourt, Ivy Troutman; Mme. Aubier, Louise Rial; Mme. Sonchamp, Belle Starr; Mme. Afkler, Grace Mills; Maid, Helen Weathersby.

It is pleasant to note the rehabilitation of Madame Simone into critical and popular favor with us after her discouraging reception on her first appearance in New York. Her third play, "The Return from Jerusalem," is morally as distasteful as "The Whirlwind," and is certainly not better as a play than "The Thief." Her qualities as exhibited were practically the same in all, and her art, not a variable accomplishment, was never lacking. Wherein then consists her present excellence and new favor? We have simply become better acquainted with her. She is not a great actress, but a very good one, and in "The Return from Jerusalem" she plays with conviction.

The piece itself, political and social with reference to a recent past in Paris, has no particular interest here, where it most interested there. The question of the army, intermarriage between



Hall Howard Hall Muriel Starr Wilton Lackaye Ouida Bergere Frank Sheridan Wm. Frederic Malcolm Williams
Act III. The Justice of Peace renders his decision in favor of John Marshall
SCENE IN CHARLES T. DAZEY'S PLAY, "THE STRANGER," AT THE BIJOU THEATRE

Jews and Gentiles, with which it deals, are not of first importance here. As a character study, with situations and dramatic moments, the play is at once repulsive and attractive. A Jewish young woman, free in her tendencies of thought, ambitious socially and intellectually, marries a Gentile to gain position and the means of advancement. He is stupid and uninteresting, an impossible person for her. She loses no time in falling in love with a more intellectual and more physically agreeable man. He is married, but becomes infatuated with her, goes off and lives with her, his wife threatening a divorce.



MADGE TITHERADGE
Young English actress as Peggy in "A Butterfly on the Wheel" at the Thirty-ninth Street Theatre

The home of the illicit lovers is the resort of all sorts of intellects. The woman, who had become a Catholic in form, retains all her Jewish prejudices, her lover hating her people. On one occasion he drives one of the visitors out of the house because of his outspoken views. Incidents of the kind growing out of this state of affairs afford spirited scenes. We see the progress and the abatement of the passion of these two lovers, she sometimes a purring cat, at other times as fierce as a tigress. They quarrel and she goes back to her people. The play is intended as a strong anti-semitic argument. The intent is to show the incompatibility of temperament of the Jewess and the Gentile. But M. Donnay is not convincing. His heroine, a faithless wife, is not representative of her race; his hero, a vacillating cad, cannot be taken seriously.

From the artistic point of view, Madame Simone was better, perhaps, than in her other plays, largely because she had taken heart again. Why, in such circumstances, should not her comedy be lighter, and even her voice in certain passages more vibrant and decisive? As a character she was a cat, a very disagreeable one; but her faith in her own race saved her, as a character, from contempt. Arnold Daly, as the lover, performed a miracle of seeming to be devoid of self-consciousness, and acted with discretion; and that is saying a great deal. The cast was well chosen, Miss Selene Johnson being as happy in her acting as she was unhappy in the circumstances of her life. The play is a success of curiosity more than of merit, but for its purpose it is artistic enough.

KNICKERBOCKER. "KISMET." Play in three acts by Edward Knoblauch. Produced December 25 with the following cast:

Hajj, Otis Skinner; The Muezzin, T. Tamamoto; The Imam Mahmud, Del De Louis; A. Mufti, John Webster; The Guide Nasir, Sydney Mather; The Sheik Jawan, Sheridan Block; The Beggar Kasim, Macey Harlan; Amru, Daniel Jarrett; Zayd, Harrison Carter; Amru's Apprentice, Gregory Kelly; The Caliph Abdallah, Fred Eric; The Wazir Abu Bakr, Henry Mitchell; The Wazir Mansur, Hamilton Revelle; Kafur, George Relph; Marsinah, Rita Jolivet; Narjis, Georgia Woodthorpe; Kabirah, Amelia Barleon; Miskah, Merle Maddern; Kut-al-Kulub, Eleanor Gordon; The Almah, Violet Romer.

As a remarkable scenic spectacle, as an extraordinary stage picture of life in the luxurious, sensuous East, in the fabulous days of Haroun-al-Raschid, this drama, which has attracted large crowds for months in London, deserves to take rank among the most curious and interesting theatrical productions of the present season. Seldom, if ever, has the theatre seen such wonderful settings, such sumptuousness of *mise-en-scène*, such astonishing wealth of detail, such dazzling tableaux of barbaric splendor and magnificence. The atmosphere of the ancient East, with its mysticism and fatalism, its richness and warmth of color, its odors of spices and incense, its glittering mosques, beautiful pal-



Moffett

EDDIE FOY AS MADISON PARKE, AND CHORUS, IN "OVER THE RIVER," AT THE GLOBE

aces and opalescent skies—all this is admirably reproduced. Artistically, the piece deserves the highest praise; to many spectators it will suffice that the scenic embellishment is the most lavish, the most novel they ever witnessed. But it is not enough to fill and dazzle the eye; the average theatregoer demands something more than mere tableaux. Stripped of its Oriental atmosphere and its glittering costumes and brilliant appurtenances, "Kismet" is old-style melodrama and tank drama at that, for a swimming pool is introduced in the Hammam of Mansur's palace, apparently



White Charlotte Walker Berton Churchill W. S. Hart Willard Robertson
SCENE IN EUGENE WALTER'S DRAMATIZATION OF JOHN FOX JR.'S NOVEL "THE TRAIL OF THE LONESOME PINE" AT THE NEW AMSTERDAM

only so that Hajj, the murderously inclined hero, may gloat as he watches his enemy drown.

The piece is without value as literature, and is of the crudest possible construction, the respective scenes hanging together by the merest thread of preposterous narrative. Some of the incidents are so childish, so naively hackneyed and trite—take, for example, the substitution scene in the dungeon, where Hajj strangles a fellow prisoner and escapes in his clothes,—as to make one wonder why such an inconsequential piece of theatric carpentry should have been considered worthy of so elaborate a scenic investiture. A page from the "Arabian Nights," the story is characteristically Oriental. Hajj, a vigorous, conscienceless beggar, who would just as soon kill as pray, is first seen at the door of the Mosque soliciting alms. Those who give he blesses hypocritically; those who refuse he curses roundly. Passes a man who seduced his wife and killed his son. Not recognizing his enemy, Hajj cries out for charity, and the man, revealing himself, throws him a purse. The beggar spits on the gold, but, on second thought, takes it to purchase in the bazaar gifts for his daughter and fine clothes for himself. Being a natural born thief, he steals more than he pays for. He is arrested and taken before the wicked Wazir Mansur, who orders his hand to be cut off. He will spare him on condition that he assassinate the Caliph. The Wazir also agrees to marry his daughter, who is wooed by an unknown lover. Hajj goes with joyous heart to kill the Caliph, but his blow is powerless, because of the latter's coat of mail. The beggar is thrust into a dungeon, where he again finds his old enemy, whom he strangles. Putting on the dead man's clothes, he escapes and goes to the Harem of Mansur, whom he pretends to identify as his own son. He tells him to kneel to receive his blessing, thrusts a knife into his back and gleefully watches him drown in his own bath. The Caliph arrives, and telling the astonished Hajj he is the unknown suitor of his daughter, and that he will marry her, sends him into exile. The beggar once more solicits alms at the door of the Mosque, while his daughter shares the Caliph's throne.

The part of Hajj is played by Otis Skinner, a splendid actor, whose art is not seen at its best in this rôle. He presents a superb and picturesque figure, first in the rags of the sturdy mendicant, and again in the costly stolen robes, but somehow the actor fails to strike a true note. He is not convincing; his performance is insincere. The part of the crafty, vindictive, blood-thirsty beggar demands that it be played in a grand manner, as if Hajj himself were a firm believer in fatalism, and convinced that his fierce hatreds, his vices, his uncontrollable passions, were part of his nature, traits he is powerless to resist. Acting the part in comic opera style attracts undue attention to all that is fantastic and impossible in both character and play, and thus immediately destroys all possible illusion. To our modern Western minds, the situations are wholly absurd, and Mr. Skinner plays his part with grim humor, as if he were quite of the same opinion, but it is unfortunate for, in this way, the audience is never permitted to forget that it is all unreal.

Rita Jolivet is a colorless and not very interesting heroine. Hamilton Revelle makes a strikingly handsome Wazir, and Fred Eric is distinguished and sympathetic as the Caliph. The stage management is admirable.



White

LILLIAN LORRAINE
Now appearing with Eddie Foy in "Over the River"

MAXINE ELLIOTT'S. "JUST TO GET MARRIED." Comedy in three acts by Cicely Hamilton. Produced January 1 with this cast:

Sir Theodore Grayle....F. Owen Baxter	Adam Lankester.....Lyn Harding
Lady Catherine Grayle....Emily Fitzroy	Mrs. Macartney.....Lucille Watson
Tod Grayle.....Ernest Chester	Frances Mellishipp.....Carolyn Kenyon
Bertha Grayle.....Mona Morgan	A Footman.....George Donald
Emmeline Vicary .....Grace George	Dobbins .....John May

There is no American actress before the public to-day, whose art has shown such marked and admirable advancement as that of Grace George. Always a skilled performer of much personal charm, Miss George has now become the acknowledged leader in the field of high comedy. It is much to be regretted that her new piece did not have that enduring quality which makes for a long run, but if it did nothing more it showed Miss George in a most gracious light, and revealed the competent and refined character of the make-up of the Playhouse Company, which supports her.

It is just a simple story which "Just to Get Married" tells. There is no secondary interest, no complications, practically no suspense, and therein lies its weakness, for the original fable was entirely too tenuous for the basis of an entertainment calculated to fill out an entire evening. One-half of the first act showed that Emmeline Vicary was a dependent niece. That all her relations wanted her to marry Adam Lankaster, a rich and bashful young man, was iterated again and again. The engagement was finally accomplished, after a proposal scene on the lines of the Helen and Modus episode, which brought the first curtain down. The second act showed Emmeline in revolt. She decided she would not sacrifice Adam, as she didn't love him, broke the engagement, and, to evade her disgusted and acrimonious relatives, went out into the stormy night and started for London to prove her independence. At the railroad station she meets Adam again, and in a farcical scene, in which the inclement weather played an active part, found she did love him after all, and off they started for London to be married without any fuss or feathers.

While all this resulted in a great deal of repetition of words and ideas, the characters were deftly sketched and the dialogue bristled with womanly observations of witty import. Miss George graphically revealed the Emmeline, who had to get married because she was incapable of doing anything else. She expressed with nicety the young woman's weaknesses and strength of character, and acted the final scene with a blending of farce, sentiment and dependency that was charmingly feminine. Lyn Harding, Miss George's new leading man, is an Englishman of commanding presence. Adam is a rôle which makes little demand of a skilled player. Mr. Harding played it with perfect ease and effectiveness. All the other rôles were pleasantly handled, and the stage settings showed a refining hand.

DALY'S. "THE BIRD OF PARADISE." Play in three acts by Richard Walton Tully. Produced January 8 with the following cast:

Liliha .....Virginia Reynolds	Hewahewa .....Albert Perry
Makia .....Jane Meredith	Luana .....Laurette Taylor
Kanoa .....W. K. Kolomoku	Paul Wilson.....Lewis S. Stone
Kapule .....B. Waiwaiole	Captain Hatch.....Theodore Roberts
Naihe .....S. M. Kaiawe	Mr. Sysonby .....W. J. Constantine
Kuakini .....A. Kawala	Mrs. Sysonby.....Mrs. Estar Banks
Lanipule .....W. B. Aeko	Diana Larned.....Pamela Gaythorne
Mahumahu .....Ida Waterman	"Ten Thousand Dollar" Dean.G. B. Post
Kaia .....Herbert Farjeon	Hoheno .....Robert Harrison
Hopoe .....Nona Kelly	Tomoro .....Clyde Crawford
Konia .....Nance Caldwell	Mrs. Crothers.....Margaret Nagele
Lemuele .....Van R. Townsend	Mr. Jameson.....Craig Miner

Presented for the first time in this city at Daly's, and since removed to the Maxine Elliott Theatre, where it is the current attraction, Oliver Morosco's production, "The Bird of Paradise," has sounded a new note in the romantic drama. It is an Hawaiian play, and is from the pen of Richard Walton Tully, known here as co-author with David Belasco in the composition of "The Rose of the Rancho." The new piece is a tremendous advancement over the previous one in literary quality, poetical imagination, character drawing and dramatic substance. It contains a big theme, which, if at times is not entirely realized, is treated so immeasurably above the average offering at a Broadway playhouse that it deserves to be accounted as one of the really big achievements of recent years. It further gives evidence of a close and observant study of Hawaiian customs and superstitions, and the wonderful changes that the langorous climate and its exotic environment make in the *(Continued on page ix)*

SCENES IN "THE WEDDING TRIP" AT THE BROADWAY



White Edward Martindale Dorothy Jardon
Act. II. Aza tells Mafta she loves him



Gwen Dubarry Joseph Phillips Fritzi von Busing
Act. II. Basilie and Lotta meet the American tourist



White Gwen Dubarry J. J. McCloskey Fritzi von Busing Christine Nielsen
Act III. Felix exposed by his wife and sweethearts



From *Sketch*, London
Maria Carmi as the Madonna

The miraculous image gives a cripple the use of his limbs

Natacha Trouhanowa as the Nun

"The Miracle" Attracts All London to the Olympia

CABLE despatches from London state that vast crowds are flocking to see "The Miracle," a stupendous production, with music by Humperdinck, which is being given at the Olympia on a scale of magnificence seldom, if ever, attempted in the British metropolis. The story is similar to that of Maeterlinck's play, "Sister Beatrice," seen at the New Theatre, in this city, in which a nun runs away from the convent into the world and returns, after drinking her fill of the world, to find that her place in the convent has been taken meanwhile by the Virgin Mary.

"For his plot," says the London *Times*, "Dr. Karl Vollmöller has gone to that old High German or Dutch legend out of which John Davidson made a fine ballad and M. Maeterlinck his play. The story begins and ends in a vast cathedral, attached to a vast convent. In the centre, under a towering gold canopy, stands a miracle-working image of the Virgin and Child; and when, in the dim light of dawn, the nuns have gathered round it and sung their office, the great west doors are thrown open, and the people crowd in to celebrate the Virgin's fête, headed by an ecclesiastical procession of unexampled splendor—if, necessarily, rather empty of significance. Above the burden of the nuns' prayers rise the people's anthems and *Ave Marias*. Behind the people come the cripples; there is a miraculous cure; the cathedral is crowded with people, all inspired with joy and fervor. Slowly as this pitch has been reached, it as slowly subsides. The nuns go one way, the people another; and at last the great church is empty, save for the gleaming statue in its blazing robe and crown, and for one solitary nun, to whom is left the care of it — with the keys of the cathedral. Those keys she uses before she should. Outside the great west door there is piping and singing. The children are there, and children she cannot resist. She lets them in, plays with them, dances with them, and the love of playing and dancing gets hold of her. For, with the children, she had admitted some one else; the gay, sinister figure of a wandering Spielmann, whose pipe is the call of the blood. That call she must obey. In vain she kneels before the Virgin, passionately praying; in vain she snatches, in a frenzy, the Child from the Virgin's arms. Her grasp closes on air. And when the Spielmann brings in the armor-clad knight, whose great horse is waiting under the pine trees on the hill outside, her piety is not so strong as his arms. They ride away into the night; and then the sacred image, now empty-armed, rises slowly to its feet, puts off the gold crown and the gold robe, and puts on the black veil and the gray robe which the nun had left, with her vows, behind her.



From *Sketch*, London
The Spielmann and the Nun

"The intermezzo pictures the truant's life in the sudden and various world of medieval Germany. There were to have been seven scenes; on Saturday not all were given. The cathedral is now but a shell; so far as may be it is not there. We are out in the world; and in the world we see the knight killed and the nun captured by a robber baron; we see the nun weary of her fierce lover, dancing listlessly on the banqueting table to amuse his rough court, and filling the eye of the chief guest, the King's son. We see the King's son and the robber baron dicing for the possession of her, the King's son winning the throw, and the robber baron killing himself for grief. Then comes the mock-marriage

(*Continued on page ix*)

Scenes in Marion Fairfax's New Play "The Talker" at the Harris Theatre



Pauline Lord Tully Marshall
Act I. "Please don't say anything to him now"



Tully Marshall Lillian Albertson
Act III. "Let me see that letter!"



White Pauline Lord Lillian Albertson Wilson Day Tully Marshall
Act III. Harry Lenox (Tully Marshall): "Ruth has come back home to us"



Copyright Byron, N. Y.
The Widow Bardell (Laura Joyce Bell) in "Pickwick"



Copyright Byron, N. Y.
Landlord (Blondell); Swiveller (Max Figman); Mr. Garland (Wm. Seymour); Quilp (P. A. Anderson); Sampson Brass (H. Sparling), in "Old Curiosity Shop"



Copyright Byron, N. Y.
The Beadle (Ed. E. Lyons) in "Oliver Twist"

Dickens on the Stage

By HARRY P. MAWSON

WHAT the stage and the dramatist owe to the genius of Charles Dickens can hardly be measured in words. About the time Dickens had burst upon the world of letters in England (1830-40) one Eugene Scribe was doing for French dramatic literature just what this gifted Englishman was doing for all writers of fiction in England.

It was Scribe who paved the way to discard the old-fashioned "conversational drama," creating and founding the school of picture dramatists, whose work is so much in vogue to-day; and however much his "school" may have been improved upon since Scribe lived and wrote, unconsciously or subconsciously, the working dramatists of to-day, even those who may never have read Scribe or even flouted his method, owe him a debt they can never repay. Dickens, in novel form, is the Scribe of English literature. His novels are picture plays. Situation follows upon situation, character touches, innumerable bits of business, satire, wit, drama, comedy, tragedy, are all admirably blended, and his prolificness was like Scribe's—boundless. It is the fashion to flout Dickens, to call him stagy, his characters freaks, his pathos, bathos, and so on, but if there ever lived a man who possessed that much vaunted "born dramatic instinct," it was the author of "Pickwick Papers," "Old Curiosity Shop," "Oliver Twist," "David Copperfield," "Nicholas Nickleby," "Bleak House," "Tale of Two Cities," etc., etc. And, if the most successful dramatists of this country, or of any other country, had one tithe of his facility of invention—well, they might write real plays.



CHARLES DICKENS

Charles John Huffham Dickens was born at Landport, Portsea, England, February 7, 1812. The world-famous author would, therefore, if still living, be one hundred years old on the 7th of this month. It is not often that we celebrate the centenary anniversary of a writer, who is as much of a friend to-day as when he was writing in the zenith of his fame, yet booksellers everywhere will tell you that of the classics of our literature, Dickens is still the best seller.

The author's father was a naval pay clerk, than which no more unsubstantial asset may be described upon which to bring up a family. There were many hard times in the Dickens family. At the age of nine Charles was sent out to paste labels on blacking boxes at 6 shillings ($1.50 a week). It was about this period that the Dickens family moved to Camden Town, at that time one of the most sordid suburbs of London. And undoubtedly it was the scenes, trials and tribulations of their life there which sowed the seeds for the pictures of the poverty-stricken, and people in the humble walks of life, that form the bed-rock of Dickens' genius. Later on his father was confined as an insolvent debtor in Marshalsea Prison, and therein were laid the scenes of "Little Dorrit." Passing over many experiences to that which finally shaped his destiny, Dickens became a stenographer and law reporter, and then parliamentary reporter. It was out of these day-to-day adventures, one may say, that he wrote his first sketches under the pseudonym of "Boz."

His first, and practically his only play, was a farce entitled "Strange Gentleman," written in 1836, when he was twenty-four, and then another called "Village Coquettes," but these were his only direct contributions to the stage, and, as his books were turned into plays as quickly as they were published, there was no need for Dickens himself to write for the stage.

In appearance (as this writer, when a young boy in 1868, remembers him read in the old Concert Hall, Philadelphia, and shook hands with him after the reading) Dickens was a typical, thick-set, solidly built Englishman of the middle class, with thin hair of an auburn hue, and a full, straggly beard, a pair of twinkling eyes, and a trick of digging deep down into the right-hand pocket of his trousers when in conversation, as if he were amused at one of his own witticisms. He had the features and the figure that one often sees in the family portraits of the Englishmen who settled in Pennsylvania, and not at all the characteristics of the Cavaliers who settled in Maryland and Virginia.

Dickens made two reading tours in this country—one in 1842 and the other in 1867-8. On both occasions, particularly in 1842, the public slopped over about him. Literary lions were scarce in those days, and the country lost its head. There were balls, dinners and



Copy't Byron, N.Y.
Sam Weller (Digby Bell) in "Pickwick"



Copy't Byron, N.Y.
Jingle (Grant Stewart) in "Pickwick"

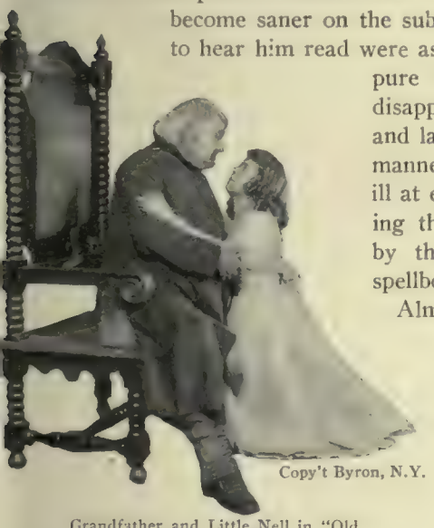


Copyright Byron, N. Y.
SCENE IN "OLD CURIOSITY SHOP"



Copyright Byron, N. Y.
SCENE IN "DAVID COPPERFIELD"

celebrations of all kinds. On top of this, Dickens went back home and wrote his "American Notes," and then all was changed. The country was outraged, and Dickens did not dare to return until the later date, by which time he had been forgiven. There was no such public demonstration on the second visit. We had become saner on the subject of lions, but the crowds to hear him read were as great as ever. As a reader, pure and simple, Dickens was a disappointment. His voice was thin and lacked carrying power, and his manner was distinctly nervous and ill at ease. But the charm of hearing the great characters exploited by their creator held the public spellbound.



Copy't Byron, N.Y.
Grandfather and Little Nell in "Old Curiosity Shop"

Almost every book that Dickens wrote has stage possibilities, and practically every one of them has been dramatized — invariably crude plays made more to exploit some actor of that day in a "character" part, because it is in these parts that Dickens' books abound. All of his characters represented on the stage as "straight parts" are simply hopeless for the actor and the auditor. That is one of the reasons why a "David Copperfield" play has never been a success, while versions written around "Little Em'ly" have done fairly well. David, when translated to the stage, has been found too good to live.

Of the actors of the past who made fame for themselves in Dickens' characters was W. E. Burton, who saw for himself a great part in "Cap'n Cuttle"—Ned Cuttle, as he calls himself through the book of "Dombey & Son." Nevertheless, the play failed upon its first production, although made by John Brougham, a famous comedian adapter of his day, whose speeches before the curtain alone were worth the price of admission. Later on it was revived and became a great success. Brougham was to receive $8.00 a performance. Compare this royalty with the 10 per cent. of the French dramatist and the sliding scale of 5 per cent. on $4,000, 7½ on the next two, and 10 per cent. on all over $6,000 of the gross receipts for the American playwright of to-day, and then determine whether the drama needs elevating. "Cuttle" was first produced at the Chambers Street Theatre in 1840. It was revived again in 1860 by the late Wm. J. Florence, who played it many years after, and it was always considered one of his happiest efforts. When Burton died, Florence bought his costume for the part and really made himself up therewith to be Burton's double.



Sally Brass, Quilp and Sampson in "Old Curiosity Shop"

Undoubtedly the two books of Dickens made into plays that became most famous were "Old Curiosity Shop" and "Bleak House." The first named was again dramatized by Brougham, who this time was paid the lump sun of $5,000 for what was indeed a very bad play. But enormous audiences crowded to see Lotta double the two parts of "Little Nell and the Marchioness," under which title she played the piece. In those days few of the stars carried along their own support, but played stock engagements at the various stock companies in the large cities of the country. Famous in those days was Mrs. John Drew's Arch Street Theatre, Philadelphia, and in this company was the most popular light comedian of his day, "Bob Craig," whose work as "Dick Swiveller," (Mr. Richard of Brass' office) is one of those cameos of acting that impresses one as



pyright Byron, N. Y.
Bill Sykes (Hardee Kirkland) in "Oliver Twist"



Copyright Byron, N. Y.
Fagin (J. E. Dodson) in "Oliver Twist"



Copyright Byron. N. Y.
Nancy Sykes (Amelia Bingham) in "Oliver Twist"



Copyright Byron, N. Y.
Grandfather Trent (John Jack); Little Nell (Mary Sanders); Daniel Quilp (P. Anderson), in "Old Curiosity Shop"

long as memory lasts. In fact, he was the immortal "Dick" on and off the stage.

There was in the company, too, an actor named Adam Everly, of an old family there, on one side of Quaker origin. Originally he had been a prosperous real estate broker, but becoming stark-staring stage-struck, gave up his business and joined Mrs. Drew's company. He was a desperately bad actor, but there was just one part that he also lived, and that was Daniel Quilp, the ship breaker of Quilp's wharf in "Old Curiosity Shop." How the gallery used to hiss and hate the black dwarf of "the ugliest dwarf seen anywhere for a penny!" During the years that Mr. Everly was on the stage his family treated him as if he were one of the dead. Their house on Arch Street, only a few blocks from the theatre, had its outside shutters tightly closed, like a house of mourning, and were only re-opened when its master retired from the stage and returned to his original vocation.



Copyright Byron, N. Y.
Dick Swiveller (Max Figman); The Marchioness (Mary Sanders); in "Old Curiosity Shop"

Of the living actors of to-day who played with Lotta, there remain still W. J. Ferguson, who played Dick Swiveller, and P. Augustus Anderson, who was also a famous Quilp in his day. Lotta's play was a thing of shreds and patches in many scenes. In this play she introduced some of her specialties, among others doing a dance, on a table in Brass' office, for the delectation of the immortal Dick.

Another, and the latest version of "Old Curiosity Shop," was made by this writer in four acts and five scenes, and produced at the Tremont Theatre, Boston, January 22, 1900, with Mary Saunders as Little Nell and the Marchioness; Max Figman as Dick; John Jack, Grandfather Trent; Harold Hartsell as Fred Trent; Charles Stanley as Sampson Brass; P. Augustus Anderson as Daniel Quilp, wearing the same costume he used with Lotta; Anne Caverley as Sally Brass, and Wm. Seymour, who also staged the play, as Mr. Garland. In Boston the play had a very successful run, but met with disaster at the Herald Square Theatre, New York, but analogous to Florence in "Cuttle," Figman has revived the "Shop" for himself, and scored heavily as Dick Swiveller.

Perhaps the play that aroused the most comment, and lived longest, was that version of "Bleak House," which Madame Janauschek called "Lady Deadlock's Secret." In her day this actress was estimated one of the greatest actresses of the American stage. Janauschek played or "doubled" the two parts of Lady Deadlock and Hortense, the French maid. It was a crude old play, but the business of the play was so arranged that when Lady Deadlock made an exit on one side of the stage, Hortense immediately made an entrance from the other, and the illusion was so wonderfully complete that there were always unbelievers who declared there were surely two women, and that Janauschek had an understudy.

Mme. Janauschek "turned" this trick by having a black gown made all in one piece to slip on over the other, a wig and a bonnet all ready in the wings, so that it took but a second or two to make the change from one part to the other. The change of voice was also remarkable. Those were the days when actors delighted, as an evidence of versatility and real art, in doubling parts; now, however, in these more practical days, it is out of favor, back of and in front of the curtain line.

Other women who figure in versions of "Bleak House" were Dorothy Dene, in 1884 (a noted beauty and model of Sir Alma Tadema), and Jennie Lee acted it ten years earlier in California, playing Poor Jo, the street sweeper. Even before Janauschek there was Laura Keene in 1859, and Jane Coombs again in 1893.

Perhaps it was "The Cricket on the Hearth," with Joseph Jefferson as Caleb Plummer, that lived longer than any other of the Dickens stories on the stage. Jefferson kept it in his repertoire for fifty years. A version was seen at the old Winter Garden as far back as 1859, where Joe first played Caleb; Agnes Robertson (mother of Kathryn Florence [Mrs. Fritz Williams] and Eleanor Moretti), played Dot; Sara Stevenson, Bertha, and Mrs. John Wood, Tillie Slowboy. In after years Jefferson cut down the play into two acts, and made it part of a bill with "Lend Me Five Shillings."

"Oliver Twist" is another Dickens stage favorite, and all sorts of versions have been made of this book for Charlotte Cushman



Copyright Byron, N. Y.
Mr. Pickwick (DeWolf Hopper); Wardle (J. K. Adams); Weller, Sr., (Henry Norman), in "Mr. Pickwick"

down through Mathilda Heron to Elita Proctor Otis. The murdered Nancy Sykes was always a favorite part. But when the business of the murder, as Dickens wrote it, was done, or even approximately attempted, it repelled rather than attracted a public. Nevertheless this book and another we shall talk about later possesses the cleanest cut possibilities for a play of any his genius ever created. J. B. Studley was a famous Bill Sykes when Charlotte Cushman produced her version at the Winter Garden in 1861. Contemporaneous actors who would shine as Bill would be Wilton Lackaye, Holbrook Blinn and George Fawcett.



Scene in "Our Mutual Friend" (from an old print)

Charlotte Cushman was again to the fore in another Dickens play, this time as Fanny Squeers in "Nicholas Nickleby." In this book-play Mantalini necessarily furnished the character actors a great opportunity. Edmund C. Conner, who often supported Booth, a highly esteemed actor of his day, delighted in playing Mantalini. Clara Fisher Maeder, who lived to a fine old age, and died but a few years ago, once played Nicholas; this was at the Boston Museum about 1848-50. Mrs. J. Montgomerty Field (wife of Monte Field, for years manager of the Boston Museum Stock Co.), played Smike. John E. Owens played Newman Noggs in still another version. Of the Mantalinis, Charles Walcott is still at work.

One of the last important Dickens plays was a three-act dramatization of the character of Tom Pinch, from "Martin Chuzzlewit," by E. S. Willard, which is, of course, partly American in *locale*. The first version of this was made by Thomas Higgie and Thomas Hailes Lacy, July 8, 1844, and done at the Lyceum Theatre, London. Among the famous old-timers seen in the several versions were Mrs. Wood as Master Bailey, William Davedge, Ben T. Ringgold, C. T. Parsloe (famous to a later generation as the first stage Chinaman on our stage), and J. H. Stoddard, beloved by all who knew him. The Higgie-Lacy play is in three acts, and a fairly good piece of work.



Nancy and Bill Sykes in "Oliver Twist"

Pickwick has tempted more dramatists perhaps than any other, and with less satisfactory results. The only satisfactory effort was a one-act play, "Jingle" (Alfred Jingle Esqre), done by Sir Henry Irving, and a companion piece of character acting to his "Waterloo." Charles and Manuel Klein also made a musical version of "Pickwick" for De Wolf Hopper, and this was done at the Herald Square Theatre, with lamentable results to Dickens.

"A Tale of Two Cities" was first dramatized by Tom Taylor, and then another version, called "The Only Way," was acted here first by Henry Miller and then by Martin Harvey. In "No Thoroughfare," by Dickens and Wilkin Collins, Charles Fechter was a famous Obenreizer. "The Holly Tree Inn," "Christmas Carol," "Our Mutual Friend," "Little Dorrit," have all been acted, the last from a German version by Franz von Schoenhan and Englished by Margaret Mayo. The last of all is a French version of "Pickwick," which has won success in Paris.

Robert Louis Stevenson declared he could make a play out of "Great Expectations" in four days. When it was done (not, however, by Stevenson) it failed.

Of the actress-managers of 30-40 years ago in New York, none were so famous as Mrs. John Wood. She had been here so long that most people had forgotten that she was an Englishwoman, and when she finally returned to London, in 1866, they thought she was an American. Perhaps Mrs. Wood was more associated with the Dickens characters than any actress of her day. For her reappearance in London she chose her own version of "Barnaby Rudge." Both failed to please, but it was just after our Civil War, and the hard feeling engendered on both sides did not help matters.



Scene in "Our Mutual Friend" (from an old print)

There is no doubt but that Dickens had a great passion for the stage. He early associated himself with private theatricals, the stepping-stone for so many actors and playwrights. If ever there was a born dramatist it was he. He had the dramatic instinct—perhaps over-developed. All of his books abound in dramatic pictures, cumulative interest, humor, sheer comic fun, great character drawing and pathos; lacking only in two ingredients, real heroes and real heroines. We assert this, because when his books are translated to the stage, almost without exception they become melodramas, and surely it is difficult to imagine a melodrama without the regulation lovers. Of villains, Dickens always had a plentiful supply. Then why did he not write

(*Continued on page viii*)



White M. Reschiglian M. Jadlowker M. Didur M. Scotti

SCENE IN WOLF-FERRARI'S OPERA, "LE DONNE CURIOSE." ACT. I.—IN THE "AMICIZIA" CLUB HOUSE

"Le Donne Curiose" at the Metropolitan Opera House

THE impossible has been accomplished at the Metropolitan Opera House: the hands of time have been turned back centuries by the opera season's second novelty, Ermanno Wolf-Ferrari's opera, "Le Donne Curiose." It plays in Venice, the middle of the eighteenth century; its music is Mozartian. Yet its composer lives and breathes the air of Richard Strauss and Giacomo Puccini. A wonder of wonders!

For the sake of record, let it be stated that the first performance in America of "Le Donne Curiose" ("The Inquisitive Women") occurred at the Metropolitan Opera House, this city, on Wednesday evening, January 3, 1912. That its libretto is by Luigi Sugana, after a comedy by Carlo Goldoni. The complete cast arranged for the *première,* was as follows:

Ottavio, Adamo Didur; Beatrice, Jeanne Maubourg; Rosaura, Geraldine Farrar; Florindo, Hermann Jadlowker; Pantalone, Antonio Pini-Corsi; Lelio, Antonio Scotti; Leandro, Angelo Bada; Colombine, Bella Alten; Eleonora, Rita Fornia; Arlecchino, Andrea de Segurola; Asdrubale, Pietro Audisio; Almorò, Lambert Murphy; Alvise, Charles Hargreaves; Lunardo, Vincenzo Reschiglian; Mòmolo, Paolo Ananian; Mènego, Giulio Rossi; Un Servitore, Stefen Buckreus.

This was the first time that the work was ever sung in Italian, and its composer, a Venetian by birth, of German and Italian parentage, arrived in time for the second performance, having missed the American *première* by a few hours. It was the first time, too, that he had ever really heard the work in public, sung in his native Italian, in the language in which it was composed. There were many outward demonstrations, customary on such an occasion, but the real, intimate note of his presence was struck behind scenes when, after the second act, he broke down and sobbed like a child and embraced Toscanini, who was conducting the opera.



WOLF-FERRARI
Composer of "Le Donne Curiose"

And now to the opera itself. It is a musical comedy of the highest order, the libretto and the music sparkle with fun. Its plot is a mere thread concerning the curiosity of a lot of women who are consumed with the desire to know what their liege lords and sweethearts do to pass the time at a certain club where petticoats are barred. The women finally succeed in getting the password and a set of keys, and gain access to the domain sacred to mere man. There they discover that the amusement of the men is of the most innocent sort and, being caught, are compelled to seek pardon, which is granted. The opera ends with an "all is forgiven" dance, and, as the curtain falls, there are promises of two weddings looming large on the horizon. That is all—a story of almost childish simplicity.

Yet this plot has moved Wolf-Ferrari to musical expression that for sheer charm has not its equal in the present Metropolitan repertoire. In the first place, the composer has been artistically sincere in the equipment of his orchestra, using none of the modern, ear-splitting devices beloved by the modern music lords. Besides strings and woodwind, he uses but two horns and two trumpets, and yet there is never a suggestion of monotony in orchestral color.

His themes lean strongly on Mozart, Beethoven and occasional suggestions of Bizet. It is, to be quite frank, not a monumentally original work,—but there all cavil ceases. It is so overwhelmingly lovable that any of us poor critics, who have to raise the finger of superior knowledge and point out resemblances of melodies and hint at sources from which these melodic inspirations may have sprung are, I assure you, so heartily ashamed of ourselves that we bow our collective heads in shame, as we are honest men.



White Rosaura (Geraldine Farrar) Florindo (Hermann Jadlowker)
"LE DONNE CURIOSE." ACT II.

Such charming music as the love duets of Act I and II has not been written since Mozart; such exquisite tonal mirroring of a Venetian moonlit scene as precedes the opening picture of the third act has never been done before in opera, as known to mortal critical ears; such wonderful ensemble work, such discriminating use and placement of the recitatives prove the composer a master of his craft. And there are a hundred instances of the same kind, episodes in which the attentive ear revels. As for the mirth, as reflected by the music, there is no end to it. There are moments when the whole orchestra is trilling with laughter, there are other times when the satire is exquisitely told in tones. Never a trace is there of vulgarity anywhere in the score, never a big dramatic thrill, never even a suggestion that life is brutal after all. It is all like some exquisite page out of the diary of a happy man.

The performance itself was wonderful. Toscanini and the principals on stage had slaved like bees for months at this work. They had rehearsed and rehearsed until they were all ready to drop in their tracks. The result was the most perfect performance that probably ever has been given a new work at this opera house.

The cast was admirably chosen. Geraldine Farrar never looked lovelier than she did as Rosaura, and certainly she never has sung better this season. Jadlowker, as her lover Florindo, sang admirably, and made men bless heaven that in all this welter of dramatic singing there still lives a tenor who has respect for light and exquisite music. Jeanne Maubourg, as the mother, was capital in her acting,—and, as for Bella Alten, as the housemaid, she was faultless. Rita Fornia was the weakest of the quartet of women, due probably to nervousness,—but she suffered only in comparison, for she really would have shone in another ensemble. Scotti, as an irascible husband, was admirable, so was Didur, in a like rôle. De Segurola, who typifies dignity at this opera house by his usual austere manner, was the surprise of the cast, acting Arlecchino wonderfully, with all the humor of the buffoon of the period, and Pini-Corsi, as the bachelor saint of the club, was very good, although he indulged in his usual extravagances of gesture.

Toscanini was the presiding genius, directing every mood, just



White "LE DONNE CURIOSE." ACT III. IN WHICH THE WOMEN'S CURIOSITY HAS BEEN SATISFIED AND EVERYBODY IS HAPPY



Mishkin MME. MATZENAUER
Distinguished German contralto whom the critics proclaim a very great artist

as he had done at rehearsal, conducting a *première* that will go down in the history of this opera house as having been ideal. When the composer embraced him and wept for joy, he voiced the feelings of many critical enthusiasts who had attended the *première*. The scenic pictures are really ravishing in their beauty, and the costumes were magnificent. The whole opera reflects immense credit upon Gatti-Casazza.

And now that "Le Donne Curiose" has been sped on its way with tremendous public approval and many critical blessings, let us lend an ear to the month's other happenings at this opera institution. There was the season's first "Siegfried," with a brand new second act forest set, which was really beautiful. Let us accept it as a promise that the whole "Ring" may be born anew scenically in the near future. There was nothing of exceptional moment in the performance, which was a very good one, with familiar principals—Gadski, Burrian, Reiss and Goritz. Putnam Griswold sang the Wanderer for the first time here, but did not distinguish himself.

Tetrazzini has come back to opera here, singing for the first time at the Metropolitan, and repeating her triumphs celebrated at the Manhattan in former years. She has been heard in "Lucia di Lammermoor," when she again sang a contest with the flute and won the battle with trills, staccati and high notes. She showed the same remarkable voice, really a phenomenal voice for those who love these feats of vocal heights and agility. Just occasionally was there a suggestion of shortness of breath, possibly to be blamed on her corsetière. She also sang in "La Traviata," and won plaudits. With her, in the latter opera, there appeared for the first time this season, Dimitri Smirnoff, a Russian tenor, who sang here last season. He is not an unalloyed joy to hear, his voice having little to commend it for the Metropolitan gallery.



JOSEF LHEVINNE
Famous Russian pianist recently heard in New York with the Philharmonic Orchestra

The season's first "Armide," one of last year's novelties, again evoked no great ripples of excitement—no more than it had last year, but its excellent cast of Fremstad, Caruso, Amato, Gluck and Matzenauer was its redeeming feature. To be frank, the opera is something of a bore. Not so with the same master's "Orfeo ed Euridice," which was given for the first time this year, and with a new Orfeo, Margarete Matzenauer singing that part wonderfully well, and with great dramatic expression. Gadski, Gluck and Sparkes filled the remaining rôles, and Toscanini conducted an admirable performance.

Then there was the advent of a new German tenor, Heinrich Hensel, who made his initial appearance in "Lohengrin." He has a pretty voice, which he forced quite a bit, and he seemed lacking in poetry. Probably future appearances in this opera house will reveal him to better advantage. His appearance is admirable; he has youth, grace, and good looks, and he acts with considerable dramatic skill.

There was a "Parsifal" performance that made everyone sit up and applaud, and that was when Matzenauer, at short notice, took the place of Fremstad, who was indisposed, singing Kundry for the first time on any stage. She sang and acted with an intelligence that proclaimed her a very great artist, and operagoers are still talking about her enunciation, which must be a menace to the vendors of librettos, for she pronounced every word so that it was distinctly understood. She gave a remarkable impersonation of this famous character and, considering the circumstances, it was an amazing performance. Burrian sang the title rôle excellently, but there was a new Amfortas, William Hinshaw, who was decidedly lacking in vocal stature. Alfred Hertz led splendidly.



Copy't Mishkin SIGNOR CARUSO
The popular Italian tenor who sang in "Tosca" with extraordinary quality of tone

Another surprising one among the month's performances was a "Tosca," which had been put on at the eleventh hour, as Fremstad's indisposition necessitated a change of opera. In this "Tosca" Destinn sang the title rôle for the first time here, although she has sung it often in London. She sang it beautifully, bringing to hearing the full lyric beauties of this part, and arousing her audience to expressions of joy. Caruso sang Cavaradossi for the first time in years, and sang it with extraordinary, appealing quality of tone. Amato was Scarpia, acting it well but singing it much better.

Then there has been Imperial Russian Ballet galore at the Metropolitan, with Mordkin, Katrina Geltzer, Volinine and Schmolz, as principal dancers. They proved a disappointment, on the whole, Mordkin scarcely dancing with all his former vigor, vitality and grace—probably due to his recent operation

(*Continued on page vi*)



Mishkin WILHELM BACHAUS
Eminent German pianist who made his first American appearance with great success



From *Sketch*

1. Warships carried on the shoulders of men walking between painted waves. A naval battle between Russian and Japanese fleets, as represented at the Théâtre du Châtelet, Paris



2. With flying rocks of painted sponges, débris of paper, and lava of lamp-lit canvas. A volcanic eruption as represented on the stage of the Théâtre du Châtelet, Paris

A Naval Battle and a Volcanic Eruption on the Stage



Manœuvring a Japanese cruiser. The vessel steaming along on the shoulders of two men—a box in the centre yielding smoke—during the naval battle

TWO remarkable stage effects have recently created a sensation at the Théâtre du Chatelêt, in Paris—one is a naval battle and the other the eruption of a volcano. The method of realizing the naval battle is very simple.

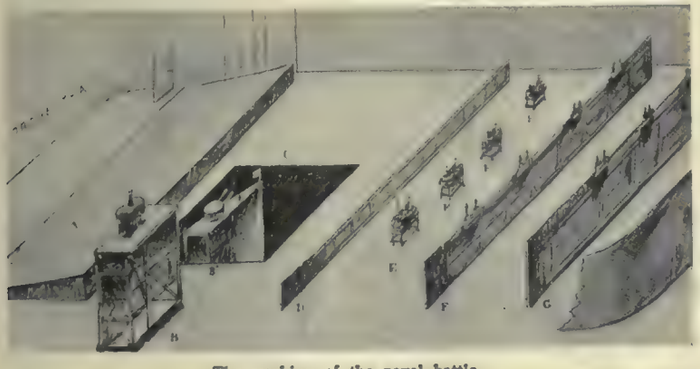
"The stage," says London *Sketch*, "is encircled with scenery representing the sky, with mist and cloud effects. Between the background and the footlights are rows of painted canvas sea. Affixed to the farthest row (G) are five little immovable wooden men-of-war, about half a yard in length. These are the reserves in the far distance. On the next row (F) are ships about a yard and a quarter long. These can be moved, and their guns are fired by a man armed with an electric machine, which makes a flash at the mouth of the 'cannon' as he turns on the current. Between the first and second rows of the sea, the ships (E) are about seven feet long, and are each fixed on a machine of sufficient height to show them above the level of the ocean (at D). This machine runs on wheels, and is manipulated by two men concealed within it. One works the machinery, and the other the electrical device for firing the guns, while the smoke from the funnels is obtained by burning paper. A represents waves; B and B1 are frameworks representing part of a cruiser in the foreground; C is a trap in the stage."

Equally simple are the means by which an awe-inspiring representation of a volcano in action is done:

"Behind the scenery, which represents the rugged opening of the circular crater of the volcano is a funnel-shaped hopper of steel wire (A) with a diameter of between four and five feet at the top. At the bottom it is connected with pipes (D), which carry compressed air. In front of this hopper, nearer the footlights, is a larger one (B), made of sheet-iron and, instead of being open, doubled on itself, so that it forms a narrow semi-circular tube. It is connected with a boiler generating steam, which represents the smoke of the burning mountain. Fixed from the highest point of the 'crater' on to the stage itself are bits of sloping scenery, made of a transparent medium (H). Behind it, on two rollers, so that it revolves continuously on the 'endless-chain' principle, is a cloth (J) painted to represent red-hot lava, the color being projected on to the scenery by means of twenty-four red electric lamps placed behind it (I). Behind the wire hopper are cones (E) for the supply of the smoke. When the time comes for the volcano to 'erupt,' sponges of different sizes (G), painted red and grey, to represent bits of rock and stone, are put into the hopper, with pieces of paper to represent the scoriæ. Then the compressed air is turned on, and the sponges and the paper are hurled high up into the air, to fall back on to the sides of the volcano. Similarly, steam is turned into the narrow double funnel by the pipe (C), and is blown up by the compressed air; while, to intensify the effect of the 'belching fire and smoke,' Bengal fires in a plate (F), and other fireworks in the interior of the crater, are burnt, and the revolving cloth in front of the red electric lamps gives the effect of molten lava flowing down the mountain. Every volcanic eruption is, naturally, preceded by rumblings and noises. These are produced by large drums placed under the stage, and vigorously pounded."



Making the spurt of flame from the mouths of the tiny cannon. An electrician flashing small electric lamps on the "big guns'" muzzles during the naval battle



The working of the naval battle



The hidden devices behind the volcano



Leopoldine Konstantin and the Hunchback



Three of the dancing girls



The Sheik and his son

"SUMURUN"

"SUMURUN," the extraordinary wordless play, with music from the Deutsches Theater in Berlin, which Winthrop Ames presented at the Casino, this city, on January 16 last, first appeared in London as a one-act play at the Coliseum Music Hall. Its popularity assured, it was taken to the Savoy on the Strand and produced in its original form. According to some, the piece owed its big success in the British metropolis to the Oriental wave that has swept over the dramatic field, leaving wrecks of costume and Shakespearian, problem and musical comedy productions in its path. It is a wave whose height has been increased by the world-wide interest in the Durbar, in Hichens' novels, and the ease with which parties are now "Cooked" to Biskra and Fez, as formerly they were taken to Hampton Court and the Tower of London. Others, equally wise, claim that "Sumurun's" popularity is independent of such superficial aids; that it is a unique production, appealing to the love of the dramatic, the curious and artistic. It is sensuous, barbaric and primitive, yet at the same time it is vitally human and, like all other Oriental plays, it is an unconsciously forceful suffrage document for women.

It is described as a wordless pantomimical play, by Herr Friedrich Freksa, in nine scenes based on the "Arabian Nights," with music specially written by Victor Hollaender, the German composer, and, it may be mentioned, incidentally, that the music is no small part of the play's success. In an atmosphere impregnated with incense, in the hush that precedes expectant tragedy, the weird thirds and fifths of the Eastern music produce a strange feeling of unrest. You leave the safety and serenity of the normal mind to meet the unusual happenings half way, and when the curtain slowly unrolls, the slight feeling of antagonism, which is the usual prelude to dramatic work, has been cleverly lulled to rest.



Camilla Eibenschütz as Sumurun

Subtleties of pantomimic work have rarely appealed to the Anglo-Saxon mind, but in "Sumurun" the action is so swift and convincing that there are many moments when you forget the actors are silent, and there is no time when the splendid gesturing and expressive posings of the skilled cast leaves you in that doubt, trying to escape which the thread of the story is so often knotted, if not absolutely lost.

The cast, as the play is given in New York, includes: Herr Conradi, the Sheik; Leopoldine Konstantin, the Dancer; Camilla Eibenschütz, Sumurun; Emil Lind, the Hunchback; HeinzFelix, the Son; Marie von Bülow, the Old Woman; Ernst Matray, Nur-al-Din's Attendant; George Hoetzel, the Janitor. Great technical skill is required for the play's proper handling. To Professor Max Reinhardt belongs the credit of the production as a whole.

One after another, marvelous pictures of Oriental life are disclosed. There are two views of the Hunchback's Theatre, palace scenes, Nur-al-Din's shop, street and harem "sets." There is little temptation to compare these with the magnificent representations of "Kismet" and "The Garden of Allah." They are unique and in them the splendor and squalor of Eastern life are cleverly portrayed. They have, like the music, repellent charm, alluring and antagonizing at the same moment. You feel, in looking at them, that the inner veils have been rent, and you have been shown the veritable Orient, not its stage portrayal.

There is one moment when, the curtain drawn, you sit breathless with surprise. Against a deep-blue, cloudless sky is sil-


Sumurun's maid

houetted a skyline of mosques and minarets. as if a clever pair of scissors, of gigantic size, had cut the picture from velvet paper and artistically placed its work. The perspective is gained by the high *écru* wall in the foreground, and against this passes a colorful procession,—a long, interesting *queue* of Oriental types.

There is an upper room in the palace, its only furnishings a tent-shaped couch, hung with rose silk, covered with laces and cushions. In the single shaft of light is disclosed the stairway wall, up which creeps Tragedy, on its dread errand.

In Nur-al-Din's shop you have wonderful hangings and dusty draperies, the gems and gimcracks of such a place. There are sordid corners and faded curtains and, dividing the bazaar in the centre, a steep, narrow stairway. The action which takes place thereon is in itself a revelation in stage management. There is another stairway, even more interesting and important to the development of the play. This is a spiral one in the Sheik's palace, part of it lost completely in the shadows. On this, too, grotesque figures pass and repass, come quickly into sight and are lost then to view.

The story of "Sumurun" is incoherent, as life itself is incoherent. There are moments when you feel as if you had, like the Hunchback, taken a mouthful of *Bhang,* that strange Eastern drug; there are moments when you overstep centuries, and are a spectator at the experiences of Haroun-al Reschid. There is no moment when you are not interested and enthralled.

"It is," says Mr. Randal Charlton, its author, "a story of love, a story of passion, a story of tragedy. It comes to you steeped in myrrh and incense, fragrant with precious odors, rich ointments and spices. It has all the perfume and all the mystery of the Eastern world. Many ages have rolled across the dusty bosom of the earth since the people of the drama lived and loved and hated and went their way into the shadows, and now we pantomime their quaint and sorrowful histories for your pleasure, for your smiles, perhaps for your tears."

And, at the end, his story finished, Mr. Charlton offers you this epilogue:

"All this happened ages and ages ago, when the loves and hates of this world were fiercer and stronger. All these people have gone away to their long, last repose. Put the puppets back into their box. The pantomime is played out, and the actors seek rest."

* * * * * *

Nur-al-Din, merchant of cloth, was also a Maker of Dreams. He sat and visualized the perfect woman, who would sometime come his way. He dreamed this in the door of his shop, with a hunchback and an old slave woman for his neighbors. He sat there, evening after evening, oblivious of the Hunchback, with his chalked face, the Snake Charmer and the Negro Giant drawing crowds to the tiny playhouse. He was oblivious, too, of the beautiful Dancing Girl, who tortured the Hunchback with her mockery of, and indifference to, his love.


Nur-al-Din's attendant

Comes Sumurun to the Bazaar, in a litter, surrounded by eunuchs, attendant maids and liveried servants. As escort, too, is the Young Man of Chance Romances, enamored of a Maid in the suite. Sumurun sees Nur-al-Din, Maker of Dreams. They look upon each other. They see into each other's hearts. They understand. Love comes to them in a glance, in an instant.


The janitor

Sumurun, softened by this wonderful experience, protects the Hunchback, who has seen glances fraught with meaning pass between the Dancing Girl and the Young Man of Chance Romances, immediately enamored by the sight of the one "whose flesh is made of rose leaves and whose heart is alive with evil fire." The crooked showman, forgetful of worldly distinctions, of his own base condition, frenzied into elemental savagery by the force of his passion, has thrown himself upon the Sheik's son, and is torn away by the employees of the Bazaar and the eunuchs of the Sheik, commanded by their mistress.

So begins the story!

Other people come to the Bazaar, among them the old Sheik, who sees the Dancing Girl and offers gold to her owner, the Hunchback. Nur-al-Din, for it is quite in his way of work, enters into the conspiracy with the old slave woman to effect the Sheik's desire which, in the beginning, the Hunchback indignantly refuses.

But the crooked showman changes his mind, for during the mimic play that takes place on the mimic stage, playing his part as clown with a doll dressed as a woman, he hears the signal of the Sheik's son, knows that while he is acting the comic part to amuse the spectators, the woman he madly loves is in the arms of the Sheik's son, behind the partition at his left. And, when the Dancing Girl responds to her call, is insinuating, voluptuous, coquettish, with the charms of beauty and youth, his jealousy is roused to a fiercer flame by the fact of finding an impassioned letter from the Sheik's son, and seeing her toss her veil to the Sheik, himself, who has stolen there to watch her dance. Better for her to be the slave of the old Sheik than to lie in the arms of the Young Man of Chance Romances.


WOMEN IN THE SHEIK'S HAREM GUARDED BY THE CHIEF EUNUCH



White

SCENE IN ACT III OF WOLF-FERRARI'S OPERA, "LE DONNE CURIOSE"

He will be spared, by this means, the fiercer torture, in his intended sleep and its fearsome dreams.

The Dancer makes ready her meagre belongings, fascinated by the thought of the splendor that is to be hers. The Hunchback has, meantime, taken some poison which does not kill him, for in his haste he has swallowed, not the dose that destroys, but the one that deadens, yet the young woman believes that she has killed him, and hurries away from the evidences of her crime against love. The old slave woman, maddened by the sight of the gold she has won by the betrayal, picks up the limp body of the Hunchback, and, in her delirium, throws it against a column; she, too, believes that she is guilty of the seeming death, and she, too, runs away. The Sheik's son, stumbling in the gloom, thinks the prone body on the couch is that of his beloved. He seizes in his arms, not the form of his sweetheart, fragrant with roses, but that of the crooked man, his face smeared with pigments, a hump on his back. Loathing the sight and touch of this monstrosity, he thrusts him into an open sack, and escapes from the window where he entered. Later, the attendants of Nur-al-Din come to the room for property belonging to their master. They take away the sack, without looking in.

Sumurun sits in the shadows of the palace walls, watching the curious episodes of the daily life, and the Young Man of Chance Romances manages to elude her vigilance and that of the eunuchs, engaging in a flirtation with one of the maids. It is a comic happening, but in this strange pantomime tragedy and comedy elbow each other continually. Nur-al-Din, with his servants, brings the purchases made by Sumurun. There is a note and a rose exchanged. The Sheik appears. He scents the forbidden, but Nur-al-Din, Maker of Dreams, has been concealed by the women in the shadows. After he has scourged the eunuchs, and departed, Nur-al-Din tries to escape, but maddened by the blows of their Master's whips, the eunuchs vent their rage on him. He is caught and put in a water vessel, which is then hoisted, by means of a primitive apparatus, half way up the palace wall and fastened there.

The slave dealers come with the Dancing Girl. She is followed by the Old Woman, who has recovered the body of the Hunchback and, not knowing what to do with it, has concealed it in a basket, covering it with bazaar trappings. It is found, and passed from one to another, each making silent accusation of the supposed crime, each fearful, superstitious, uncertain of the body that crumples like a piece of paper, is grotesque, tragic, disgusting by turns. It is kept for a time in the water vessel from which Nur-al-Din has escaped, and, finally, the Old Woman thrusts it into another sack, and departs with it in her custody, wondering as to a new hiding place.

Sumurun again comes to the shop of Nur-al-Din, more in love than ever. In the deep box, filled with perfumed silks, which is to be taken to the Harem, she begs that he hide, so that she may be able to converse with him in a more secluded place. He obeys her, unknowing that underneath, below other perfumed silks, is the body of the Showman, who, after various vicissitudes, has been stowed away in this receptacle. Then passes the wonderful procession, the Sheik with his suite, the Dancer from a Sedan Chair, beckoning to the Sheik's son, Sumurun and her maids, the eunuchs, the soldiers, the bearers of the baskets, in one of which are the unconscious Hunchback and the Conscious Maker of Dreams, all going to the Sheik's palace.

The Hunchback is restored to life by the Old Woman. Sumurun and Nur-al-Din meet, as agreed upon, watched over by those lovers of intrigue, the women of the Harem. Again comes the suspicious Sheik, and again Nur-al-Din is hurried away, while the girls dance to amuse their lord, in the Hall of Purple Shadows, where the lights glimmer like milky stars, and, as you watch the mystical grace of the dancers throwing flowers at each other, the spirit of the dance seems to become articulate.

Sumurun dances, and the old Sheik, repulsed so often, believes that his young wife's heart is softened, and that she is dancing for him, but it is not so; again she repulses him, only conscious of her lover's secret presence. In the momentary fervor of the occasion, the Sheik has forgotten his latest purchase—the beautiful Dancing Girl. Now she appears, a blinding light dividing the scene, like a flash of lightning. The Sheik departs with her, and Sumurun is torn by conflicting emotions,—anger at her rival's success, the degradation before her women, love for the Maker of Dreams, for whom she is now free. She takes him in her arms, while two shadows creep up the spiral stairs, appear and disappear, concealed from each other by the many turns, human arabesques on the web of destiny, the Sheik's son and the Hunchback, both in pursuit of the Dancing Girl, who has climbed ahead of them on that fateful path, entwined by the old man's arms.

In the upper room, the scene is unlighted except by the flicker of the oil lamps. The Sheik slumbers, by his side the Dancing Girl. The Hunchback hides himself in the wall draperies. The Sheik's son gives a low signal, and, in a moment, the girl has risen, and is in his embrace. There is one duty, she whispers, he must perform before gathering their money and jewels. They can escape and be with each other, but first he must slay his father—the old Sheik. He hesitates, and is lost. At the moment when, bending over the couch, a self-willed parricide to be, a shadow wrestles with him—the Sheik wakes. He stabs his son to the heart, and spurns the woman who, a moment before, was in his arms.

She, in turn, grovels at the feet of the Hunchback, who spurns her also, in hatred and contempt. With the body of his son, the Sheik stumbles down the spiral stairs to the hall of purple shadows, where the women dream amidst the garlands, and where Sumurun is wrapt in the embrace of Nur-al-Din, Merchant of Cloth and Maker of Dreams.

Again the Dance with the Maker of Dreams again hidden. The Dancing Girl dances for her life, but even this last passionate appeal is useless. She is taken away in chains, an evil flower that has shriveled in the fire of passion. Sumurun dances, too, but with a difference. She does not fear death. She dances as a Priestess, and bares her breast to the dagger's point. Her resignation stays the Sheik's hand.



From the *Illustrated London News*

A REINHARDT REHEARSAL OF AN ÆSCHYLUS WORK: PREPARING FOR A PRODUCTION OF THE "ORESTEIA" IN THE SCHUMANN CIRCUS, BERLIN

So Nur-al-Din comes into the open to defend the woman he loves. The Sheik and the Maker of Dreams fight fiercely, and, at the moment when Nur-al-Din is nearly overcome, the Hunchback turns the scale of battle, burying his blade in the Sheik's heart.

* * * *

In the tranquil silence that succeeds the storm, the Maker of Dreams and Sumurun steal away, hand in hand. The play is over, and the Hunchback pulls down the curtain.

"Over the Flower Path,
Hushed by the ending,
Led by the clown go the women;
Huddling their draperies over their bosoms,
So ends the dream of Nur-al-Din."

Sumurun is based on a very ancient story much in favor with the Arabs, which can be traced back as far as the days of Yezid, son of Ommayieh I, the first of the Ommiade dynasty.

GERTRUDE LYNCH.

The Diary of a Daly Débutante

WHEN "The Diary of a Daly Débutante" was published anonymously with the foreword of the publishers: "the writer has since become well-known in another walk of life," one reviewer, in speaking of its authorship, questioned: "What other walk? We meet her and leave her a supernumerary member of a theatrical troupe. Has she become an actress, a singer, a lawyer, a painter, a sculptress, a sociologist, or a leader of Society?" And it is curious that in naming so many professions he should have omitted that important one, his own, namely, literature; particularly in view of the fact that the ease of its style, its humor and powers of observation were generally recognized by reviewers. And that is the profession in which the writer of this delightfully frank and naive bit of stage history is now known.



DORA K. RANOUS

The authorship of the Diary was attributed by many reviewers, by some with astonishing certainty, and others to whom dramatic matters are of interest, to Edith Kingdon, now Mrs. George Gould, who was a member of the Daly Company, but not until a few years later than the time to which the book relates, the season of 1879-1880. Among many other names suggested for the honor of authorship was that of Isabelle Evesson, a celebrated beauty of the Daly Company of that period, who is most enthusiastically described in the book by the Débutante.

But now, after a year and a half, the author of the Diary has consented to acknowledge her identity, and let it be revealed that she was known at the time when she was a member of Daly's "débutante school" as Dora Knowlton, and that she is now known as Mrs. Dora Knowlton Ranous, editor and translator of numerous French and Italian literary classics.

Mrs. Ranous was born in Ashfield, Massachusetts, a town which was long celebrated as the summer home of George William Curtis and Charles Eliot Norton, and as a favorite haunt of James Russell Lowell, Charles Dudley Warner, and their friends. On the maternal side she is the granddaughter of an eminent physician, Charles Knowlton, the author of a curious work, "Fruits of Philosophy," published in 1839, which treated of the evils of over-population among the poor, and which caused the strait-laced Queen of England, in 1872, to imprison Mrs. Annie Besant and her colleague, Charles Bradlaugh, on the charge of disseminating immoral literature among the lower classes of Great Britain, in the form of Dr. Knowlton's reasonable and sensible treatise.

After a brief theatrical experience which, had she not brought it to a close so soon, would probably have led to brilliant success in that profession—so believe her friends who understand her wide range of talents—Mrs. Ranous married and left the stage. She took up her present profession of literary work as an editor with Silver, Burdett and Company, publishers of school text-books, and

later she joined the literary staff of D. Appleton and Company, whence she entered a new field as translator and editor of de luxe subscription books. Later her taste for, and knowledge of, Italian literature found expression in editing, in collaboration with Dr. Rossiter Johnson, a set in sixteen volumes of the chief works of Italian masters, from the period of the Renaissance to the present time. For this set Mrs. Ranous made the translation of D'Annunzio's novel, "The Flame," that has been highly praised for its vigor, grace, and faithful rendering of the delicate difficulties of the original text.



White

Proof of the extraordinary popularity of the Gilbert & Sullivan operettas, even with the present generation of theatregoers, is shown by the success which has attended the recent revival of "H. M. S. Pinafore." Produced at the Casino, this city, last May, it has been played continuously on the road ever since, to receipts which would put many a more up-to-date work of the same class to shame. This picture shows the scene on the deck of H. M. S. Pinafore, with Henry E. Dixey (centre) as Sir Joseph Porter, DeWolf Hopper (extreme right) as Dick Deadeye, Louise Gunning (left centre) as Josephine, and Marie Cahill (left) as Little Buttercup

As a lively young débutante, after the manner of enthusiastic, stage-struck schoolgirls, she had treasured every scrap that belonged to her short theatrical career with the distinguished manager and his interesting company. The "fat little book," which had been her companion for a year, was brought forth occasionally in later time to be sighed and smiled over as a record of "lost illusions"; but no thought of publishing the journal ever occurred to her until a literary friend suggested that it was worth preserving as a picture of a bygone period in American theatrical life. The praise that the little book met at the hands of the critics and the public bore out this opinion.

Not only is everything connected with Augustin Daly's achievements of interest to all who are interested in the theatre, but also whatever pictures the methods and the discipline that prevailed in his playhouse is valuable. Written by an ardent young beginner, with eyes wide open ready to magnify the details, the small incidents that probably would not seem to an adult worth recording,—it is just these points in the book that lend it so much vividness and life. As Mrs. Ranous herself said, in answer to a question whether she had really written the whole Diary at that time, "I never could strike such a note at this time of life—it had to be written when I was," as the *Sun* reviewer put it, "as green as grass and as fresh as paint." And so, as a week-to-week chronicle of the daily round of work in the company of probably the most brilliant manager of this country, the Diary has a peculiar and unique value all its own, which one reviewer expressed in this charming picture:

"Have you ever seen an insect in a lump of amber? A bit of vanished life caught by chance, and preserved in perfection for later eyes to look at through the transparent medium of its embalming? If so, you have seen a prototype of 'The Diary of a Daly Débutante.'"

EVELYN O'CONNOR.

Scenes in Richard Walton Tully's New Play "The Bird of Paradise"



White Lewis S. Stone Laurette Taylor Theodore Roberts Ida Waterman Albert Perry

Act. I. Luana (Laurette Taylor): "Captain Hatch, please let them stay to my feast"



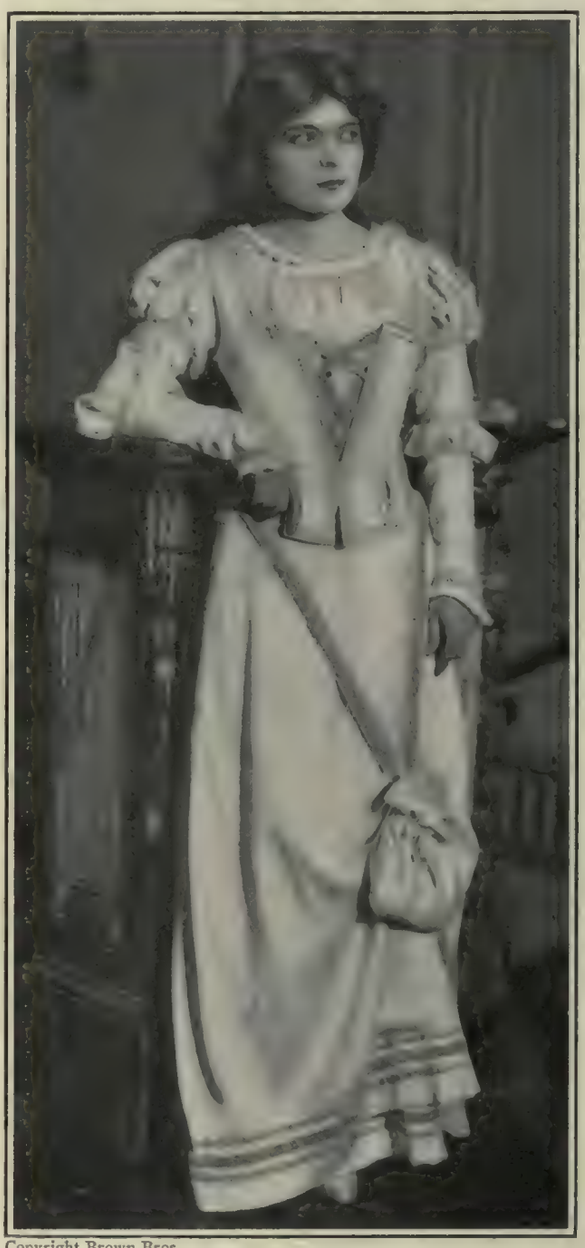
Laurette Taylor Pamela Gaythorne Guy Bates Post Gladys Byers Margaret Nagele Theodore Roberts Lewis S. Stone

Act. III. Luana is a guest at the villa of Captain Hatch

Oscar Hammerstein Discovers a New Singer

OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN, whose luck or genius—whatever you may like to call it—for discovering new opera singers is proverbial, brought forward recently at his new Opera House, London, a young American singer not yet twenty-one years of age, but whose voice is already coupled by the English music critics with that of Adelina Patti and Mme. Tetrazzini. Her name is Felice Lyne, and her father is a physician in Allentown, Pennsylvania.

"Her appearance as Gilda in 'Rigoletto,'" says a correspondent of the *New York Times*, "was her début in grand opera. Her stage experience before that had been a matter of a few weeks. Few persons in America, and, except for Mr. Hammerstein himself and a few opera managers, no one in England, had so much as heard Felice Lyne's name. She stepped upon the stage absolutely unknown, yet in a very few minutes the audience knew that by next morning she would be famous. Not since Madame Tetrazzini made her sensational début at Covent Garden—a début of which London is still talking—has any singer met with the reception that the audience at 'Rigoletto' gave to Felice Lyne. The London papers have been publishing columns in praise of her ever since. She is, they declare, the greatest Gilda in living memory. Her voice, London declares, is magic. Patti, Melba, Tetrazzini, Felice Lyne—the critics name them together, with due reverence. In America the few persons who have heard of Felice Lyne know her in the rôle which gave her her only real stage experience—the part of Lisbeth in 'Hans the Flute Player,' the light opera produced in New York a year ago, under Arthur Hammerstein's direction. Miss Lyne was an alternate for Sophie Brandt in the leading feminine rôle, and took Miss Brandt's place permanently shortly before the company left New York to go on the road. 'Hans the Flute Player' was withdrawn a few weeks later, and the singer went back to Paris to continue her studies there.



Copyright Brown Bros.

FELICE LYNE

The young American singer whose voice English critics declare to be equal to that of Adelina Patti in her prime

"Felice Lyne was born in Kansas City, and when she sang Lisbeth her fellow-members in the cast used to call her 'the osteopathic prima donna,' because not only her father, but her mother and grandmother and aunt were osteopathic physicians. Her grandmother, Dr. Theodosia E. Purdon, and her aunt, Dr. Zudie P. Purdon, still live in Kansas City, but Dr. Lyne and his family moved to Allentown when Felice was still a little girl, and it is there that a large part of her girlhood was spent. She went to the Allentown public schools and the Women's College there. Dr. Lyne discovered, when Felice was little more than a child, that she had a voice, and she pleaded with her parents to let her have it cultivated. So she began lessons with Frank S. Hardman in Allentown, and it was he who urged that she be sent abroad to study. Mrs. Lyne said that she would take her little daughter to Paris if her heart was set on it. To Paris, accordingly, Felice went four years ago. She studied under Jean de Reszké, Mme. Marchesi, and d'Aubigné, and a year ago last July she met Oscar Hammerstein. He sent for her and her mother to come to see him, but they didn't go. The singer had heard that Hammerstein was out of grand opera for good. No one had heard at that time of his London plans, and there was a rumor that he was going to devote his energies to the better class of light opera. Consequently, Miss Lyne refused to take up any proposition from Mr. Hammerstein, or even to go to see him. Her mind was firmly made up about her future career. At that time she was considering a grand opera offer from Hans Gregor in Berlin, and there were tentative propositions from Covent Garden. She did want a chance to go back home to sing in America, but she did not want to sing in light opera.

"Mr. Hammerstein, however, had no intention of letting Felice Lyne go. Although she did not know it herself, the few men and women who had heard the little student sing in Paris had spoken highly of her voice, and the American impresario was already convinced that she was 'worth while.' So he sent for her again, and made her an offer for a five-year contract with a large salary, which she refused. He almost doubled the salary, and, chary of light opera, she still refused. Then he told her of his hitherto undivulged London plans, and she signed the contract. She went back home and cried because she had to sing in "Hans the Flute Player"; but when she heard that Mr. Hammerstein had a big future ahead for her in London, she dried her tears and went home to sing Lisbeth.

"With the London public now thronging to hear her sing, Felice Lyne has already been announced to appear in the near future as Marguerite in 'Faust,' Juliet in 'Romeo and Juliet,' Mimi in 'La Bohême,' two rôles in 'Les Contes d'Hoffman,' Violetta in 'Traviata,' Nedda in 'Pagliacci,' Rosina in 'The Barber of Seville,' and the title rôles in 'Lakmé' and 'Lucia di Lammermoor.' She will also sing leading parts in several French novelties which Mr. Hammerstein is to produce during the season.

"The singer is very small, and looks even younger than her twenty-one years. She has great, eager, dark eyes, and soft, waving brown hair, and a very charming stage personality, as well as a very wonderful stage voice. She has had too little theatrical experience to be acclaimed as a great actress, but she fulfills the dramatic demands of her rôles with spontaneity and grace. Experience, it is prophesied, will bring her dramatic force and mastery to add to the marvelous beauty of her voice, which is a coloratura soprano.

"In the spring of 1910 Miss Lyne sang a short engagement in the Grand Casino at San Sebastian, Spain, where the King and Queen noticed the little singer and praised her voice. The engagement had been procured for her by M. Strakosch, Adelina Patti's nephew, who had become interested in the promise of the young singer's voice. During the past year she has received offers from Monte Carlo, Bordeaux, the Royal Opera in Berlin, and also from Col. Henry W. Savage in New York."



Moffett, Chicago

A NEW PORTRAIT OF MISS MAXINE ELLIOTT

If a woman is to be judged, not by her gowns, but by her reading, this popular actress-manager keeps at all times in close touch with current theatrical happenings for, close at her side, we see a copy of the one publication indispensable to stage-lovers—the THEATRE MAGAZINE



Moffett

BRUCE McRAE AS HE APPEARS WITH BLANCHE BATES IN "NOBODY'S WIDOW"

Bruce McRae—America's Most Popular Leading Man

EVERY matinée girl on Manhattan Island would have envied the writer the temporary distinction of sitting at table with Bruce McRae. It was an ordinary table at the Press Club. Skyscrapers hedged us in, shutting out half the sunlight. But to the matinée girl the situation would have been extraordinary and perfect, for did not Bruce McRae sit opposite, and was not Bruce McRae, though Scotch, the most popular leading man in America?

There are male stars as popular, and there are juvenile leading men who have a strong claim to national popularity, but Mr. McRae stands between these, a splendid specimen of what some sages among the managers have declared is, like the buffalo, an extinct type. Recently one manager asserted that the leading man, like the dodo, is a relic of another dramatic age. Another is quoted as exclaiming: "A leading man must be good looking and come out and hug the star at the right time in the play. That's all we want of him."

Mr. McRae listened, with a tolerant smile, to these quotations. He is as handsome off the stage as on, tall and straight as the most soldierly of soldiers, with the florid skin and big, athletic stride of the native Briton, and with the regular features that are Bruce McRaeah. Moreover, he has a smile that does not often get over the footlights. Perhaps he doesn't want it to, but it does get easily and welcomely across the table, and makes strangers understand at once the popularity of this notable leading man, not alone with his audiences but with his fellow-players. I have heard the words. "Dear Bruce McRae!" uttered by men and women of all ages and in most situations, from the leading woman convalescent in a hospital, to whom he has just paid a cheering-up call, to the actor who lives in his yesterdays, and who has begun to stand about the stage doors and tell confidential stories to the player who follows the out-swing of the door, stories usually followed by a plunge of generous actorial hand into a more or less full pocket.



Bruce McRae when a public surveyor in Australia

He smiled genially at an oyster held poised upon his fork, while he began his defense of the leading man, his battle for his long life and perpetuity. Ten years as a leading man gave his words the weight of authority.

"The leading man carries the weight of the play. You could dispense with the character man as the comedian or the juvenile, and the play would still go on, but if the leading man dropped out there would be no play. It is his duty to carry along the action of the drama, whatever its form.

"You regard him, then, as the backbone of the play?"

"I consider him as at least its shoulders. He must suppress himself, keep well in the background, but be in the foreground, too, when necessary. He cannot be spared. If leading men seem superfluous, it is because the playwrights do not furnish him strong, manly parts to play. Most so-called leading men are juvenile leads because the parts written for them are those intended for an erotic child. It amuses me to hear persons speak of John Mason's leading man, or Wilton Lackaye, or any other male star's leading man. The truth is they are stars



AS THE FATHER IN "CARROTS"

playing a leading man's part.

"A man must be at least forty to be at his best as a leading man. Take the college boy in 'Brown of Harvard.' He was, according to the play, nineteen. But Mr. Woodruff, who played it, was more than nineteen. Had a boy of nineteen played the part it would not have gotten over. It would have been a failure. Truth must be exaggerated to reach the audience. A man must have weight, weight of experience, of years and character, to play a leading part. He must suggest weight and power as he walks across the stage. A college boy could not do this. He is too young. A man must be at least ten years older than his part. Better if he is fifteen or twenty years its senior. Most college boys are too young to go on the stage in any part. I don't think a man should go on the stage before he is twenty-five. Yet we see stars of that age."

"You don't believe in the child actor grown up then?"

"Not a bit. Nor does my uncle, Sir Charles Wyndham. I was always crazy to go on the stage. I went to him to ask his help. 'Go on the stage at sixteen!' he exclaimed. 'My boy, come back to me in ten years and I'll see what we can do.'

"It was discouraging, but it was right. My uncle is an example of the truth of the theory. At seventy-five he is playing men of forty. He was no child actor, scarcely even a young man actor. He believes, and I humbly agree with him, that you must bring some knowledge of life to the stage. The stage represents life. We must know something of what we try to represent.

"It all turned out very well for me. I went out to Australia and knocked about. I worked on the docks there. I learned surveying, and for five years was a surveyor. A chance came to go on a ranch in Wyoming. I accepted it, because it gave me a chance to go there by way of England and visit my family. I spent some time on the ranch, then drifted to New York, and went on the stage. I didn't wait the ten years to go back to my uncle, but I had begun to learn he was right. I had mingled with men of all types. I knew the cowboy and the longshoreman, men of all nationalities and callings. I knew something of the quality of life. I could convey at least my impressions of the types I represented. While a man doesn't go down to the docks to photograph his longshoremen,—for instance, the best cowboy ever portrayed on the stage was that of Dustin Farnum, who had never seen a cowboy,—it is always an advantage to know the spirit of the men we impersonate. We may not need much knowledge of their outwardness, but we need to know their inwardness.



AS DANDY IN "THE DAWN OF TO-MORROW"

"I played parts of all sorts, beginning with juveniles, until I struck the leading man's gait ten years ago. I was leading man with Miss Julia Marlowe at first. I learned breadth from her, and the value of right reading. She is the best of readers. I was with Miss Barrymore for six years. She has great knowledge of detail. My uncle noticed that. He spoke of her detail. I learned from association with her the subtlety of the pause. Then I was with Mrs. Fiske——"

Mr. McRae here himself illustrated the value of the pause. It wrought in the listener suspense. One hung upon his words, guessing what he would have to say next.

"Mrs. Fiske," he went on, "is wonderful and individual. She is like no one else. Her outlook is so big. You remember 'Rosmersholm'? When she sat making her confession of murder, that long speech, she did nothing, absolutely nothing. She sat there with her little hands turned palms upward, like this, in her lap. That is a relaxed attitude, yet she kept it all through her horrible story. I remember that once while we were rehearsing that scene, she said: 'Mr. McRae, don't you think you had better do something while I am talking, say move over to the table and take up something?' 'Yes,' I answered, 'I do think so, but I was afraid it might disturb you.' 'Oh, no,' she said. 'Nothing disturbs me. Please do so. The scene will appear more natural.'

"That is the way she is. I don't believe she knows where the centre of the stage is. She never tries consciously to take it. She thinks always of the production as a whole. Miss Blanche Bates is the last of a magnificent quartet of stars for whom I have been a fortunate leading man. Miss Bates is a big, human soul.

"Yes, I suppose I shall star. It is contemplated, and I suppose it is inevitable. But there are many worries and responsibilities about starring, and I have been content as I am. I often think and say: 'What's the use of starring? Anybody can star.' Who held an absolutely unique position on the American stage? Frank Worthing. He illustrates the value of the leading man. Miss George was never markedly successful until she secured him for her company.

"In my ten years as a

(Continued on page vi)



IN "SHERLOCK HOLMES"



IN "WHEN KNIGHTHOOD WAS IN FLOWER"

A California Forest Play

THAT famous art and literary organization known as the Bohemian Club of San Francisco presented last fall, in the Bohemian Grove, Sonoma County, California, their ninth play, "The Green Knight," by Porter Garnett, with music by Edward G. Stricklen. The new work was, as is usual, produced by the author, performed by members of the club exclusively, and witnessed by a distinguished audience, from which women were rigorously excluded.

Since the year 1878 the members of the Bohemian Club have given performances in this wonderful forest theatre, which has the sky for its roof and the majesty of the primeval forest as its only stage setting. Describing the beauty of the spot in an article published in this magazine in 1909, Mr. Herman Scheffauer, then the Sire of the Bohemians, wrote:

"When, fevered and flushed with the haste and din of raving cities, you first set foot in the sacred silences of this forest, and feel its gigantic spell seize upon your soul, when your eye pierces down deep green vistas of shadow or soars up the colossal shafts to the great crowns of the trees bright in the sunshine hundreds of feet overhead, a sense of deep awe and reverence overcomes you. You stand hushed as though under the nave of some cathedral. Often into the eyes of the visitor from Europe or the East tears start unbidden and heads are bared. The haunting of the forest, its magic charm and benediction, have been cast upon you, and never thenceforth shall your soul be free. Should you be favored with the rare privilege of spending a happy week or two in the good fellowship of the Bohemians, and, finally, to crown all, have witnessed the unforgettable spectacle of their yearly Forest Play, your remaining days of life will be haunted with potent memories of a rich joy and visions of unfading beauty. Your sojourn in the redwoods will seem like some fair dream, some brief respite in Valhalla or the Land of the Lotus-Eaters, and the most gorgeous drama or opera in the gilded theatres of the city will appear a paltry thing, a play of puppets, backed with palpable artificiality, unnatural lights and settings, tinsel and mechanical trumpery. For you will recall the glory of the moon floating above the towering crests of the redwoods, the solemn hush of the vast colonnades, bursts of music rolling gloriously through the night, visions of gods and men, glimpses of armor and torch-fires amidst the trees, a natural stage suffused with a soft and lovely radiance, the chanting of choral harmonies and golden lines of poetry thrilling the air. It will seem to you like some effect of magic, some prospect vouchsafed you into the mighty festivals of age-old empires, some sumptuous pageant of ancient days."



SCENE IN "THE GREEN KNIGHT," RECENTLY PRODUCED BY THE BOHEMIAN CLUB IN THE GIANT REDWOOD GROVES OF CALIFORNIA

The theatre is situated in a grove of giant redwoods which was acquired by the club that the mighty trees might be saved from destruction. The first play by a member of the club was produced in 1902. "The Green Knight" has been privately printed, and in a scholarly introduction, Mr. Garnett skillfully prepares those who have not seen the play, that they may visualize from the printed page with a better idea of the spirit and conditions under which the piece was given. It is dialogued in a polished verse of varying metres, filled with the dignity of the woods and reverence for it.

Neotios, the son of the great god Pan, admonishes men to be reverent in the presence of these mighty trees. The moonbeams dance, and the Elf-King with his fairy folk join in the play. But they are frightened away by an ominous presence. This is the Black Knight, known as Care, who has carried off the Prince to serve him in his woodland abode. Care's mission is to break men's souls with trouble. He gives the Prince to the care of his horrible servant, Madolor. The Black Knight prays to his master Sathanas, who responds from hell and bids him continue in the fulfilment of his mission. Among those captured with him, the Prince recognizes his good old priest, Archolon. The Elf-King visits the Prince, and bids him keep up heart, as some one is coming to aid him. The Green Knight appears, guided by a forest sprite. He strikes the suspended shield, which summons the Black Knight, who at once challenges him to battle. They retire to a nearby glen to fight. The captives pray for the success of the Green Knight. He returns with the head of the Black Knight. He reveals himself as one sent from Heaven to aid them. The King and his knights come and find the Prince and the captives. The King offers reward to the Green Knight, but he refuses all but one service. The King must see that forever nothing but gladness abides in the grove. The command has come from God. The Green Knight bids them burn the body of Care, and gives the Prince the sword with which he slew him. He chants an ode to Beauty and is taken into the gates of Paradise.



Moffett, Chicago

MISS THAIS MAGRANE, SEEN AS FRANCES WARD IN PORTER EMERSON BROWNE'S PLAY, "THE SPENDTHRIFT"



THE LOVERS



A NATURAL AMPHITHEATRE WITH REAL HOUSES AND REAL TREES



THE PARENTS

The Out-Door Play at Skansen

By WILLIAM JOHNSTON

AMERICAN visitors to Sweden this last summer had the opportunity of witnessing a theatrical spectacle as novel as, and to most persons far more interesting and entertaining than, the far-famed Passion Play at Oberammergau. In a natural open-air amphitheatre at Skansen, the summer playground of Stockholm, all summer long a well-acted play, "Varmlandingarne," was given to packed benches, with real houses, real trees, and a real church as stage properties.

Though no effort was made to advertise these performances beyond the ordinary inch card in the Stockholm newspapers, and although many American and other tourists undoubtedly came and went without being aware of the treat awaiting them, so well did the Swedish people themselves patronize the new departure that for over two months nine performances a week were given. Without question the play will be repeated next summer when the great Olympic games will draw to Stockholm an unusually large number of summer visitors.

The play itself—an old folk-piece very popular all through Sweden at Christmas week and such times—a sort of Swedish "Old Homestead," is quite in keeping with Skansen. Nowhere in America is there anything that corresponds to this seventy-acre open-air museum founded by Dr. Artur Hazelius in 1891, to illustrate and perpetuate the natural history and ethnography of Sweden.

Skansen is located on a little island in the Saltsjo, not ten minutes away from the Grand Hotel in Stockholm. It can be reached by tram-car or taxicab, by boats from a dozen wharves, or by a delightful walk across a wide bridge and through the great park known as Djurgard. Keepers at the gates of Skansen, in the garb of the time of Charles XII, collect an entrance fee of fifty ore—fourteen cents. Within you are free to wander through the Napp encampment, past the bear cages, among great enclosures where are gathered all the beasts and birds of Sweden. You can peer into sixteenth century huts and inspect beautiful gardens and shrubbery that contain every flower that grows in the land. If you are wise you will have come early enough to have coffee and waffles served out under the trees with pretty Swede girls dressed in the brilliant holiday costumes of the various provinces attending you.

The play itself begins at seven-thirty in broad daylight. In fact it is not until the last act, long after ten o'clock, that any artificial light is needed, for in this northern latitude in July and August it is hardly dark before midnight. You purchase your tickets at a small booth near the Bredablick or outlook-tower, three kronors for a first-class seat, two for second and one for third.

Passing down a lane of ropes you find yourself in a natural amphitheatre where there have been placed plain wooden benches with backs that will seat 1,500 persons. The amphitheatre, bounded on either side by a shrub-hidden lane, looks down on a small level place where stand two real houses among real trees. One of them, two stories high and painted, is a rich man's dwelling. Across the green is the log hut of a poor woodcutter, only one story—an actual hut brought from a far distant village and set up there. By the door of the hut stands a peasant's rush broom and before it a chopping block. From the green a lane leads down a little hill past a little white, frame church, like the hut, a real church of fifty years ago.

Even if you are unfamiliar with Swedish it is easy to follow the story. The rich man has a son and a daughter. The daughter gets engaged with her parents' approval. The neighbors come to congratulate her. By the third of the six acts there is a wedding. A feast is spread on tables outside the house. The peasants come and dance as the fiddlers play. Meanwhile the son of the house, a poetical songster, has been making love to the beautiful daughter of the poor wood-cutter. There are angry scenes with his parents. The wood-cutter's family are slighted at the wedding feast. The poor girl has another suitor, too, her father's helper, a bashful bumpkin who, as he woos her, tears off branches of the trees and eats the leaves—an excellent portrayal of nervousness. She rejects this lover for the rich man's son.

The rich man sternly forbids his son's marriage, and has the banns announced for his marriage to another. The boy runs away. After the son's departure the girl goes crazy and wanders about, her disheveled hair bedecked with flowers. The boy's disappearance and the girl's madness bring the two fathers together, but just as they have become reconciled, the girl throws herself into a lake. Here, especially, the scene is remarkably realistic. The demented girl pushes aside the branches of real bushes and disappears, and a few seconds later there is the splash of a body falling into the foliage-hidden lake.

Her lover, of course, happily returns home just in time to rescue her and there is a second wedding. The old wood-cutter at this wedding gets too much to drink and his antics delight the audience.

Nothing has been omitted to lend realism to the picture. Smoke rises from the cottage chimney, the church bell rings, lights appear in its windows and you hear Swedish hymns sung. At the weddings the guests come driving up in the odd two-wheeled vehicles of old-time Sweden. Three of the celebrated Swedish folk-dances are introduced at each wedding, the dancers all dressed in the vivid scarlet that marks the peasant holiday clothes. The only musical accompaniment is that of three fiddlers in knee breeches and long coats.

While the actors for the most part are the peasants who are employed in Skansen, several of the best known players in Sweden have the leading rôles.



White CROWDS OF ENTHUSIASTIC THEATRE FANS WAITING TO SEE MISS KNOWLES WHEN THE ACTRESS LEAVES THE STAGE DOOR AFTER THE PERFORMANCE

Seventy Weeks of Stock in New York

By ANNE PEACOCK

IT is not yet ten years ago when "The Great Ruby" was about to appear at the Walnut Street Theatre, Philadelphia, that there was a call for "extra people." At the very end of the procession was a slim, young girl, her hair in "pig-tails," and her skirts scarcely reaching to her shoe-tops. After some slight hesitation she approached the box-office with a mixture of diffidence and determination.

"I want to go on as an extra woman," she announced bravely. The box-office man considered her. "Well," he remarked. "We've engaged all the people we need. You haven't had any experience, have you?"

"Yes, I have," retorted the girl. "I've played all the leading parts in our Church Temperance Society's plays."

She was interrupted by a hearty laugh from the second man in the box-office.

"So you want to go on the stage?" he asked.

"Yes, I do," said the girl, fixing hopeful eyes on his smiling, handsome face.

The man drew out a card and wrote on it: "Please give this young lady, who is a friend of mine, a position as extra woman."

"There," he said, handing the card to her, "Give that to the stage-manager, and—good luck!"

After she had received the coveted position, the girl looked at the card. It bore the name of Chauncey Olcott. And only a few weeks ago, Priscilla Knowles, leading woman of the only stock company in Manhattan, laughed over the incident with Mr. Olcott, and gratefully acknowledged that her career began with his card and his good wishes. Over a "dish of tea," Miss Knowles reviewed the years that intervened between the Church Temperance Society in Philadelphia and the present New York stock company.

Creston Clarke had taken her on tour that same year, and Miss Knowles pays grateful tribute to his memory. "He was a great Shakespearean actor," she said. "And he taught me—oh, so much! He was never recognized as he deserved. After his death, I was with Stuart Robson. Then I had a year of starring in dramas of the type that Florence Roberts plays—strong emotional rôles. I was leading woman in stock in Portland, Ore., and in San Francisco and Los Angeles. Then here."



White PRISCILLA KNOWLES
Leading woman of the only permanent stock company in Manhattan

And for over seventy consecutive weeks Miss Knowles has played the leads at the Academy of Music—a "barn of a place," one calls it, yet it is filled every night and every afternoon, six days in the week. She has not missed one performance of all these eight hundred and forty, and in the sixty plays produced, she has not once "repeated" a gown! Surely the days of the old stock companies are over. Then, one might, with ingenuity, remodel a black satin or a yellow silk, and with a new over-dress of net or lace, achieve a novelty. Audiences are more critical and more sophisticated now-a-days. In her cozy apartment near Gramercy Park, Miss Knowles has packed away gowns to the value of $7,000, and the truth of this statement is vouched for by an insurance policy. A clever French woman devotes her entire time to making gowns for Miss Knowles. Even for costume-plays, the actress prefers to have her dresses made especially, rather than rent the costumes, as is usual.

"It is very wearying and very difficult," she says of this matter of clothes. "In some plays, I have as many as five or six changes, and to select the gowns and have them fitted take time that often should be given to rest. But I believe in the importance of clothes to the actress—not only for their effect on the audience but for their effect on the actress herself. I know that I couldn't work so well if I dressed Zaza in the negligée in which Camille died the week before! And then, our audiences have in them always many people from the East Side—working



Pach JOSEPHINE WHITTELL
Seen as Bertha Burnham in "The Little Millionaire"



Sykes CECIL KERN
Plays Esther in the revival of "Ben Hur"



White CARRIE REYNOLDS
Leading soubrette, who will be seen shortly in "Jacinta"

girls who are very loyal to us all. It means self-denial, usually, for them to come to the theatre, and often, I am sure, the weekly visit to the Academy is almost their only recreation and pleasure. I couldn't give them anything less than the very best that I can offer in every way," she said simply and with unconscious graciousness.

It is this kindly and gracious nature which, possibly quite as much as undoubted talent and good looks, has won for Miss Knowles an admiration and loyalty which are not without their embarrassing features. The policeman in the vicinity watches for the hour when Miss Knowles leaves the theatre after the performances; not only to protect her, on occasion, from too insistent admirers, but also to keep the street clear for traffic. It is one of the sights of the neighborhood. After the Saturday matinée, two policemen are always on duty at the stage entrance, for the crowds along Fourteenth Street average four to five hundred persons. Miss Knowles slips into a convenient restaurant and waits until the coast is clear before venturing home. She laughs over it all very good-naturedly, straightens her hat, and says nothing. But she clings to the friendly giant in blue until the doors of the restaurant shut out the crowd. The East Side is more demonstrative than is Broadway.

"And there are always the letters and the presents," she adds.

"Begging letters, friendly notes from strangers — all sorts of letters. 'Mash notes?'" Miss Knowles dismisses them with an effective gesture toward the scrap basket. "New York is worse than the West for that sort of thing. Sometimes these notes are funny. One I received recently was from a minister here, offering me his heart and hand. I was just the sort of woman to help him in his work, he wrote! I'd never even seen the man.

"Oh, it's hard work—stock," she admits. "But it's a good training school—the very best, I firmly believe. It's bad to stay in stock too long, though. One acquires tricks and mannerisms, and then, too, no one can stand it for very long and do good work. It seems to me that I spend my life fitting clothes, rehearsing, playing one part, trying to learn another part for next week, and trying to forget the part I played last week. Literally, I've been Eliza in 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' one week and Zaza the next. I've jumped from 'The Girl of the Golden West' to 'The County Chairman,' or some other ingenue part. It may make one versatile, but it's certainly hard work. If it were not for the kindness and consideration with which our manager, Mr. Fox, surrounds us, I don't see how I could have gotten through this year without missing a single performance.

"And 'what next?' Oh, I haven't thought much about it, but I suppose that I shall leave stock—some day. Several of the Broadway managers have made me offers, but I'm afraid of Broadway. Our stock audiences have time to learn to like us; if we don't make a hit one week, we may have a better opportunity the next. But in a production, one stakes everything on the first throw of the dice. And Broadway is not so kind as the East Side. Perhaps that is just why," confessed Miss Knowles with a laugh, "that, though I'm afraid, still I want to conquer Broadway."



Bang CHARLES J. ROSS
This well-known actor, seen some time ago in "Mme. Sherry," has been appearing recently in vaudeville

New York is a curious town, as well as a big one. Here in the Academy of Music, one of the oldest and best-known of the city's theatres, with its huge orchestra space crowded, its many boxes filled, its two balconies and its gallery closely peopled twice every week-day, yet even persistent theatregoers uptown have an idea that "New York wouldn't support a stock company!"

"Anyway, I think that seventy consecutive weeks with twelve performances a week, and not one of them missed, is really rather a record, isn't it?" she queried.



Moffet SALLIE FISHER
Appearing as Modest Suzanne at the Liberty



Strauss Peyton JOSEPH SANTLEY
Seen as Webster Choate in "The Never Homes" at the Broadway recently



White GERTRUDE VANDERBILT
Seen as Yvette in "The Red Widow" at the Astor

Strange Theatrical Coincidences

By EDWARD FREIBERGER

LIFE is full of coincidences. Therefore, we often say that history repeats itself. Sometimes we note how certain events are linked together by a similarity in dates. Occasionally we discover a career in which the figure thirteen dominates with startling frequency. And once in a while, but not frequently, certain memorable events are joined together, as it were, by a double, or even a triple, set of coincidences.

No one who has ever studied the life of William Shakespeare has failed to be impressed by the fact that the master dramatist of all ages passed away on his birthday, so that April 23 stands prominently upon every tablet to his memory. And it remained for a maniac, Mark Gray, of St. Louis, to select Shakespeare's birthday as the most appropriate day in the year for making an attempt on the life of Edwin Booth.

It was on April 23, 1879, at McVicker's Theatre, Chicago, during a performance of Shakespeare's "Richard II," that Mark Gray, standing in the first row of the balcony of the theatre, fired two shots at Edwin Booth, who was impersonating Richard II. Both bullets missed their mark. Mr. Booth secured one of them, which had found its way into the woodwork of the scenery, had it mounted in a gold cartridge, and wore it on his watch chain. He had it inscribed: "To Edwin Booth from Mark Gray."

There were two notable coincidences in the career of Edwin, for he passed away on the *twenty-fourth* anniversary of his marriage to Mary McVicker, his second wife. When Mrs. Booth passed away, it was on the *forty-eighth* anniversary of the birth of Edwin Booth. In other words, Edwin Booth was born November 13, 1833, while the second Mrs. Booth (Mary McVicker), passed away November 13, 1881. Booth married Mary McVicker on June 7, 1869, and answered the final summons on June 7, 1893.

Edwin Booth's name suggests Ford's Theatre, Washington, which, after the assassination of Lincoln by John Wilkes-Booth, was converted into a storehouse for certain records of the War Department. On June 9, 1893, several floors collapsed, so that the interior of the building had to be completely reconstructed. At present it is used as a repository for the records of the United States Pension Bureau. And June 9, 1893, was the day on which Edwin Booth was buried, the accident taking place while the funeral was in progress in New York.

The collapse of Ford's Opera House had something of a parallel when, not many years ago, the huge dome of Robinson's Opera House, Cincinnati, fell in. The name of the play then on the boards was, "Under the Dome."

The number thirteen has been most prominently in evidence in the career of Daniel Frohman. For a while it seemed as if every important event of Mr. Frohman's career centered in some way or other about the number thirteen. The manager has thirteen letters in his name. There are thirteen letters in Lyceum Thetre, which was originally the inspiration of the late Steele Mackaye. Steele Mackaye also had thirteen letters in his name. The principal actor at the Lyceum, when it was opened in 1885, with Steele Mackaye's "Dakolar," was Robert Mantell, who has likewise thirteen letters to his credit. The first big success at the Lyceum was "One of Our Girls," by Bronson Howard. Both title and author have thirteen letters. The most pronounced success in this play was made by a young actor named Edward H. Sothern, who employs thirteen letters when writing his autograph. In after years, when Mr. Sothern became one of Daniel Frohman's stars, and they were about to sign the contract, Mr. Sothern became nervous when he discovered that the day was a Friday, and the thirteenth of the month. He begged Mr. Frohman to postpone the signing just one day, but the latter remonstrated with Sothern. Mr. Sothern finally acquiesced, although he had his misgivings. These were dispelled, however, when he found himself a tremendous success, receiving as much as fifty thousand dollars a year from Daniel Frohman, and twice that sum several years later from Charles Frohman.

To Madame Fremstad

Triumphant mistress of the singer's art,
Inspired interpreter of Wagner's soul,
An actress great of spirit, mind and heart,
And beauty, to complete the perfect whole!

What flame is burning there behind your eyes?
What is the secret of your thrilling power?
The soul of Genius, in a frail disguise,
The perfume of a glowing, tropic flower.

An audience of thousands hold their breath,
Your music and your presence fill the air;
Isolde's burning passion ends in death,
But leaves a living woman trembling there.

M. F. W.

One of Mr. Sothern's biggest hits was made in "The Highest Bidder." You will find exactly thirteen letters in the words, "Highest Bidder." Furthermore, there were just thirteen characters in the play. At this time Daniel Frohman's literary advisor at the Lyceum was the late Henry C. DeMille, and he, too, had thirteen letters in his name. Among the prominent members of Daniel Frohman's first stock company at the Lyceum were Herbert Kelcey, Charles Walcot, Walter Bellows, Herbert Archer, and Georgia Cayvan, each a pronounced favorite with a name of thirteen letters. Later prominent additions to the company included James K. Hackett, Edward J. Morgan, Grace Elliston and Mary Mannering, each with a name of thirteen letters. In later years Mr. Frohman starred Cecilia Loftus, who had thirteen letters to her credit, and who, in London, had been a great favorite at four theatres, each of which had exactly thirteen letters, namely, Tivoli Theatre, Gaiety Theatre, Empire Theatre and Lyceum Theatre. At the last-named theatre Miss Loftus supported Sir Henry Irving in "Faust."

Sir Henry Irving's career was not without its coincidences, for "Becket" was associated both with his birthday and the day of his death. He selected his birthday for the first production of the play, and it was in "Becket," years afterwards, that he appeared on the day of his death, which happened to be a Friday, October 13, 1905.

One evening Sir Henry told the present writer how, some years previous, he had missed an old friend and wondered why he was no longer an attendant at the Lyceum Theatre in London. This was one of the most beloved and prominent divines in the British capital, Bishop Ellicott. One day Sir Henry met the Bishop and frankly asked him why he had absented himself from the Lyceum, where he was always welcomed by the actor-manager. The distinguished divine replied that he had been severely criticized by his church people for attending theatrical performances. Sir Henry was astonished that so broad-minded a man should pay any attention to such criticism, and invited him to attend one of the first performances of the new production, in which Irving was to appear as a prelate of England, namely, as Becket. The Bishop accepted, attended the performance, and was tremendously pleased. The story impressed the present writer very much at the time, and it was forcibly recalled to his mind when he received the London weeklies that chronicled simultaneously the passing of Sir Henry Irving and of Bishop Ellicott, in several instances their respective portraits appearing on the same page.

Tim Murphy, who played Maverick Brander so long in Charles H. Hoyt's amusing farce "A Texas Steer," tells how, during a performance of "A Bachelor's Romance," he, as David Holmes, had to say to the Sylvia Sommers of the play: "It's growing dark!" and at that very moment, owing to some accident to the electric wires every light in the house went out.

During the past year Louis Mann had a singular experience in a one-night stand in Texas, which made him realize that there were such things as coincidences on the stage, and that it was always the unexpected that happened. Next door to the theatre was a church. He was playing John Kraus, the old Swiss watchmaker in "The Man Who Stood Still." During the second act a number of clocks are supposed to strike the hour, one large clock having a small set of chimes. Kraus stands a moment attentively listening to these chimes, and says, in a tone of tender and child-like enthusiasm: "Sweet! Ain't it?" On this particular night Mr. Mann noticed, with alarm, that the property man, who was supposed to play the chimes in the wings, was not in his accustomed place, and felt that he would have to cut out the two words. Imagine the star's amazement and delight when, at the psychological moment, the chimes in the church next door pealed forth their joyous benediction! That night Mr. Mann laid special emphasis on his brief comment, "Sweet! Ain't it?"



White

ELSIE JANIS

Now appearing on the road in the title rôle of "The Slim Princess"

There is another coincidence, or rather a set of coincidences, to which Mr. Mann has been known to refer with pardonable interest. The present writer knows of an instance where a mother and daughter celebrate October 12th as their birthday, and of another mother and daughter whose common birthday is on October 17th. But who has ever heard of a family in which no less than seven members, covering a period of four generations, all celebrate their birthday on the twentieth day of the month? Here are the details: Louis Mann's grandfather, Samuel Mann, was born on January 20th. The latter had a son, Daniel Mann, who was born on November 20th. This Daniel Mann had three sons and one daughter, namely, Samuel, Louis, Nat D., and Mathilda Mann. Samuel was born on June 20th; Louis on April 20; Nat D. on March 20th, and Mathilda Mann on August 20th. There were no other brothers or sisters, but Miss Natalie Mann, the only child of Nat D. Mann, was born on October 20th!

While the number twenty dominates in Mr. Mann's family, Mrs. Louis Mann, who is known to the stage as Clara Lipman, finds that her career has been largely influenced by names containing exactly eleven letters. In fact, the principal characters she has portrayed on the stage have been spelled with eleven letters. For instance: Clara Lipman has eleven letters in her own name. Her first success was achieved in "Incog," in which she appeared as Molly Somers, a name of eleven letters. Her next big success was in "The Girl from Paris," in which she was



Moffett
Kathryn Ostermann in "Modest Suzanne"



Suzanne (Sallie Fisher) and her friends at the Moulin Rouge
SCENE IN "MODEST SUZANNE," AT THE LIBERTY THEATRE



Moffett
Stanley G. Ford in "Modest Suzanne"

seen as Julie Bonbon, a name of eleven letters. Then came "The Telephone Girl," in which she played Estelle Coco, a name of eleven letters. Her next hit was in "All On Account of Eliza," in which she played Eliza Carter, again a name spelled with eleven letters. Her play last season was "The Marriage of a Star," in which she played Simone Lefee, again a name with eleven letters!

Here is a musical coincidence wholly out of the ordinary. Have you ever noticed that the ten greatest composers of all times came in five pairs, both alphabetically and chronologically, and that each pair of names represented a school of music or style of composition distinctively its own? Let us admit that the two greatest composers were practically the foundation of all modern music, two great big B's,—almost at the beginning of the alphabet, namely Bach and Beethoven. Then came another pair of giants, who excelled all others in the writing of oratorios, two H's, Handel and Haydn. Proceeding towards the centre of the alphabet, in fact the absolute centre, we discover two composers whose works might well be termed the music of happiness,—genial, merry, graceful, effervescent music, two M's, namely Mozart and Mendelssohn. As we proceed along the alphabet we are confronted by a pair of composers who not only excelled in the writing of immortal symphonies, but who also revolutionized the song, and made German lieder what they are, namely two S's, Schumann and Schubert, exactly as far removed from the end of the alphabet as Handel and Haydn are from the beginning. And last, but not least, as we come still nearer to the end of the alphabet, we behold the names of the two distinguished composers of the nineteenth century who created a new school of opera, two W's, namely von Weber and Wagner. You will observe that each pair of composers lived in practically the same period, and possessed striking resemblances in their style. And please note the blending of what might be termed the alphabetical and chronological progression: B., H., M., S., and W!

Speaking of Wagner, it is well to remember that his entire career was a succession of thirteens and its double, twenty-six. First of all, there are thirteen letters in the name of Richard Wagner. He was born in the year 1813. He took his first important step in life when he was just twice thirteen, for at the age of twenty-six he left Riga for Paris, with a letter of introduction to Meyerbeer, and the score of "Rienzi" under his arm. He wrote exactly thirteen operas, namely: "The Fairies," "Das Liebesverbot," (based on Shakespeare's "Measure for Measure"), "Rienzi," "The Flying Dutchman," "Tannhaeuser," "Lohengrin," "Das Rheingold," "Die Walkuere," "Siegfried," "Die Goetterdaemmerung," "Tristan und Isolde," "Die Meistersinger" and "Parsifal." The thirteenth day of the month was conspicuous when he produced "Tannhaeuser" and "Lohengrin" in Paris. And on July 26 (again twice thirteen), 1882, he produced for the first time his thirteenth opera, "Parsifal." And when he passed away in Venice in February, 1883, it was on the thirteenth day of the month!

But the composer of "Die Nibelungen Trilogy" was not the only Wagner who was influenced by the number thirteen. The great German naturalist, Moritz Wagner, was born in Bayreuth on



Chickering
BONITA
Appearing in vaudeville and to be starred next season in a musical comedy

October 3d, the year being 1813! Another was the German physician, Rudolf Wagner, also born at Bayreuth, on July 30, 1805, and who passed away at Goettingen in May, 1864, on the thirteenth day of the month. It is also something of a coincidence that the two last-named Wagners should have been born in the little Bavarian town made famous later by Richard Wagner!

Eleanor Robson, who recently retired from the stage, was also affected by the number thirteen. She has thirteen letters in her name. The first part that she played on the stage had thirteen letters, namely, Marjorie Deane, in "Men and Women." Three of her prominent rôles in after years were Merely Mary Ann, Nurse Marjorie, and Vera, the Medium, each with thirteen letters. Her mother, Madge Carr Cook, has thirteen letters in her name. But no one has as yet intimated that the principal reason why Miss Robson married August Belmont was because he, too, had thirteen letters in his name.

That the number thirteen exerts a strange influence on the stage is well shown by the following illustration: A year ago, one of the biggest successes on Broadway was "The Fortune Hunter." The words "Fortune Hunter" have thirteen letters. Its author was Winchell Smith, a name of thirteen letters. It was produced at the Gaiety Theatre, likewise with thirteen letters. The manager of the company was Bert Feibleman, with thirteen letters. The manager of the theatre was Fred Zimmerman, with thirteen letters. And the star of the play also had thirteen letters, John Barrymore!

Any one studying the theatrical history of the City of Chicago will be confronted by several coincidences that are truly remarkable. There have been three large theatre fires in Chicago, namely, Rice's Chicago Theatre; the Columbia Theatre, and the Iroquois Theatre. At each fire the name of John J. McNally was conspicuous in the front of the house, and in each instance the fire took place on the thirtieth day of the month!

When Rice's Chicago Theatre—the first playhouse to be built in Chicago—was destroyed by fire, it was on July 30, 1850. Over the door at one side of the main entrance was a sign reading: "JOHN J. McNALLY." This man had a shop of some sort in front of the theatre, and was intimate with manager, players and the public. When the Columbia Theatre burned down it was on March 30, 1898, and the play then in evidence was "The Rogers Brothers in Wall Street," by John J. McNally. But there was absolutely no relationship whatever between the Chicago shopkeeper of 1850 and the Boston playwright of 1898. When the Iroquois Theatre was burned it was on December 30, 1903, and the play was "Mr. Bluebeard," adapted for the American stage by John J. McNally!

Some time in or about the year 1835 Joseph Jefferson, the father of the late Joseph Jefferson (Rip Van Winkle), found himself practically stranded in the little city of Springfield, Ill. The aldermen or town trustees of Springfield insisted upon a theatre license so high that it was prohibitive, and Mr. Jefferson concluded that it would be impossible for his company to appear there. While in this dilemma Mr. Jefferson was called upon by a young lawyer, of Springfield, who informed him that he was fond of the theatre and believed in fair play, and that he would do all in his power to have the license removed. The young lawyer, who was then but twenty-six years of age, pleaded with the city fathers of Springfield, told a few stories, and won his case. Mr. Jefferson and his company then appeared at the local theatre to the delight of all Springfield. Among the members of this company were Mr. and Mrs. Alexander MacKenzie, the latter a sister of the elder Mr. Jefferson, and the first woman to play Mrs. Malaprop in "The Rivals" in this country; Mrs. David Ingersoll, another sister of Mr. Jefferson; Charles Burke, the late Joseph Jefferson's half-brother, and James S. Wright. On October 17, 1837, these same players and a few others took part in the very first theatrical entertainment ever given in the City of Chicago, namely, in the dining-room of the old Sauganash Hotel, the play being "The Idiot Witness." Twenty-five years later a structure, known all the world over as The Wigwam, was erected on the site of this primitive pioneer playhouse, and was the scene of the first convention of the Republican party. And here, on May 18, 1860, the young lawyer, who had befriended Mr. Jefferson in Springfield, was nominated for President of the United States! His name was Abraham Lincoln! And five years later, on May 1, 1865, when Mr. Lincoln's funeral took place in Chicago, one of the pallbearers was John B. Rice, who had built the first theatre ever erected in Chicago.

Another phase of coincidence is found in the fact that when anything goes wrong during a stage performance, the next spoken line usually emphasizes the accident. Many years ago the present writer witnessed a performance of "Romeo and Juliet" at Dohaney's Opera House, which was situated over Dohaney's Livery Stable in Council Bluffs, Ia. This was before the days of electric light. Jane Coombs played Juliet, and O. H. Barr was the Romeo.

(*Continued on page vii*)

The "Fly-by-Nights"

A wearisome, restless,
Bohemian life,
A world with its pleasures,
And worries and strife.

A jumble of make-up,
And hotels and train,
Of sleep interrupted,
Of walks in the rain.

But troopers are optimists
Facing the light,
"Whatever the last town,
A new one to-night!"

D. M.



Moffett Mrs. Clayton Fitzhugh (Olive Harper Thorne) — Frederick Norman (James K. Hackett) — Clayton Fitzhugh (Vaughan Trevor)

Scene in Louis Evan Shipman's dramatization of David Graham Phillip's novel, "The Grain of Dust"



The world's greatest artists

make records only for the world's greatest musical instruments—

Victor and Victor-Victrola

As the world's greatest opera stars make records only for the Victor, it is self-evident the Victor is the only instrument that does full justice to their magnificent voices.

And as the Victor reproduces the actual living voices of these famous artists in all their power, sweetness and purity, it is again self-evident the Victor is the one instrument to provide you not only the gems of opera but the best music and entertainment of every kind.

Whether you want grand opera or the latest song "hits", or vaudeville, or minstrel show, or sacred music, or band selections—whatever you want—you get it at its best only on the Victor.

Hearing is believing. Any Victor dealer in any city in the world will gladly play any Victor music you wish to hear and demonstrate to you the wonderful Victor-Victrola.

Victor-Victrolas $15 to $200. Victors $10 to $100.

Always use Victor Records played with Victor Needles—there is no other way to get the unequaled Victor tone.

Victor Needles, 6 cents per 100; 60 cents per 1000

Victor Talking Machine Co., Camden, N. J, U. S. A.

Berliner Gramophone Co., Montreal, Canadian Distributors



Victor

New Victor Records are on sale at all dealers on the 28th of each month



THE first essential to hair health is a clean, well-nourished, healthy scalp, and this is best secured by systematic shampooing with

Packer's Tar Soap

(Pure as the Pines)

Because it contains pure pine tar, combined with other hygienic and cleansing agents adapted especially to the needs of the scalp.

Used regularly and systematically as a shampoo it exerts a tonic, nourishing effect on the scalp that is reflected in the lustre and growth of the hair. The benefits from Packer's Tar Soap are prompt and positive.

Send for our booklet of practical information, "How to Care for the Hair and Scalp." Mailed free on request.

The Packer Mfg. Co., Suite 87v, 81 Fulton St., N. Y.





Chiclets

REALLY DELIGHTFUL

The Dainty Mint Covered Candy Coated Chewing Gum

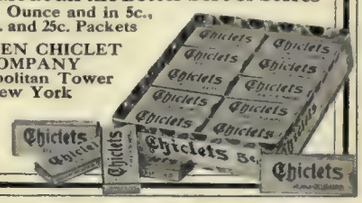
The singer's tones are more dulcet, the speaker's voice more clear, when Chiclets are used to ease and refresh the mouth and throat. The refinement of chewing gum for people of refinement. It's the peppermint—the *true* mint.

Look for the Bird Cards in the packages. You can secure a beautiful Bird Album free.

For Sale at all the Better Sort of Stores

5c. the Ounce and in 5c., 10c. and 25c. Packets

SEN-SEN CHICLET COMPANY
Metropolitan Tower
New York



MURRAY & LANMAN'S Florida Water

"THE UNIVERSAL PERFUME"



No lady's dressing-table, no gentleman's shaving-stand, no club-man's locker, no traveller's satchel, no bath-room, no person nor household, can be considered fully equipped without a bottle of this exquisite, unrivaled, century old favorite, MURRAY & LANMAN'S FLORIDA WATER. There is nothing that will so add to the pleasure of the many, varied, elegant uses in the daily care of the person.

ACCEPT NO SUBSTITUTE!
SOLD BY ALL LEADING DRUGGISTS

Sample mailed on receipt of six cents to defray mailing charges.

LANMAN & KEMP 135 WATER STREET NEW YORK

Pears' Soap

furnishes all the skin needs, except water.

Just how it cleanses, softens and freshens the delicate skin-fabric, takes longer to expound than to experience. Use a cake.

Sold in Every Quarter of the Globe



AGAINST cold weather, use **Crème Simon,** the famous beauty preparation which protects the skin from redness and all irritations, giving it whiteness and velvetlike appearance.

POWDER AND SOAP

M. LEVY, Sole U.S. Agent, 3 East 17th Street, New York



Discouraged About Your Complexion?

Cosmetics only make it worse and do not hide the pimples, freckles, blackheads or red spots on face or nose.

Dr. James P. Campbell's Safe Arsenic Complexion Wafers will purify your blood, cleanse and beautify the skin, and give you a fresh and spotless complexion.

Use these absolutely safe and harmless wafers for 30 days and then let your mirror praise the most wonderful beautifier of the complexion and figure known to the medical profession. Used by Beautiful Women for 27 years.

$1.00 per Box. (Full 30 day treatment.)

We guarantee as freshly packed and of full strength, only when boxes have Blue Wrapper, bearing our printed guarantee. Sold by all reliable druggists or sent by mail prepaid in plain cover from

RICHARD FINK CO., Dept. 51, 415 Broadway, New York City

Write for free booklet and testimonials to-day.

LABLACHE
FACE POWDER

WINTER, WOMEN AND BEAUTY

Wind and cold touch only to enhance the loveliness guarded by LABLACHE. It freshens the skin, softening away the wrinkles and conferring a youthful daintiness of complexion. Used by beautiful and refined women the world over.



Refuse substitutes.

They may be dangerous. Flesh, White, Pink or Cream. 50c. a box of druggists or by mail. *Send 10c. for a sample box.*

BEN. LEVY CO.,
French Perfumers, Dept. 26,
125 Kingston St., Boston, Mass.

Grace Morrissey. Copyright 1911



Her Best Friend

After all, beauty is a woman's best friend. She who possesses it is always remembered with tender thoughts. Let it be your highest aim, then, to preserve or acquire this priceless gift—use *the one toilet cream of purity and quality*—use ELCAYA

CRÊME ELCAYA

"Makes the Skin Like Velvet"

protects it from the harsh winter weather; keeps it soft, clear, inviting. ELCAYA is the delight of the well-groomed American woman—the first choice of those who demand the *best that money can buy.*

All Dealers, Nation-Wide, Sell ELCAYA

CRÈME ELCAYA, CERAT ELCAYA
SAVON ELCAYA, POUDRE ELCAYA

Sample for 2c. ***Send Dealer's Name***

James C. Crane, Sole Agent, 108D Fulton St., N.Y

BRUCE McRAE

(*Continued from page 63*)

leading man I have played many kinds of characters. Do you remember a play of Galsworthy's, 'The Silver Box'? In it I played a drunken Cockney. It was my favorite part. We played it about nine times. I have always wished I might play a clergyman who goes down to the slums to work, but who is equally at home in a drawing-room. There is a chance for contrasts and for dramatic situations, a chance for him to meet a settlement worker, and love interest, I suppose, would follow. But I've stopped giving much thought to what I would like. What I would most like is to give the public what it wants. That is, success.

"My ten years have been fortunately spent under the best management. Mr. Frohman cannot give as much attention to one play as can managers who produce fewer plays. While one man may produce one, he produces four or five. But he always comes to rehearsals at the last, sees everything, and improves everything. He lays his hand with wonderful quickness on any weak point. Mr. Fiske is a great stage director, one proof of which is that Mrs. Fiske, herself a great director, follows his suggestions. Mr. Belasco's reputation for perfection of detail is well deserved.

"My decade as a leading man has brought me no fears of the passing of that class of player. There must always be a man to play the leading male part, and without a leading male part there is no play." ADA PATTERSON.

GREAT BEAR SPRING WATER
50 cts. per case—6 glass-stoppered bottles

AT THE OPERA

(*Continued from page 52*)

for appendicitis. Geltzer is a very excellent dancer, but scarcely comparable in chic and grace with Pavlowa. They presented "Le Lac de Cygnes," which proved a great bore. "The Russian Wedding" was much more delightful, and best of all was a single performance of "Coppelia," which was spiritedly done. Their engagement at the Metropolitan has now been ended for the season.

There remains but little space to be devoted to the concert rooms, so only the most important events may be touched upon. One of these was the first American appearance of Wilhelm Bachaus, a German pianist of English fame. He played Beethoven's "Emperor" concerto with fine dignity and breadth, and proved beyond any doubt his solid musicianship, and displayed a fine technique. Another pianist, Lhevinne, a Russian known from former years, also made his debut of the season, playing a colossally dull Rubinstein E-flat concerto. Still another familiar pianist who came back was Harold Bauer, playing with customary suavity and seriousness for which he is noted.

Emma Eames and her recently wed husband, Emilio de Gogorza, baritone, appeared together for the first time since their marriage, singing in concert. She has not gained in artistic stature, but still sings well, and his voice was appealing.

Last and by no means least, was the one visit in a dozen years of the Theodore Thomas Orchestra, from Chicago. Since its founder's death it has been conducted by Frederick A. Stock, who was then heard and seen here for the first time and proved that he was an excellent conductor, sound in training and with splendid control of his forces. He gave a most brilliant reading of Strauss' "Don Juan," and a good sane reading of both Brahms' Second Symphony and Beethoven's "Coriolanus" Overture. His men played with obedience and considerable dash. It is an orchestra that has much improved with years, and Chicago may well be proud of this band of men. The soloist on this occasion was Albert Spalding, American violinist, who played for the first time Elgar's violin concerto. The latter work will never storm heavens with its beauty. It is tremendously long and as difficult, and has its "moments," but as a whole it will scarcely ever tempt violinists to put it into their permanent repertoire.

The famous Boston Symphony paid its usual visit, two concerts long and aroused usual enthusiasm—and there have been other orchestral concerts without number, and recitals too, in every quarter of New York. No music hungry individual has gone away with unappeased appetite.

COINCIDENCES

(Continued from page 72)

During the chamber scene all the lights in the primitive auditorium, consisting of a circle of gas jets in the ceiling of the theatre, went out. The janitor finally came, with a long pole and a light at one end, to renew the illumination. Strange to say, the very first line spoken after the lights went out was:

"Night's candles are extinguished, and jocund day
Stands tiptoe on the misty mountain top!"

On another occasion "Romeo and Juliet" was again the play. It was during the Balcony Scene. Julia Marlowe was the Juliet; the late Robert Taber, Romeo, and Mrs. Sol Smith, the Nurse. It was in October, and steam heat was being used for the first time that season. Juliet was on the balcony. The steam pipes made a perceptible protest. The Nurse called to Juliet The steam pipes became more obstinate. The Nurse called again, and then there came a crash as if all the steam pipes were in anger and revolt. Imagine Juliet's next line spoken to Romeo: "I hear some noise within!"

Another accident occured that same evening during the duel scene between Romeo and Tybalt, the latter played by the late Joseph Franceur. Tybalt's foil slipped and caught Romeo's wig at the right temple, throwing it into the footlights. Romeo's next line, spoken without a wig, was wholly appropriate: "I am fortune's fool!"

It is a matter of stage history that a certain actor, who was cast for the rôle of the First player in "Hamlet," had imbibed somewhat too freely before he made his first entrance. He managed to get through his first scene with Hamlet and Polonius; but when he appeared in the Play Scene in Act Three he was either affected by the heat, or by another drop or two in his dressing room, the result being that he was unable to utter more than the first three words of his first speech in that tremendously dramatic scene. These three words were: "Full thirty times!"

Sometimes a stage coincidence gains additional interest from its singular appropriateness to the occasion. The large audience that witnessed Miss Eleanor Robson's last performance in "The Dawn of To-morrow," just before her marriage to the multi-millionaire, Mr. August Belmont, was deeply impressed by the musical significance of the last line spoken by Miss Robson as Glad: "I'm going to be took care of!"

And no one will ever forget that Sir Henry Irving's very last line on the stage, in "Becket," spoken at the Theatre Royal. Bradford, Eng., less than an hour before his sudden passing on, was: "Into Thy hands, oh Lord, into Thy hands!"

GREAT BEAR SPRING WATER
50 cts. per case—6 glass-stoppered bottles

New Victor Records

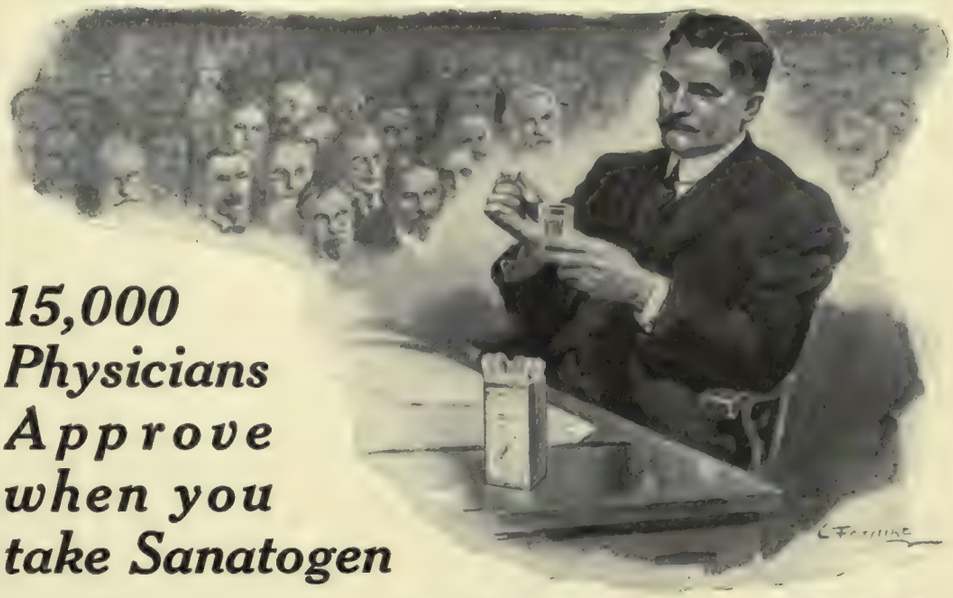
The four Caruso solos and the Caruso-Amato duets, which were issued in December, are repeated for the convenience of customers.

"Ballo in Maschera"—*Barcarola,* (with Metropolitan Opera Chorus), (Verdi); *Eternamente,* (Mazzoni-Mascheroni); "Bohême," (Puccini); *Core'ngrato,* (Carolli).

ENRICO CARUSO-PASQUALE AMATO RECORDS.—"Forza del Destino," *Duetto, Atto IV—Invano Alvaro!* (Verdi); "Forza del Destino," *Duetto, Atto IV—Le minaccie, i fieri accenti!*

THREE MORE WONDERFUL AMATO REPRODUCTIONS.— "Gioconda," *Barcarola, "Pescator, affonda l'esca"* (with Metropolitan Opera Chorus), (Ponchielli); "Barbiere de Siviglia," *Largo al factotum,* (Rossini); "Otello," *Brindisi, "Inaffia l'ugola"* (Metropolitan Opera Chorus), (Verdi).

"Wonderful" is a strong word, and its use is justified in very few cases, but no apology will be offered for its employment in describing the reproduction of Amato's voice which the Victor has made. Wonderful indeed they are, and the Victor is proud that it has been able to preserve such a voice as this for all time. Three additional records are offered this month, all favorite selections of the baritone, and from operas in which he has been most successful. His singing of the famous *Largo* is a marvelous performance, while the "Gioconda" and "Otello" numbers are gloriously sung, with a rousing refrain by the Metropolitan Chorus, in charge of Signor Setti, the Metropolitan's competent chorus master. The entire scene in which the "Otello" *Brindisi* occurs is given, Setti and Bada giving adequate support to the baritone.



15,000 Physicians Approve when you take Sanatogen

—approve by their written endorsement of this remarkably successful food-tonic.

The opinions of this splendid body of practising physicians have followed *actual test of Sanatogen*, and such a mass of opinion has a weight that may well give confidence to everyone who turns to Sanatogen for help.

HELP—not magic, not makeshift, not stimulant—*real help* to an exhausted nervous system—that is the "secret" of Sanatogen, that is the basis of the enthusiastic approval of medical men who know that nerves to be helped must be *fed.*

Nerves have their own hunger, and their hunger brings the rebellion that disturbs the balance of health. Every function of the body feels the depression and disturbance—sleep, digestion, mental efficiency, all are affected, and reaction aggravates the trouble. The one practical answer to this nerve hunger is *food,* a specific food that will give to the nerves the nourishment they have failed to gather from the daily food of the body.

Sanatogen's scientifically combined elements of nerve strength, purest albumen and glycero-phosphate of sodium, go straight to the points of weakness. They restore the losses and in that way *rebuild* and revitalize the system. They cheer and invigorate by the logical *natural* means of *meeting the demand.* If *you* will try Sanatogen you will find that this multitude of physicians and the wide groups of famous men and women who have written of it so enthusiastically have but spoken for a universal need of the human system.

This Remarkable Book FREE

We ask you earnestly to get acquainted with Sanatogen. Investigate our claims first if you like and we are only too glad to have you do so. Ask your doctor about it, and in any case write at once for our book, "Our Nerves of Tomorrow," written in an absorbingly interesting style, beautifully illustrated and containing facts and information of vital interest to you. This book also contains evidence of the value of Sanatogen which is as remarkable as it is conclusive.

Sanatogen is sold in three sizes, $1.00, $1.90, $3.60

Get Sanatogen from your druggist—if not obtainable from him, sent upon receipt of price.

THE BAUER CHEMICAL CO. 47 East 17th St. Union Square, New York

Copyright, 1911, by The Bauer Chemical Co.

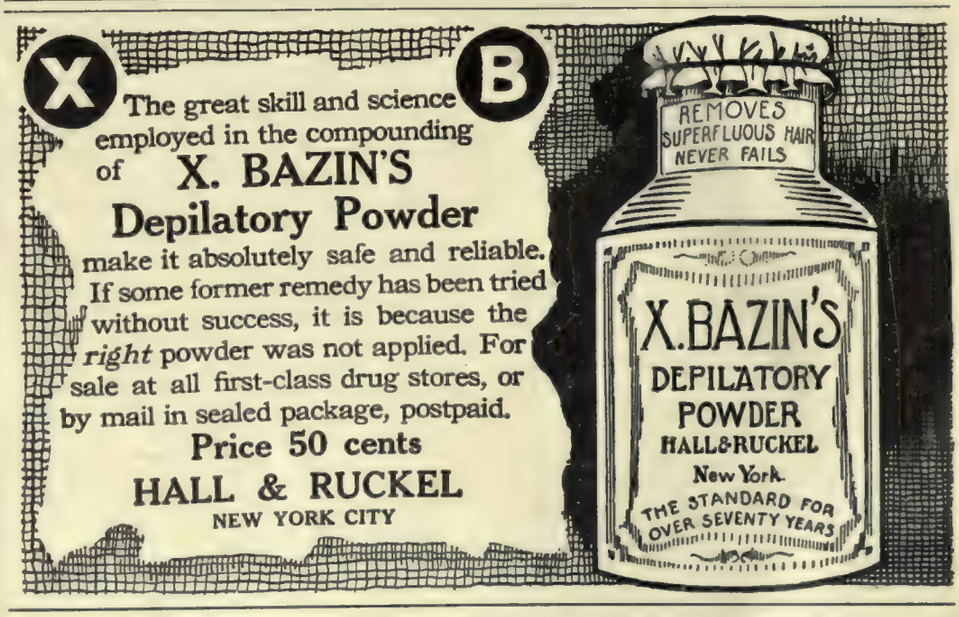
Sir Gilbert Parker, M. P.
The eminent novelist-statesman, writes from London:
"Sanatogen is to my mind a true food-tonic, feeding the nerves, increasing the energy and giving fresh vigor to the overworked body and mind."

Lady Henry Somerset
The prominent social reform advocate, writes:
"Sanatogen undoubtedly restores sleep, invigorates the nerves and braces the patient to health. I have watched its effect on people whose nervous systems have been entirely undermined, and I have proved Sanatogen to be most valuable."

Arnold Bennett
The famous novelist, writes:
"The tonic effect of Sanatogen on me is simply wonderful."

David Belasco
The eminent dramatic author, writes:
"It gives me pleasure to let you know the wonderfully beneficial results I have experienced from the use of your Sanatogen. It has a most invigorating effect upon the nerves and I heartily recommend it to all those who, like myself, are obliged to overwork. After my personal experience I can readily vouch for its recuperating qualities."

David Warfield
The beloved actor, writes:
"I am pleased to say that Sanatogen has done all you claim for it. It not only restores the appetite but is a real blood-builder and is a remarkable revitalizer for an overworked nervous system."



A unique and exclusive feature of the THEATRE MAGAZINE is the Fashion Department. Do not fail to read the suggestions and pointers of our Fashion Editor, an authority of both continents.

Since the decision rendered by the United States Supreme Court, it has been decided by the Monks hereafter to bottle

CHARTREUSE

(LIQUEUR PÈRES CHARTREUX)

both being identically the same article, under a combination label representing the old and the new labels, and in the old style of bottle bearing the Monks' familiar insignia, as shown in this advertisement.

According to the decision of the U. S. Supreme Court, handed down by Mr. Justice Hughes on May 29th, 1911, no one but the Carthusian Monks (Pères Chartreux) is entitled to use the word CHARTREUSE as the name or designation of a Liqueur, so their victory in the suit against the Cusenier Company, representing M. Henri Lecouturier, the Liquidator appointed by the French Courts, and his successors, the Compagnie Fermiere de la Grande Chartreuse, is complete.

The Carthusian Monks (Pères Chartreux), and they alone, have the formula or recipe of the secret process employed in the manufacture of the genuine Chartreuse, and have never parted with it. There is no genuine Chartreuse save that made by them at Tarragona, Spain.



At first-class Wine Merchants, Grocers, Hotels, Cafés.
Bätjer & Co., 45 Broadway, New York, N. Y.
Sole Agents for United States.

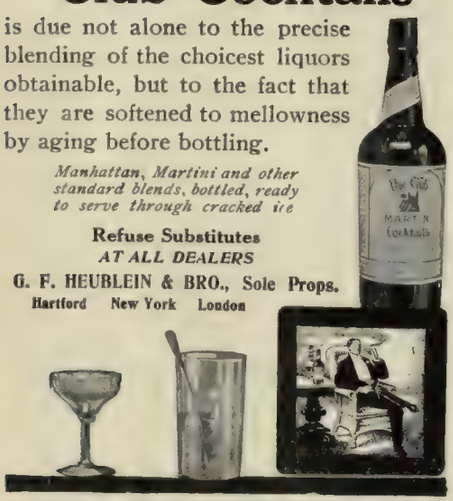
The aging of a cocktail is as necessary to perfect flavor as the aging of wine or whisky.

The delicious flavor and aroma of

Club Cocktails

is due not alone to the precise blending of the choicest liquors obtainable, but to the fact that they are softened to mellowness by aging before bottling.

Manhattan, Martini and other standard blends, bottled, ready to serve through cracked ice



Refuse Substitutes
AT ALL DEALERS
G. F. HEUBLEIN & BRO., Sole Props.
Hartford New York London

COOK'S

IMPERIAL

Extra Dry

America's Popular Most Champagne



SINCE 1859

Rich, Delicious Flavor and Exquisite Bouquet

At All First Class Restaurants, Hotels and Clubs

Served Everywhere

Holland House

Fifth Ave. & Thirtieth St.
NEW YORK CITY

Famous Many Years
as the Centre for the most Exclusive of New York's Visitors

Comfortably and Luxuriously
appointed to meet the demand of the fastidious or democratic visitor

Royal Suites—Public Dining Room—Private Dining Saloon for Ladies—Rooms Single or Ensuite—New Grill—After Dinner Lounge—Buffet

All that is best in hotel life at consistent rates

Booklet, HOLLAND HOUSE
5th Ave. and 30th St.
Near underground and elevated railroad stations

THE
EMPIRE STATE ENGRAVING
COMPANY
190 WILLIAM STREET, NEW YORK
Telephone: 3880 Beekman

PLAYS Large List of New Professional and Amateur Plays, Vaudeville Sketches, Stage Monologues, New Minstrel Material, Jokes, Hand-Books. Operettas, Musical Pieces, Special Entertainments, Recitations, Dialogues, Speakers, Tableaux, Games, Drills, Wigs, Beards, Grease Paints and Other Make-up Goods. Catalogue Free. T. S. DENISON & CO., Dept. 33, Chicago.

ACTING ALVIENE SCHOOL OF STAGE ARTS
Dramatic Arts, Musical Comedy and Stage Dancing

Now twentieth year at Grand Opera House Bldg., Cor. 23d St. and 8th Ave., New York. Our Students Stock Company and Theatre assure practical training. New York Appearances and Engagements. Such celebrities as Mr. William Faversham, Gertrude Hoffmann, Ethel Levy, Pauline Chase, Harry Pilcer, Julia Opp, Anna Laughlin, Joseph Santly, Barney Gilmore, Mlle. Dazie, etc., taught by Mr. Alviene. For information and illustrated booklet of "How Three Thousand Succeeded," address the SECRETARY, Suite 10 as above.

Dickens on the Stage

(*Continued from page 49*)

plays, if there was such a wealth of material in the man? The answer is very simple. He sold the thing for which there was an overwhelming demand in those days—the serial novel. His first great success was "The Pickwick Papers," published in serial form. There was still another reason, Dickens, even at the height of his fame, was always in financial hot water. He had inherited his father's improvident business methods. The proof of it is that his daughters are practically without means to-day, and so dire was their necessity, that the British Government has given his two single daughters a pension of £25 a year. Then again, in those days there was no International copyright by which he and his family could be protected. Had there been, Dickens might have easily been a millionaire, for no author has been such a craze as Dickens, and in all languages.

And naturally Dickens wrote the one best seller. He had no time to write plays. Admitting these conditions and facts, then why did his books, made into plays, make such bad plays? If one will look back at the book-play madness or craze, only a few years ago, one will also see a similiar result. Plays were made over night out of the best seller—the book of the hour. Exactly the same thing happened to Dickens' books. The plays were thrown together—always to exploit some one actor who saw himself in one of the characters. You see history does repeat itself. But this was not the only reason why the plays failed. At the time Dickens was alive there was, naturally, a great deal of reverence for the author's ideas, and the attempt was made to crowd into the play all of the book that could be crammed into it. The method, of course, that should have been employed, would have been to dramatize those characters in the book, whose lives touched in the book itself, and who could be shown in a play moving through a coherent and logical dramatic proposition.

One tremendous difficulty with all of the books is the number of *locales* in one book, and the hopeless manner in which his characters travel about, so that, to assemble these people under one roof requires a *tour de force* on the part of the adapter. The favorite plan was to follow the *dramatis personae* of the book all over the map, splitting the play into a number of scenes, and asking the auditor to follow suit. Dickens' books contain 100,000 words or over; the modern novelist contents himself with fifty or less, so that the supreme question always became a survival of the fittest. Then there were always so many fine things in the books not really hanging on the main thread of the story. We cite one instance of this kind in "The Tale of Two Cities," chapter IV. Madame Defarge and Miss Pross face each alone in the room. Defarge has come to hunt down Lucie. All the doors of the room, four, were open, indicating flight. Pross realizing why Defarge has come, closes all the doors and puts her back to one. The two women face each other. PROSS: "You might, from your appearance, be the wife of Lucifer. Nevertheless, you shall not get the better of me. I am an Englishwoman."

Think of the effect of those lines on an English speaking audience. And of the scene and fight that follow between the two, and the Englishwoman's victory. And yet, no acted version of the book, of which this writer is cognizant, contains this scene. Numberless scenes and situations in all of his books go by the board.

Of the charge of grotesqueness against his characters when seen upon the stage, it is possibly true for the stage itself, because there are so many types that they kill off each other. It is all character, no variety, or rather too much variety of one kind. And in later years public taste, as created by the manager, runs to plays of current events, or *genre* plays.

Dickens died June 8, 1870, and lies buried in Westminster Abbey—that Hall of Fame of old England.

GREAT BEAR SPRING WATER
50 cts. per case—6 glass-stoppered bottles

New Dramatic Books

THE STORIES OF THE RUSSIAN BALLET. By Arthur Applin. Illustrated. 96 pp., with half-tone portraits. Edition de luxe. $3.50 net. New York: John Lane Company.

ON THE ART OF THE THEATRE. By Edward Gordon Craig. Illustrations by the author, selected from his collection of designs for stage scenes and costumes. 296 pp. Chicago: Browne's Book Store.

CHAPTERS OF OPERA. By Henry Edward Krehbiel. New and revised edition. Records concerning the lyric drama in New York from its earliest days down to the present time. With over 70 illustrations. New York: Henry Holt & Company.

"THE MIRACLE"

(Continued from page 44)

feast of the nun and the Prince; the intervention of the King, and a scuffle in which the King kills his own heir. Thence we leap to a grim scene. The nun is on the downward path. The Inquisition has her in its clutches; she is said to be a witch. The ghastly hooded figures bring her for trial amid a raging mob; she comes riding on the rack, with the executioner's axe borne by a negro behind her; and not till her head is bowed for the stroke is she rescued by the King and by the effect of her beauty on the fickle mob. We see her next as a camp-follower, a baby in her arms; and as she lies exhausted on the ground there passes a long procession of the men who had tossed her one to the other, till the last was a common soldier. And throughout every scene, her evil genius, that Spielmann with his pipe, has hopped and hovered and grimaced, bringing death and misery to all who have dealings with her.

"In the end she breaks away. In the convent, the old chants, the old rules, the old life have been going on just the same, except that the pedestal under the towering canopy is empty. We see it occupied again before the close, for the figure that left it returns to it and puts on again the gold crown and robe. And it is the nun's dead baby which takes the place in the empty arms of that Child which disappeared miraculously under the nun's sacrilegious touch. The convent makes its erring sister welcome, and not even the pipe of the Spielmann, heard outside the cathedral doors, can draw her again from her recovered peace."

GREAT BEAR SPRING WATER
50 cts. per case—6 glass-stoppered bottles

THE NEW PLAYS

(Continued from page 42)

human character. Paul Wilson goes to Hawaii in search of the bacilli of leprosy. He is an up-to-date, alert young American. With him, duly chaperoned, goes Diana Larned. They are tentatively engaged. Hardly has he set foot on shore on the Puna Coast than he falls under the spell of a native princess, Luana. He is duly warned by one "Ten Thousand Dollar Dean," a beach-comber, a derelict of the most pronounced kind, and has fallen victim to the insidious climate and the native drink, which he consumes in vast quantities. But Wilson fails to heed the warning. Instead of pushing upwards to the highground—there is true symbolism in all this—he vacillates, yields to the lure of his siren, and decides to wait over for the next steamer. It is his undoing, for in the succeeding act he is found married to his dusky charmer—his abject slave—a wreck from the native drink, the shattered, feeble apology for his once assertive self. Captain Hatch, a planter for politically commercial reasons, endeavors to persuade Luana to assert her royal rights, aided by the superstitious entreaties of her own people. This he succeeds in doing, but not until the contrast is shown in the regeneration of Dean, who, under the stimulating influence of Miss Larned's teaching and example, has become a man once more and discovered the very secret Wilson started out to solve. The opening scene of the third act is hazy in its development, and the political intrigue in which Wilson and his wife are involved is not over-clear, but another contrast is provided in the difference between the two natures and races as they approach the problem, and to appease the angry goddess, Pele, typified in the volcano Kilauea, Luana resolves to make the sacrifice and throw herself into the fiery crater. This self-abnegation is preceded by a wild, weird scene of song and incantation.

"The Bird of Paradise" is a wonderful entertainment. It possesses truth, poetry, picturesqueness and sustained illusion. Its weak points do not detract from the real enjoyment, they simply mar a work which otherwise would be a genuine masterpiece. The production itself is beautiful in its idyllic treatment, and will become even more effective when certain lapses in stage management have been corrected.

It is not too much to say that real genius is displayed by Miss Laurette Taylor as Luana. It is an impersonation that for beauty of treatment, sensuous grace and charm, innate dignity, feminine coquetry and poignant pathos deserves a place among the ambitiously great accomplishments of the modern stage. Very dramatic is Guy Bates Post in the first phase of Dean, the



From a Photograph Showing the Last Step in Locating the Exact Center of Population of the United States.

"The Center of Population"

A Title that Fits Every Bell Telephone

From the census of 1910 it is found that the center of population is in Bloomington, Indiana, latitude 39 degrees 10 minutes 12 seconds north, and longitude 86 degrees 32 minutes 20 seconds west.

"If all the people in the United States were to be assembled in one place, the center of population would be the point which they could reach with the minimum aggregate travel, assuming that they all traveled in direct lines from their residence to the meeting place."

—U. S. Census Bulletin.

This description gives a word picture of every telephone in the Bell system.

Every Bell telephone is the center of the system.

It is the point which can be reached with "the minimum aggregate travel," by all the people living within the range of telephone transmission and having access to Bell telephones.

Wherever it may be on the map, each Bell telephone is a center for purposes of intercommunication.

To make each telephone the center of communication for the largest number of people, there must be One System One Policy and Universal Service for a country of more than ninety million.

AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY
AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES

One Policy *One System* *Universal Service*

To California on the Famous "Sunset Limited"

New All-Steel Pullman Equipment

With every known Modern Travel Convenience—For the Man—For the Woman—For the Child

Semi-Weekly Between

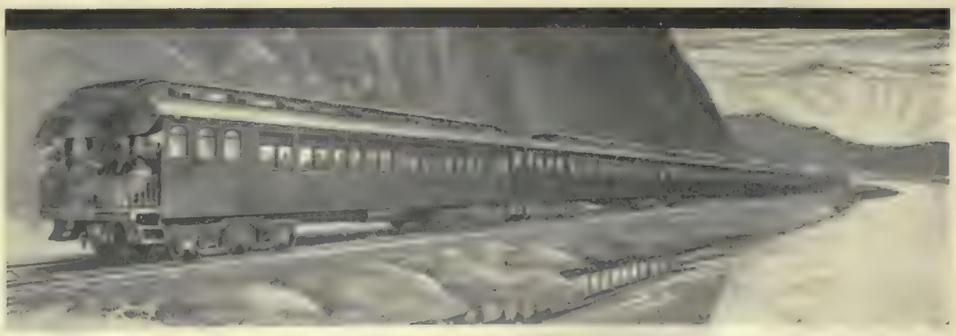
New Orleans Los Angeles San Francisco

The Natural Winter Route—24 Hours Saving in Time

Let us send you beautifully illustrated books about this Train and Route. Mention 3 books.

Southern Pacific Sunset Route

L. H. Nutting, G. E. P. A. **366 or 1158 or 1 Broadway, New York**



Madam—

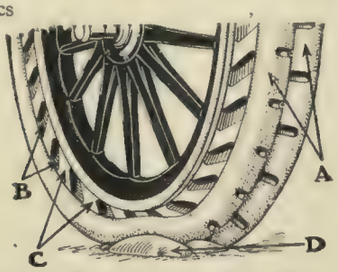
Punctured Tires on Electric Cars Are Utter Folly

How utterly foolish to pay two to five thousand dollars for an electric pleasure car, *equipped with pneumatic tires,* and thus be constantly annoyed by *punctures* and *blow-outs!*

Surely you do not realize that there is now a tire to which punctures, rim-cuts and blow-outs are unknown.

And that this tire, unlike solid or truck tires, will make your car just as easy-riding as any properly-inflated pneumatic tire.

This remarkable tire is the *Motz Cushion Tire,* now used by thousands of owners of pleasure electrics



Pneumatic resiliency is accomplished by means of *double, notched treads, undercut sides, slantwise bridges and secret processed rubber.*

A—in the picture shows double, notched treads.

B—shows undercut sides.

C—shows slantwise bridges.

D—shows how perfectly the tire absorbs shocks when car passes over an obstacle (from actual photographs).

Twenty-two electric car makers are equipping their cars with Motz Cushion Tires (*even though it costs them more*) just to give you an *easy-riding* car with *trouble-proof tires.*

Note, too, the *economy* of these tires. They never need repairs. And they are guaranteed, in writing, for 10,000 miles—two years. Few pneumatics give 3,000 miles service, no matter how well they are cared for.

For Motz Cushion Tires fit any standard clincher, universal quick-detachable or demountable rim.

When you buy your electric see that you get Motz Cushion Tires. And henceforth, at all times, whenever you buy tires, let them be those that are free from all tire troubles and yet easy-riding.

Send us your name and we will mail you the latest Motz booklet 149, together with letters from owners of pleasure electrics equipped with *Motz Cushion Tires.* Please mention make and model of your car.

The Motz Tire and Rubber Co.

Factories and Executive Offices, AKRON, O.

BRANCHES

1737 Broadway, New York; 2023 Michigan Avenue, Chicago; 999 Woodward Avenue, Detroit; 409 East 15th Street, Kansas City

We also Manufacture Demountable Solid and Cushion Tires for Commercial Cars.

MOTZ Cushion Tires

(196)

THE LAKEWOOD HOTEL

THE HOTEL THAT MADE LAKEWOOD FAMOUS

LAKEWOOD, N. J.

Now Open Under the Direction of Mr. Louis Frenkel, of the Hotel Kaaterskill, Kaaterskill, N. Y.

Lakewood is one hour and thirty minutes from New York City, and for its climate, its pine trees and its wonderful dry air it has no equal.

Prospective patrons going to Lakewood will find the Hotel Lakewood one of the best managed hotels in the world.

Special inducements will be made for parties who wish to spend the season at this wonderful resort.

There is also in connection with the hotel one of the finest 18-hole golf courses in America.

The hotel will be conducted on the most exclusive lines on the American plan.

F. H. NUNNS, Mgr.

derelict, while the varying changes of the character of Wilson are portrayed with graphic fidelity by Lewis S. Stone. A characteristic portrait of Captain Hatch is supplied by Theodore Roberts, while three carefully differentiated portraits of local life are contributed by Ida Waterman, Albert Perry and Robert Harrison. Pamela Gaythorne is a refined and pleasing Diana, and a kindly and sympathetic missionary and his wife are sketched by W. J. Constantine and Mrs. Estar Banks with refreshing truth and humor.

BROADWAY. "THE WEDDING TRIP." Comic opera in 3 acts. Music by Reginald De Koven. Book by Fred. De Gresac and Harry B. Smith. Produced December 25th with the following cast:

Szigetti, Charles Angelo; Ignace, George Madison; Candide, Grace Emmons; Celeste, Dorothy Morton; Fritzi, Christine Nielsen; Felix, John McCloskey; Captain Josef, Arthur Cunningham; Corporal Johann, John Rogers; Corporal Oscar, Martin DeLaney; Drummer Boy, L. Parmet; Aza, Dorothy Jardon; Lotta, Fritzi von Busing; Lieutenant Niklas, William Brandt; Lieutenant Leo, John Crawford; Major Vathek, Albert Busby; Basilie, Gwen Dubarry; Willie Barnet, Joseph Phillips; Mafta, Edward Martindale.

The *locale* of this piece is not commonplace America, but far-off Dalmatia, where thrilling loves and violent jealousies admit of any complication, and bright colors afford opportunities for striking contrasts. If François had not deserted his regiment, it would never have happened. Felix, a bashful young man, has just been married to Fritzi, a village belle. While Fritzi is giving him his first lesson in love, Captain Josef appears with word that François, the twin brother of Felix, has temporarily deserted his regiment, and if François does not appear at a certain time, he will be shot like a dog. The well-meaning Captain tears Felix from his bride, that Felix may pose as his brother François, and thus save his life. To increase the difficulties, François has been elected leader of a detachment which is to ferret out and exterminate Mafta and his band of brigands. So interested are all the relatives, friends and neighbors of Felix and Fritzi, and Fritzi herself, that they all follow Felix to his post of duty.

As a soldier, François has been "a devil among the women," and Felix, of course, falls heir to all of his attachments, becoming involved in more or less amusing affairs of the heart. The brigand and his band capture the whole crowd, Felix, Fritzi, relatives, friends and neighbors, and bear them off to their mountain retreat, which is fitted as an up-to-date hotel. A wealthy American buys the place of Mafti that he may bottle the water of the miraculous spring upon the premises; so when the search-party of soldiers come after Felix they cannot touch Mafti, as he is no longer the proprietor. Felix is about to be shot for neglect of duty, when the commanding officer falls in love with a beautiful gypsy, who wants the supposed François spared, and all ends happily and to everybody's satisfaction.

Christine Nielsen, as Fritzi, was upon undeniably sympathetic terms with her audience, and had a charm that became her exceedingly. Grace Emmons, as Candide, younger sister of the bride, was a bit vociferous and indistinct at times, but on the whole did good work.

BIJOU. "THE STRANGER." Comedy drama in three acts by Charles T. Dazey. Produced December 21 with the following cast:

Mandy, Harriet Brent; Cassius Hoover, William Frederic; Venetia Warrington, Ouida Bergere; Theophilus Pinkney, A. S. Byron; Howard Carter, Malcolm Williams; Hugh Pearsall, Henry Hall; Judge Carter, Frank Sheridan; General Randolph Warrington, Howard Hall; Mary Warrington, Muriel Starr; John Marshall, Wilton Lackaye; Frederick Terrill, Louis Thomas.

"The Stranger" has nothing to do with the old English drama of the same name, harking back to the days of Macready and the elder Booth. It is Charles T. Dazey's latest offering, on the worthy theme of the industrial regeneration of the grand old State of Virginia by the means of Northern capital in the hands of Wilton Lackaye, who assumes with some outward plausibility the rôle of John Marshall, builder of the Richmond-Danville trolley line and terror of the shiftless old F. F. V.'s. The villain, Howard Carter (Malcolm Williams), also bears a gilt-edged Virginia cognomen, but he turns out to be a fake C-y-arter, and a false alarm in general.

The star, and practically the whole cast, talk with a Lambs' Club "Southern" accent that would hardly pass muster below Mason and Dixon's line; and the story wanders far afield from its practical theme, to lose itself forever in a sentimental Chickahominy swamp. However, John Marshall finally proves that he had the goods, and is himself good enough for the fair Mary

Warrington, a daughter of the unreconstructed Confederate general.

Mr. Lackaye is personally a man of fine ability and a good actor, and no doubt he will find fitting plays for his venture.

BIJOU. "THE RIGHT TO HAPPINESS." Play in three acts by Gustave Guiche and P. B. Ghersi. Translated by F. G. Fay. Produced January 11 with the following cast:

Le Beal, Louis Thomas; Renaud, Walter H. Regan; Marcelle Renaud, Julia Hay; Blanchard, Francis X. Conlan; Countess de la Moliniere, Sybella Pope; Count de la Moliniere, A. S. Byron; Francois Desclos, Wilton Lackaye; Count Jacques d'Arvant, Wedgwood Nowell; Fritois, Yvonne, Harold Rowe; Pauline Clermain, Muriel Starr; Henriette Desclos, Adelaide Keim; Office Boy, Arthur J. Vallancourt; A Clerk, Simonelli, Harold Rowe.

The idea of this piece is good, but as presented and acted here failed to please. A man who has gained wealth by hard toil marries a silly woman of fashion, who spends his money and is carrying on an affair with a polished individual socially superior to her plebeian husband. He discovers the situation. In the meanwhile he becomes interested in his private secretary, an attractive and pure-minded girl, whom he saves from an indiscretion. She had informed him of his wife's affair. He wavers a little in his conduct toward her, and there is an admirable scene in which his advances are repulsed and her worth discovered. The husband finds that his wife is hopelessly infatuated, and agrees to provide means for a divorce to be procured by her so that she can marry her lover. The lover has no intention of marrying her and gives various excuses, but when he finds that he cannot get her in any other way he agrees to do so. The curtain falls as the husband writes to the pure-minded girl announcing that their way is clear to happiness in marriage. When divorce by civil procedure was adopted in France a few years ago the playwrights took up the subject and discussed every phase of it in scores of plays. This is one of them. The particular theme of "The Right to Happiness" is not in itself disagreeable, and in the original the study of character was admirable. Severe judgment on the piece itself is not required. It is the case of a good idea gone wrong in the handling and the production and acting. The humor of the episodes was forced. A poet constantly recites from his works to no comic purpose. Mr. Lackaye had good scenes now and then and was consistent in character, but the character was made harsh and uninteresting. Adelaide Keim, as the wife, wore a light and frivolous part heavily and essayed emotion with a character incapable of emotion.

CRITERION. "THE GRAIN OF DUST." Play in four acts, by Louis Evan Shipman. Founded on David Graham Phillips' novel. Produced January 1 with the following cast:

Frederick Norman, Mr. Hackett; William Tetlow, E. M. Holland; Isaac Burroughs, Frazer Coulter; Edward Lockyer, Frank Burbeck; Clayton Fitzhugh, Vaughan Trevor; James Galloway, Charles Stedman; Timson, Fred A. Sullivan; Clerk, Daniel Jarrett, Jr.; Mrs. Clayton Fitzhugh, Olive Harper Thorne; Josephine Burroughs, Pauline Neff; Dorothy Hallowell, Izetta Jewel; Maid, Mabel Inslee.

When James K. Hackett, under his own management, opened with "The Grain of Dust" on the first of the year at the Criterion Theatre, he was unfortunate in not having the kind of piece that would add to his reputation. Whether or not it follows the novel upon which it is founded, is lost in the fact that it is not a good play. Louis Evan Shipman has done little in the way of making it so. It would fail utterly but for the saving performance of earnest actors. Dramatization is hazardous work at best; it wants first a good book, and secondly a dramatist who has his art at his fingers' ends.

Frederick Norman, a rising young member of a large New York firm of corporation lawyers, engaged to marry Josephine Burroughs, a society girl, gives rise to scandal by evidencing his love for Dorothy Hallowell, one of the firm's stenographers. Dorothy is "a grain of dust that has gotten into his eye, and is causing great inflammation." As Norman refuses to give up Dorothy, Josephine breaks the engagement, and her father, Isaac Burroughs, declares he will hound Norman to ruin. Criticized by his firm, which is threatened with loss of business through the scandal, Norman resigns. While Dorothy does not love Norman, and tells him so, she consents to marry him because she cannot support herself as a stenographer. Eighteen months later, as Norman's wife, she has not yet come to love him, and runs away for no particular reason. Burroughs has driven Norman to such financial straits that he lives in secret fear of the petty and insistent tradespeople. Billy Tetlow, who, upon Norman's recommendation, has filled the position left vacant when Norman resigned, introduces Norman to Galloway, a big operator, who is fighting Burroughs in the courts. Galloway retains Norman as his lawyer, and gives him

Rauch & Lang Electric

No Other Electric Is Controlled Like the Rauch & Lang

There's a point about Rauch & Lang Electrics that's vitally different from anything in any other car. It is the Rauch & Lang control—the utter simplicity of it.

Here is a lever that does all the driving through the simple motions of pushing it forward and pulling it back. It starts the car slowly, without a jerk. It increases the progress with a gradual flow of power. No "jumping" from one speed to another. It retards the car with an electric brake—you simply pull the lever back. It grips the wheels tight and stops the car instantly if pulled all the way back. And it is, of course, the natural impulse to pull it way back in emergencies.

There can be no mistake with this lever—no matter in what position it is—no matter at what speed—for all power can be instantly shut off by simply dropping the hand on the metal ring at rear of handle. But the lever must first be brought back to neutral before the car can start. Accident thru forgetting is thus made an impossibility. Twelve-year-old children drive Rauch & Langs. There was never a vehicle simpler to operate. This control alone is a vital reason why you should see this car.



The new Rauch & Langs are on show in your city. You'll be delighted with their beauty and their mechanical excellence.

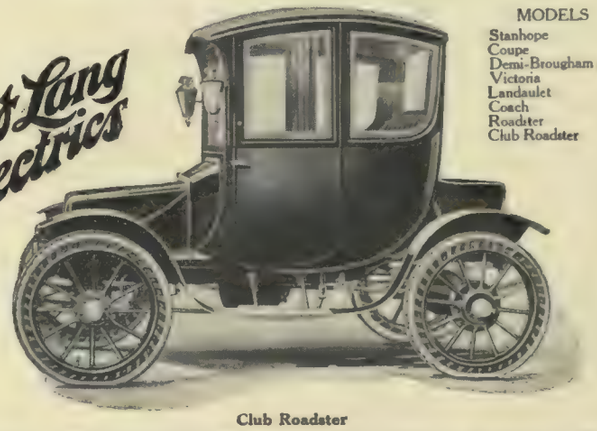
Send in your name now for an early demonstration.

The Rauch & Lang Carriage Company Cleveland Sixth City

2328 West 25th Street

Rauch & Lang Electrics

MODELS
Stanhope
Coupe
Demi-Brougham
Victoria
Landaulet
Coach
Roadster
Club Roadster



Exide Battery standard equipment. Special Electric Pneumatic or Motz High-Efficiency Cushion Tires optional.

Club Roadster



"You choose the colors, we'll make the rug."

THREAD and THRUM RUGS are made seamless, of pure wool or camel's hair, in any width up to **16 FEET** and in any length, color or combination of colors. 65 regular shades—any other shading made to match.

Send for color card and name of nearest dealer.

Thread & Thrum Work Shop
Auburn, N. Y.

California Bungalows

Third edition *California Bungalow Homes* now ready, $1.00 postpaid. 128 richly illustrated folio pages of beautiful Bungalows outside and in. Costs and details given. **The Accepted Authority on Real Bungalows.**

Smaller book MODEL BUNGALOW PLANS, showing 38 ideal small homes, 25 cents postpaid

THE BUNGALOWCRAFT CO., 404 Chamber of Commerce, LOS ANGELES, CAL.



PROGRAM CLOCKS

for automatically ringing bells at stated intervals are a great modern convenience. By their use any number of bells in any number of different rooms may be rung at any times desired during the day. Prentiss 60-day clocks are the only 60-day clocks manufactured in the world.

Also Electric, Synchronized, Watchman's and Frying-pan Clocks.

Send for Catalogue No. 69

THE PRENTISS CLOCK IMPROVEMENT CO., Dept. 62, 92 Chambers St., N. Y. City

A UNIQUE and exclusive feature of the THEATRE MAGAZINE is the Fashion Department. Do not fail to read the suggestions and pointers of our Fashion Editor, an authority of both continents.

AMERICAN ACADEMY OF DRAMATIC ARTS

Connected with Mr. Charles Frohman's Empire Theatre and Companies

Recognized as the Leading Institution for Dramatic Training in America

BOARD OF TRUSTEES
Franklin H. Sargent, President
Daniel Frohman — John Drew
Benjamin F. Roeder — Augustus Thomas

Founded in 1884

For catalog and information apply to the Secretary
Room 152, Carnegie Hall
New York

Diamond Tires



THE dealer who sells you DIAMOND TIRES is thinking of *your* profit as well as his own–he is "tire-wise" –and believes in trading up–rather than trading down.

¶ He can buy cheaper tires than DIAMOND TIRES, and make a larger one-time profit, but he cannot sell you *better* tires.

¶ The dealer who sells you DIAMOND TIRES can be depended upon when he sells you other things—he believes in service—in integrity. He's reliable.

In addition to dependable dealers everywhere, there are FIFTY-FOUR Diamond Service Stations. Diamond Service means more than merely selling tires—it means taking care of Diamond Tire buyers.

We could build them cheaper
But we won't
We would build them better
But we can't

The Diamond Rubber Co
AKRON, OHIO

District Subscription Managers Wanted

In every locality where we have not yet appointed a district manager to look after our subscription interests, we offer a splendid opportunity to the right sort of person. We want a hustling, energetic man or woman who will put out our advertising booklets, collect renewals of expiring subscriptions, but most of all push out after new business. The work need not occupy more than your spare time, and if you possess the right sort of energy you will find it not only very interesting and pleasant but also exceptionally remunerative. Our district managers handle both of our magazines, *L'Art de la Mode* and *The Theatre Magazine*. If you have some time that you would like to turn into good money

YOU CANNOT AFFORD TO OVERLOOK THIS PROPOSITION

Send your application at once to
THE SUBSCRIPTION MANAGER

THE THEATRE MAGAZINE : 14 W. 38th ST., NEW YORK

full swing. Norman refuses to follow his wife, and will stay and fight Burroughs to the death. At the end of six months, he has run Burroughs to the ground begging for mercy. But he is merciless until Dorothy returns,—again for no particular reason,—and pleads for Burroughs. Then Norman lets up. And he does not once hesitate to take the now loving Dorothy to his arms. The trouble with Mr. Shipman's work is principally that he has kept his attention upon story and nothing else. He has utterly neglected those little things that keep characters from becoming mere puppets dangled about to develop a plot, and make them living and vigorous. The early part of the piece is practically dead. A number of relations are established and nobody accomplishes anything to speak of, all because Dorothy, who would start the ball rolling if she would respond to Norman's love, has not the slightest spark of affection for anybody.

The honors of the performance go to E. M. Holland, who, as Billy Tetlow, with sly winks and wise pauses, ever aided by the absorbing contortions of two wonderfully expressive hands, provided about all of the humor that lightened the dragging piece. James K. Hackett as Norman, was entirely at ease; but at most could not accomplish the impossible task of giving sincerity to a character that contained so little sympathy.

GLOBE. "OVER THE RIVER." Musical farce in three acts by George V. Hobart and H. A. DuSouchet. Music by John L. Golden. Produced January 8 with this cast:

George, Frank M. Rainger; Jerry Cooper, Frank Wonderlee; Herbert Vanderslip, Charles L. Kelley; Bismarck Herring, Harry Hermsen; Harry Blackstone, Lester Crawford; Mrs. Madison Parke, Maud Lambert; Myrtle Billtopper, Lillian Lorraine; Hudson Rivers, Melville Stewart; Madison Parke, Eddie Foy; Sarah Parke, Edna Hunter; Charlie Gray, Osborne Searle; Lizzie, Josie Sadler; Timothy Cook, William Sellery; Warden Vokes, David Andrada; Number 89, Leavitt James; Street Singers, Jeanette, Billy and Grace Methven.

Theatregoers love to laugh. They will forgive any shortcomings in a piece so long as they are kept in good humor. No play, with Eddie Foy as a top liner in the cast, could possibly fail to attract. This popular comedian is always irresistibly funny; in the prison scene in this piece, when he is seen as a jailbird, he convulses the audience. "Over the River" is not entirely new. It is an old dish served up with new sauce, the principal incidents and the situations having already served in "The Man from Mexico." Mr. Ziegfeld, who is clever at this sort of thing, has introduced a lot of specialties which impart the glamor of novelty and freshness. For instance, in the first act, there is a sparkling, effervescent scene in a Broadway resort, where a typical "Cabaret" performance is going on, while the guests, seated at little round tables, partake of cold drinks and hot birds. This gives an opportunity for an exhibition by Monsieur Maurice and Mlle. Madeline d'Harville, of some of their extravagant dances, such as the Grizzly Bear, Turkey Trot, and other sensational gyrations, which are properly the subject of much criticism just now. Anybody seeking light entertainment, which will not put his grey matter to any great strain, will find plenty to please him in "Over the River."

LIBERTY. "MODEST SUZANNE." Operetta in three acts. Music by Jean Gilbert. Book by Georg Okonkowsky. American adaptation by Harry B. and Robert B. Smith. Produced January 1 with this cast:

Baron Dauvray, Stanley G. Ford; Baroness Dauvray, Kathryn Osterman; Jacqueline, Florence Martin; Hubert, Laurence Wheat; Professor Charcot, Ernest Torrence; Mariette, Charlotte Leslay; Rene, Arthur Stanford; Monsieur Pomeral, John L. Kearney; Suzanne, Sallie Fisher; Rose, Harriet Burt; Tina, Corrine Uzzell; Mina, Claudia Clark; Phrynette, Millie Murray; Gustave, Lester Corrish; Alexis, Sherman Wade; Emil, Ezra C. Walck; Felix, Joseph Zaino; Police Sergeant, D. Haverty; Gendarme, William Glynn.

Suzanne has won a medal for modesty, but she is not so very modest. You find that out directly the curtain goes up. In fact, she is a brazen minx, and as depraved as most of the other characters. The piece has little to recommend it. Apart from the charming personality of Sallie Fisher, who is entirely too good for such surroundings, there is nothing to attract. The humor is leaden; the situation stereotyped and uninteresting; the story unsavory. We find a father, an elderly man, supposed by all his neighbors to be a shining example of upright conduct, stealing away at midnight, when he supposes all his family are asleep, to the Moulin Rouge, where he indulges in wine and debauchery. To the same fast resort come his son and daughter, both of whom, we are told, are attracted, through heredity, to a life of reckless pleasure. It is just such worthless productions of this kind, with their underlying immoral atmosphere and rank suggestiveness, that furnish the enemies of the stage with fresh arguments

for denouncing it. And what makes the matter worse—the vulgarity is not even amusing. The one redeeming feature is Jean Gilbert's music, which is pretty and tuneful.

A Theatrical Revolution

Pittsfield, Mass., is blessed with public-spirited citizens who, when they see things going wrong, set out vigorously to put them right. Theatrical conditions in the town were not all they might be, so the better element in the place took the reins into their own hands. The following statement, made in the form of an artistic pamphlet, issued by the gentlemen concerned, tells its own story:

"It will interest you, perhaps, to know of a step taken by the people of a New England city toward the improvement of conditions which affect the stage and the theatrical profession. The city is Pittsfield, Mass., a place of 33,000 inhabitants in the Berkshire Hills. Pittsfield is a prosperous and growing town. Ten years ago a modern theatre superseded the opera house of rural tradition. The new theatre was built and conducted by gentlemen whose interest in it seemed to us to be a purely commercial one and directed almost solely from the point of view of personal profit. It was, so far as we could see, a commercial enterprise, like a grocery.

"After a time we found that we were not enjoying the theatre as much as we thought we ought to. Barring vaudeville and moving-picture establishments, this theatre, the Colonial, is the only one in Pittsfield. We began, of our own accord, to talk it over. We have no 'high-brow' notions, and we are not theatrical experts, but we believe that in a town like ours the theatre justifies a consideration not dissimilar to that which we regard our public library or our art museum.

"We have done more than talk about it. Last week we bought the theatre, and we shall try to run it in accordance with our own ideas. A corporation of fifty reliable citizens of Pittsfield now owns the theatre—men of vocations as diverse as the law, medicine, farming, trade, hotel keeping, life insurance, manufacturing, journalism, banking, architecture. We do not look upon ourselves as public benefactors, and we do not intend to lose money, but we do not care in the least about making it at the sacrifice of our idea of what a theatre should be.

"We have begun to spend $5,000 on the cleansing and reequipment of the Colonial, and we have already discovered some things which must have been sufficient in themselves to cripple the exercise of dramatic art on our stage. For instance, the condition of the actors' dressing-rooms appalled us. We are making these rooms fit for ladies and gentlemen, and we shall keep them so. We are going to spend as much money for the physical comfort of our performers as for that of our audiences; and this not merely from a motive of generosity, but also because we believe that it is sound common sense.

"Now, we are not in this thing for a fad or for the fun of it. Any advice or comment, however brief, which you may feel inclined to send us, will be gratefully received and properly used. We therefore have taken the liberty of bringing to your attention this effort of a community to make its theatre a better place of entertainment for intelligent people.

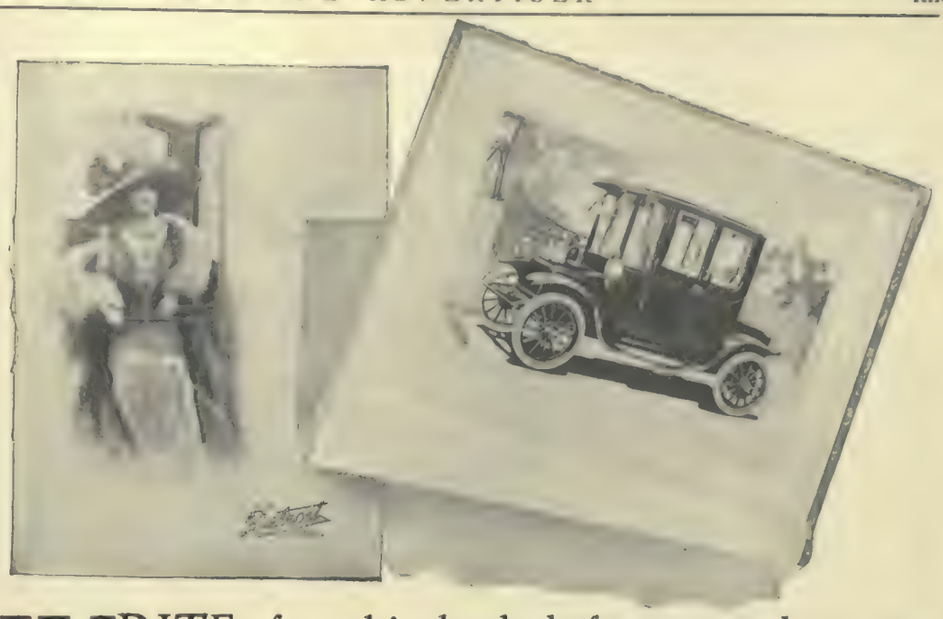
"DANIEL ENGLAND,
"LUKE J. MINAHAN,
"EDWARD BOLTWOOD,
"Executive Committee for the Directors Pittsfield Theatre Company.
"Jan. 10, 1912."

GREAT BEAR SPRING WATER
50 cts. per case—6 glass-stoppered bottles

Une Matinee Francaise

An interesting and novel entertainment will be given at the Hudson Theatre on Tuesday afternoon, February 13th, under the title of "Une Matinée Française."

It has been organized by Miss Beverly Sitgreaves and Mme. Pilar-Morin, the well-known actresses, both of whom will appear, assisted by Mr. José Ruben, now playing in "The Garden of Allah," and other well-known artists. The programme will include an act of "L'Enfant Prodigue" and "Le Passant," by François Coppée (made famous many years ago by the appearance of Mme. Sarah Bernhardt, who was then almost in her teens). There will be French songs, monologues, music, and "impressions" of the two greatest artists of the foreign stage, Duse and Bernhardt, by Miss Sitgreaves. The affair will be under the patronage of many of the most prominent society women and of distinguished French officials. Much interest has already been shown by the "smart set," and a thoroughly artistic and enjoyable afternoon is to be anticipated.



WRITE for this book before you buy any motor car. You owe it to yourself to be thoroughly informed before making so important an investment. This book tells about the features, which a high-grade, up-to-date electric automobile should have.

It gives you a *new* standard by which to judge electric car values. This book tells you the difference between the ordinary Shaft Drive and the genuine "Chainless." The "Chainless" Shaft Drive has no concealed chain or gear reductions at the motor to rattle, wear, or waste power.

It tells you about the horizontal speed controller that allows *full seat room* and permits a natural, restful position while driving—Note illustration on front of book. It tells about the double brakes (patented) that can be operated either by hand or foot or both, and insure absolute safety both to driver and car at all times.

It tells you why aluminum body panels mean so much to you and the life of your car—the advantages of "full-skirted" aluminum fenders which protect the body from the dirt and splash of the road.

In fact, this book illustrates many *exclusive*, mechanical features that mean so much to you. In addition, there are nine full page illustrations of our stunning body designs.

In deciding on an electric car, it is well to bear in mind that the manufacturers of the Detroit Electric have been *pioneers* in adopting principles of construction which are accepted as standard in up-to-the-minute automobile design. They have also been leaders in developing *new features* which should impel you to investigate the Detroit Electric before you make any automobile investment.

The Detroit Electric may be equipped with either the Thomas A. Edison battery of nickel and steel for which it has the *exclusive* use in Pleasure Cars or the Detroit Electric *guaranteed* Lead Battery. Again we suggest, write for the Detroit Electric book today.

Shaft Drive THE Detroit ELECTRIC Chainless

ANDERSON ELECTRIC CAR COMPANY

413 Clay Avenue, Detroit, Michigan

Branches:—New York, Broadway at 80th Street, Chicago, 2416 Michigan Avenue, Buffalo, Brooklyn, Cleveland, Kansas City, Minneapolis, St. Louis

Selling representatives in all leading cities

The American Playwright

Published and Edited by WILLIAM T. PRICE

15 Cents a Copy **$1.50 a Year**

THE AMERICAN PLAYWRIGHT, a monthly publication, with its first issue dated January 15, 1912, will be devoted to the technical discussion of plays and playwriting. It will give such full information as is desired and needed by students of the drama. It will be a complete record of plays produced in New York and of all published plays and books and articles worth the while relating to the technical side of the stage. Its reviews of current plays will be analytical, directed at their causes of failure or success. Its various departments will be designed to help, in a practical way, those who accept playwriting as an art. It will aim to gain the confidence, respect and cooperation of all who love truth, who realize the responsibilities of authorship and production, and who abhor sordidness, whether in private or professional life. It will be impressed with the earnest purpose to be helpful, and to validate the principles set forth in my book, "The Analysis of Play Construction and Dramatic Principle." In its special character it will be unlike any other periodical that has to do with the stage. I shall try to make it indispensable to the student.

W. T. PRICE, 1440 Broadway, N. Y. City

FREE PHOTO 10x14 inches

larger than this whole page, of, and autographed by

GABY DESLYS

Sent to every reader of the THEATRE MAGAZINE sending 20c for four tubes of

PLEXO

CLEANSING CREAM GREASELESS CREAM
EVENING WHITE DENTAL CRÊME

PLEXO PREPARATIONS, Inc.
14-16 Vesey St., NEW YORK

Bind Your Numbers of the
THEATRE MAGAZINE
See page xxiv for particulars

Marcel Journet

(Basso of the Metropolitan Opera House of New York and Paris)
penned the following in appreciation of the

Haines Bros.
PIANO



Messrs. HAINES BROS.,
437 Fifth Ave.,
New York, N. Y.

Gentlemen:—

The bell-like clearness of the tone of the Haines Bros. Piano and its sympathetic sweetness mark it as an Art Creation of the highest order.

Most cordially yours,

Marcel Journet
de l'Opéra.

HAINES BROS. PIANOS

are distinguished by designs of such exceptional elegance, veneers of such rare beauty, tone quality of such power and sweetness, an interior and exterior finish and workmanship so far beyond criticism that they appeal irresistibly to every true worshipper at the shrine of musical art.

For nearly three-score years Haines Bros. Pianos have charmed artists and connoisseurs both at home and abroad.

WRITE FOR DESCRIPTIVE LITERATURE

HAINES BROS. 437 FIFTH AVE. NEW YORK CITY

Division—American Piano Co.

The Spring Silks and Smart Suit Fabrics

By HARRIET EDWARDS FAYES

The limits of our fashion department make it necessary to confine this article to subjects of general interest. Those readers wishing more detailed information, or who have individual problems to solve, may receive suggestions thereon by sending a letter of inquiry, enclosing a stamped envelope for reply. H. E. F.

ADVANCE showings of new gowns are evidence that the French dressmakers are working on the same general lines they did the past season, which means that we shall continue to have the straight, narrow silhouette. Nevertheless, there is sufficient difference to mark the costumes as most decidedly of the new season. This difference lies generally in the details, which are most interesting and of infinite variety.

Skirts of costumes are to differ essentially from those for tailored suits in width. For the tailored skirt remains stationary around the two yard or one yard and three-quarter width, while the costume skirt seems to get narrower and narrower. Only last season a leading importer told me that he did not dare to copy his French models exactly, because the American women would not accept them, so it was both instructive and amusing to find that this season he adheres strictly to the French width. From which the conclusion must be drawn that American women have been either educated, up or down, as suits the taste of the critic, to a general acceptance of the extremely narrow skirt.

The wearers of these costumes may truly be called statuesque. There are the artistic long, soft-clinging lines of drapery, which are by no means vulgar, unless the carriage of the wearer makes them so. Indeed, thus far I have failed to see any model that was sensationally vulgar in its conception or construction. Even the slashed skirt is so cleverly treated that it has become both clever and fascinating. A model of this style was composed of black and green satin, with a cuirass of gold-figured black mousseline de soie cuirass, lightly embroidered in dull Oriental colorings. At the sides the cuirass came half way to the knees, but parted in front to admit of the slight green drapery, while below this the skirt was made of a swirl of black satin, which parted in the centre front to show a full plaiting of black mousseline de soie, which was entirely unlined. As the wearer of this costume was supposed to wear black hose and slippers, there was absolutely nothing to cavil at in the fact that the skirt was slashed half way to the knees. However, if the wearer should don hose and slippers of a contrasting color, she would certainly create comment.

There are all sort of dainty conceits in the making of slashed skirts for evening gowns, and I know of no one who carries them out better than a young dressmaker who showed me the other day a gown which she had just finished for Mrs. Reginald Vanderbilt. Mrs. Vanderbilt is renowned for her ultra smart dressing, and her slender figure and graceful carriage will certainly set off this lovely evening gown to perfection.



Gown showing panniers of silver embroidered satin over a petticoat of old blue satin meteor. Maison Maurice, Fifth Avenue

The gown itself is the softest and richest of white satin, with a ten-inch slash at either side of the skirt. These openings are disguised by a chiffon petticoat ornamented with small ruffles and tiny ribbon flowers in the delicate Pompadour colors. These furbelows will only show when the wearer moves, and therein lies their fascination. Over the white satin hung a knee-length tunic of cherry-colored chiffon, edged with a one-inch band of crystal bead embroidery, which also formed the bodice drapery where it was combined with satin and fine lace. There were odd little bits of red satin piped with green, set at various points of the costume. They were an audacious touch that lifted the costume quite out of the ordinary, as are all of the costumes made by this new firm.

As the new fashions crystallize, white serge becomes a more and more important factor for tailored suits and separate coats. The best representation of the fashionable designs in serge are to be found in the Haas Blue Book. The distinguishing feature of the really smart serge is that it is no longer cream white, but pure white, which is vastly more becoming than the cream shade. There is little likelihood of white serge becoming common, because of its price. Then, too, so much care is required in its manufacture that only the foreign mills making the finest grade cloths care to undertake its production. American manufacturers cling to the staple shade of cream serge.

One of the newest white materials is tyl-tyl. This is a soft, pliable, all-wool material with a rough, knobby surface, which somewhat resembles Turkish toweling, and has, therefore, already given rise to numerous caustic paragraphs in the daily papers anent the bathrobe costume. Nevertheless, it is a smart material, which will find its greatest use in combination with other materials, and for trimming purposes. It can be harmoniously used with both transparent and opaque fabrics, and with those made of silk, cotton or wool, so that the possibilities for its use are endless.

The Haas Blue Book of tailored suitings will give you an ad-



1. The beauty of delicate lace and chiffon is enhanced by trimming of dark fur, as shown in this lovely creation by Joseph

mirable choice of colorings and designs for the practical tailored suit, while their Blue Books of silks are quite up to the high standard of exquisite colors and materials, which have won for them the admiration of the best-dressed women throughout the country. Among the silks are some admirable serge suitings, admirable both as to color and quality. There are the popular black and white effects in endless variety, and more novel still are the double-faced suitings, which are adaptable for the construction of both tailored suits and short-skirted costumes intended for day wear. There is a lovely brown shade that is a little darker than tan, the reverse side of a peculiar light shade of blue green, then there is the always elegant dark blue, with the reverse of the new shade of cherry red. A parasol to match the gown or suit would be ultra smart, while the hat might be entirely of the shade to match the reverse side.

Changeable taffetas are shown in a wide range of colors, suitable for the construction of tailored suits, costumes for day and evening occasions. Paris, by the way, is pronouncedly in favor of the light shades of taffeta for street purposes, shades which we American women generally find more appropriate for evening use. It is probable, however, that the French women will choose to wear these light-colored taffetas only for the races and other outdoor fêtes. One must always remember, too, that where we use the trolley to a great extent, the French women use the public cabs and motors, and, therefore, they can select lighter colors than we can.

Russet brown and Paris tan will, after dark blue, be the most fashionable colors for tailored suits, but it must be remembered that white serge will largely replace the overpopular blue serge this spring.

In the stunning line of Migel Quality silks are to be found some lovely serge suitings in the black and white combinations, all white, dark blue, and the tan shades. These are of a weight that makes them suitable for the construction of the spring tailored suit as well as of the more elaborate costume. They also show a remarkable line of wash crêpes, which will be both lovely and practical for the construction of all sorts of costumes intended for midsummer wear. Another splendid silk of Migel Quality is a natural tan crinkley crêpe that somewhat resembles Shantung, and which is guaranteed to wash. It will make stunning suits, dresses and motor coats, and for the latter purpose will be far more admirable than the tan linen coats.

Indeed, the silk manufacturers have been kind enough to make several kinds of wash silks, including even washable foulards. So that since dresses consume so little material women may, indeed, have their entire wardrobes of silks. Washable crêpe de chine is being much used for undergarments, including night gowns, chemises and combinations. A white washable crêpe de chine petticoat will be highly desirable for wear under street as well as party gowns this summer. There is nothing cooler or more comfortable for summer wear than a petticoat of white tub silk, which may be made quite elaborate with trimmings of valenciennes lace.

The woman of leisure can make many of these undergarments and simple dresses as well by using a well-cut paper pattern. She then gets just the styles she likes, and knows that the garments are well made, while if she buys them ready-made, she is all too apt to find that they are fashioned in such a way that washing and ironing becomes a difficult problem, or that sufficient allowance has not been made for seams, with the result that the ready-made garment is often far from satisfactory after it is tubbed. Last summer I revelled in the possession of R and T tub silk dresses and waists, and found that they did not soil so quickly as cotton garments, and



3. A classical simplicity of lines emphasizes the richness of metallic-embroidered fabrics. The jewel-studded coiffure, with a high aigrette, is in keeping with the character of the gown. Shown by Franklin Simon & Co.

More Than A Million Miles

Most Exhaustive Automobile Test the World Has Ever Known Stands to the Credit of the Winton Six

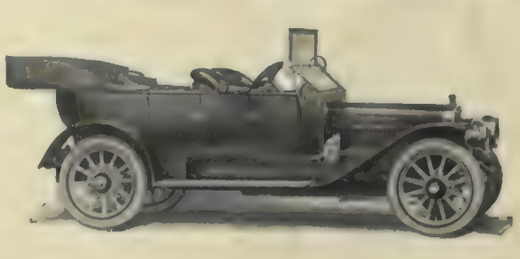
The Winton Co. guarantees every statement made in **WINTON SIX** advertising to be true without qualification

FOR four years, individual owners have been putting their Winton Six cars through an exhaustive test.

These owners have sent us monthly reports of miles traveled and repair expense incurred, and have sworn to the accuracy of their reports.

The result is a record of direct interest to men who own motor cars and pay repair bills.

For this record shows that, when you own a car as good as the Winton Six, you are practically free from repair expenses and from the annoyance and the humiliation that repair expenses carry with them.



World's Record Cars

Our complete records cover 170 cars, standard Winton Sixes, manufactured in 1907, 1908, 1909, 1910, and 1911.

Fifty of these cars made the world's lowest repair expense record of 22.8 cents per 1000 miles. We have already advertised these figures.

The natural thought is that the other cars "didn't do as well." But let's see.

Ran Without Expense

Sworn records show that 46 other cars (cars not included among the world's record cars) traveled 400,000 miles, averaging 8750 miles each, without incurring a single cent of repair expense.

These cars were not placed by the judges among the world's record cars because the world's record cars averaged a greater distance (14,800 miles each), and with so little expense that it was practically nothing at all.

Poorest Performances

Now consider the worst performances of all.

There were 27 cars whose repair expenses were high—$65.87 per car on total mileage of 300,000 miles, or 11,000 miles each.

Nothing much to be proud of in that record—because the other Winton Six records are so much better.

Still Other Cars

There were still other cars—47 of them—among the 170. These 47 cars, not otherwise classified, traveled more than 425,000 miles, or 9000 miles each, at a total repair expense of $300, averaging $6.39 per car, or 70 cents per 1000 miles. A fine performance.

More than a Million Miles

How exhaustive this four-year test has been is shown by the mileage.

These 170 cars averaged 11,000 miles each (more than three times the distance across the American continent), and traveled a total distance of 1,873,791.8 miles.

That's a distance almost beyond comprehension.

It is 580 times the distance from New York to Paris.

Or, almost 75 times the distance around the earth at the equator.

And nearly eight times the distance from here to the moon.

Wonderful Expense Figures

Sworn reports of the owners of these 170 cars place the total repair expense for this marvelous mileage at $2249.22, which is less than the purchase price of one Winton Six.

The average repair expense for each car was $13.23 for 11,000 miles, or—

Just $1.20 per car per 1000 miles.

And that's less than one-eighth of a cent per mile.

Expense is the Acid Test

Repair expense is the acid test of a car's merit.

As every owner knows.

For the merit that enables a car to keep down repair expense is in the *car itself.*

This test of more than a million miles, participated in by 170 Winton Six cars and 170 Winton Six owners, shows the merit of the Winton Six.

You would be happy if your car were a Winton Six.

Same Model: Fifth Year

We are the pioneer makers of sixes exclusively.

Our present model is the same car we have made for four years *without a single radical change.* Now in its fifth season.

It is the original self-cranking car: has been a self-cranking car since June, 1907. Our self-cranking motor is no experiment.

This car represents all the quality a motor car can have, and, because we do business on bed-rock business principles, we can sell it profitably at $3000.

If you want to know its worth, compare the $3000 48 H. P. Winton Six with cars priced as high as $5000 and $6000.

And remember that the Winton Six is the only car in the world whose repair cost is definitely known through the sworn statements of individual owners.

We shall be glad to send you our Upkeep Book that gives the million-mile facts and figures in detail, together with our thoroughly descriptive catalog.

The Winton Motor Car. Co.

The World's First Makers of Sixes Exclusively

69 Berea Road **Cleveland,—Sixth City**

NEW YORK	Broadway at 70th St.	CLEVELAND	1228 Huron Road
CHICAGO	Michigan Avenue at 13th St.	DETROIT	998 Woodward Ave.
BOSTON	674 Commonwealth Ave.	MINNEAPOLIS	16-22 Eighth St. N.
PHILADELPHIA	246-248 No. Broad St.	KANSAS CITY	3324-3326 Main St.
BALTIMORE	Mount Royal at North Ave.	SAN FRANCISCO	300 Van Ness Ave.
PITTSBURG	Baum at Beatty St.	SEATTLE	1000-1006 Pike St.
		MILWAUKEE	82-86 Farwell Ave.

HAYNES



FULL EFFICIENCY AT MINIMUM COST

WHEN considering the Haynes Car, please lay aside all question of price for a moment and think of what you buy when you buy a Haynes. Cars for which you are asked to *pay more*, offer—at best—only *more* of what the Haynes gives, *more* perhaps but not *better*. They are *not built better* than the Haynes; they are not built more *carefully*.

And cars which you can buy for less than the Haynes cannot possibly give you as much. If they are as *big* as the Haynes they must be *cheapened* somewhere. Maybe in parts and places that you *can't see* but *cheapened just the same*. They may be excellent cars *for the price*, but you face this single question: whether their price buys *enough* of what you demand in an automobile. Without any desire to belittle those cars which sell for more, or decry those which sell for less, we want to *insist*—and *prove its truth* at your convenience—*that the Haynes Car at the Haynes price represents full efficiency at the minimum cost.*

The Haynes line offers a wide choice of body types built on the two standard Haynes chasses: Model 21, 4½x5½ motor, 120 in. wheel base, 36 in. x 4 in. tires, and model Y, 50-60 horse power, 5x5½ motor, 37 in. x 5 in. tires, 127½ in. wheel base. Touring, Suburban, Coupe and Limousine types, $2100 to $3900.

Catalog and address of Haynes dealer nearest you, sent on request.

HAYNES AUTOMOBILE COMPANY, Dept. T. M. Kokomo, Ind.

1715 Broadway, NEW YORK 1702 Michigan Ave., CHICAGO



Miss Marguerite Sylva driving her Detroit electric car

CONTENTS: MARCH, 1912

Edited by ARTHUR HORNBLOW

		PAGE
COVER: Portrait in colors of Laurette Taylor in "The Bird of Paradise"		
TITLE PAGE: Mrs. Fiske in "Lady Patricia"		
THE NEW PLAYS: "Lydia Gilmore," "Elevating a Husband," "Trail of the Lonesome Pine," "White Magic," "A Slice of Life," "Officer 666," "The Pearl Maiden," "The Rose of Panama," "Making Good," "The Opera Ball," Weber and Fields		74
THE LITTLE THEATRE—Illustrated		77
AT THE OPERA		78
A SLAVE OF FATAL ENCHANTMENT—Illustrated	*Wendell Phillips Dodge*	81
BILLIE BURKE—Full-page plate		83
BOSTON'S TOY THEATRE	*F. Lauriston Bullard*	84
SCENES IN "OFFICER 666"—Full-page plate		85
THE WIFE OF MAETERLINCK—Illustrated	*Mary Carolyn Crawford*	87
ROSTAND BEFORE "CYRANO"—Illustrated	*Warren Burton Blake*	89
INTERVIEWING A RUSSIAN ACTOR—Illustrated	*André Tridon*	92
ELSIE FERGUSON IN "THE FIRST LADY OF THE LAND"—Full-page plate		93
BESSIE CLAYTON—Full-page plate		95
FAMOUS WOMEN WHO HAVE BEEN DRAMATIZED—Illustrated	*Archie Bell*	96
SCENES IN "ELEVATING A HUSBAND"—Full-page plate		97
WHY I DON'T WRITE PLAYS—Illustrated	*Theodore Herzl*	98
GRACE GEORGE—Full-page plate		99
OTIS SKINNER—America's Leading Romantic Actor—Illustrated	*Ada Patterson*	101
NINE YEARS YOUNG AND A NEAR STAR—Illustrated	*A. P.*	104
OUR FASHION DEPARTMENT	*Harriet Edwards Fayes*	xxi

CONTRIBUTORS—The Editor will be glad to receive for consideration articles on dramatic or musical subjects, sketches of famous actors or singers, etc., etc. Postage stamps should in all cases be enclosed to insure the return of contributions found to be unavailable. All manuscripts submitted should be accompanied when possible by photographs. Artists are invited to submit their photographs for reproduction in THE THEATRE. Each photograph should be inscribed on the back with the name of the sender, and if in character with that of the character represented. Contributors should always keep a duplicate copy of articles submitted. The utmost care is taken with manuscripts and photographs, but we decline all responsibility in case of loss.

SUBSCRIPTION: Yearly subscription, in advance, $3.50. Foreign countries, add $1.00 for mail. Canada, add 85c. Single copies, 35 cents.

LONDON: On sale at Daw's Steamship Agency, 17 Green St., Leicester Sq.

BOSTON

CHICAGO

PHILADELPHIA

PARIS: 99 Rue des Petits Champs

Published Monthly by

THE THEATRE MAGAZINE COMPANY. Telephone, 6486 Murray Hill 8-10-12-14 West 38th Street, New York City

COPYRIGHT 1912 BY THE THEATRE MAGAZINE CO. TRADE MARK REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

ENTERED AT POST OFFICE, NEW YORK, AS SECOND CLASS MAIL MATTER



The

Chickering

PIANO

With all its BEAUTIES and HONORS IS UNQUESTIONABLY THE BEST PIANOFORTE MADE TODAY.

Chickering Pianos may be bought of any regular Chickering representative at Boston prices with added cost of freight and delivery. Our literature will be sent upon request.

CHICKERING & SONS

Division—American Piano Co.

781 Tremont Street, cor. Northampton Established 1823 Boston, Mass

THE THEATRE

VOL. XV MARCH, 1912 No. 133

Published by the Theatre Magazine Co., Henry Stern Pres., Louis Meyer, Treas., Paul Meyer, Sec'y; 8-10-12-14 West Thirty-eighth Street, New York City



Moffett

MRS. FISKE IN "LADY PATRICIA" AT THE EMPIRE THEATRE



Hall

From the left (seated) are: Ada Lewis, Helena Collier Garrick, Lew Fields, Fay Templeton, William Collier, Lillian Russell.
From left (standing): George Beban, Joe Weber, John T. Kelly

A REHEARSAL OF THE WEBER AND FIELDS' JUBILEE COMPANY AT THE BROADWAY THEATRE

THE NEW PLAYS

LYCEUM. "Lydia Gilmore." Play in four acts by Henry Arthur Jones. Produced February 1 with the following cast:

Lydia Gilmore.....Margaret Anglin	Tom Rendle.....Wilfred Draycott
Mrs. Stracey.....Jane Tyrell	Ned Gilmore.....Master Daniel Burns
Maisie Gilmore.....Gertrude Hitz	Mr. Stallard.....T. C. Hamilton
Dellar .....Margaret Johnson	Max Stallard .....Malcolm Owen
Agnes Rennie....Winifred Arthur Jones	Jarrold .....William Sampson
Richard Benham, K. C.....Lee Baker	Truscott .....Frederick Powell
Dr. Clement Gilmore.....John Blair	The Judge.....Halbert Brown
James Stracey.....John Miltern	Mr. Sharbrook, K. C....Henry Vaughan

Henry Arthur Jones has contributed many plays of the highest distinction and some of faultless form to our stage. We do not count it severely against him that he has fallen short in his latest one, "Lydia Gilmore." It would be something in the nature of ingratitude, at least, not to acknowledge that many of the scenes in this play are contrived and executed with a skill that excites admiration; but, on the whole, the piece was unsatisfactory.

The theory of the play was wrong. Its problem would seem, at first, to be worth the while. To what extent will a woman go to shield her child from the stigma of being known as the son of a murderer. In some countries no one of the family is required to testify in a case of crime involving a member of it. A wife would experience a sense of self-protection in shielding her husband who had killed a man, not out of sordid motives, but in circumstances that might be called accidental. Lydia Gilmore is horrified on the discovery of the plight of her husband, to whom she is faithful, but not emotionally devotive. The situation is one of perplexity. She must think of herself, of her imperiled social position, and when she thinks of her child and his future, it is natural enough that she should determine to go to any length to protect all these interests.

We can readily assent to the reasonableness of her conduct, but lively sympathy we cannot grant. What is the result? The play becomes a detective story and reaches its highest interest, of a kind, in a trial case. Lydia has sent away her boy, whose testimony would convict his father if he told the truth, and when the judge orders that he be produced, she cannot meet the ordeal, and her efforts to clear her husband fail. There is abundant emotion, and of a complex kind, in her struggle with the circumstances, but we can only follow that struggle with the interest of curiosity. We witness the torture of a woman, little more. Such interest as there is consists in doubtful expectation as to her success or failure in carrying through the lie agreed upon between her and her husband. She swears that he did not leave the house or her side on the night of the murder. He had killed the husband of the woman with whom he was having an intrigue, and who caught the guilty couple together. Lydia Gilmore could not consider the unfaith of her own husband. She is controlled by her love for her boy. Her motive in trying to defeat legal justice was strong enough, but the audience was not disposed to make it their business.

And yet as a detective story there were plenty of thrills. The visits of the detective to the house and the incidents leading up to the arrest and trial, the two principals being hunted and at bay, are surely not uninteresting. It may be granted that a detective is not a new character, and certainly no actor can be found who can play the character in any distinctly new way. Mr. Frank Keenan might do it; Mr. Sampson, as Jarrold, did not. But all the work, that of the dramatist and the actors, was thrown away on the case of a woman who was simply working out the theory of the dramatist that it would be exceedingly interesting to see what a mother would do to protect the future life and happiness of her boy. It simply did not work.

Henry Arthur Jones does not lose in our esteem for his ability, but he does lose on the side of mistaken judgment. As a detective story, the play is extremely interesting up to a certain point, but that point happens to be the vital point. No further interest is possible. The play at once fails as a whole. To tag on the sentimental prospect of Lydia's finding a better husband in her old lover, the lawyer who had tried to help her at the trial —a rather improbable circumstance—is too tame to be drama.

Miss Margaret Anglin, as Lydia, was at her best. Her acting alone made the play worth witnessing. Her adoration of her boy was most tenderly expressed, and if the situations were essentially theatrical, we have never seen her less so. She, at least, filled her part and accomplished Mr. Jones' theory to the fullest extent. Mr. John Blair was the unhappy husband, and, no doubt, was rendered more unhappy by the brevity and paucity of his

scenes and with the knowledge that he had to kill himself off stage. The play was a disappointment and was withdrawn.

LIBERTY. "ELEVATING A HUSBAND." Domestic comedy drama in four acts by Clara Lipman and Samuel Shipman. Produced on January 22 last with the following cast:

Charles Sample.....Louis Mann	Mrs. Muhren.....Mathilde Cotrelly
Herbert Duncan.....Conway Tearle	Prof. Benson.....J. Homer Hunt
Frank Forsythe.....Lester Kenyon	Prof. Cox.....Howard Scott
Prof. Topfer.....Charles Halton	Prof. Del'Oro.....Edward E. Horton
Florence Elwood.....Jessie Carter	Henry.....Sterling H. Cheseldine
Letty .....Emily Ann Wellman	Alice .....Clara De Witt
Mrs. Sample.....Marion Holcombe	Bessie .....Beatrice Bentley

Mr. Louis Mann is a most capable stage manager and an actor of very marked individuality. He is one of the few American players on our stage to-day who is able to completely submerge his own identity in that of the character he chooses to impersonate, which, of course, is the only real test of good acting. He is an artist in the best sense, not a mere walking gentleman, compelled to count largely on his tailor and his personal popularity for success, as do too many of our so-called "stars." Mr. Mann has the true histrionic gift. He breathes life into a part. He can make us cry as well as he can make us laugh. That is why the public likes him, and it explains also why, when in making a new production he is always sure of a *succès d'estime,* no matter what faults his vehicle may have. His new play, "Elevating a Husband," is influenced too much by the expedience of the stage. The authors depend too much upon momentary and trivial incidents; and finally they are not entirely successful in the concluding scenes in persuading us that Charles Sample has reached the highest elevation of an elevated husband.

Mr. Mann is seen as Charles Sample, who thought the world of his mother. He was also highly successful as proprietor of a lengthening chain of five and ten-cent stores. In the flush of his middle-class prosperity and comfort he married Letty, a poor but virtuous young music teacher living at the same boarding-house. Letty's head became turned with so much money, so she built them a beautiful home and entertained a number of snobbish social spongers therein, even venturing to criticize Charles for his boorishness, and heartlessly insisting that his poor old mother wear corsets. In due time Herbert Duncan, the spurned and ungrateful rival for Letty's hand, who had been befriended by the generous Charles, appears upon the scene as the usual "tame cat," trying to solicit the wavering Letty from her duty. Charles returns from a business trip to find that Herbert has falsified accounts at the stores and ruined him. Learning that Letty has loaned Herbert some money, he imagines the worst, and gives Herbert his choice between suicide and exposure. Herbert tries and then declines to do either. Charles drops everything and runs away. Two years later he returns to find Herbert has gone to England, while Letty has sold the house and with the proceeds purchased a third interest in the chain of stores, which has been taken over and revived by a new company. Letty tells Charles that she never responded to Herbert's advances, anyway, so Charles takes her to his arms.

The aim of the authors was to tell a story, and a very unconvincing story it was. It might look very pretty in a magazine, but as a dramatic piece, even the Liberty Theatre could not make all things free and equal. In the first place, people will not sympathize with a husband who lets his wife elevate him to snobbishness, even if he does plead press of business as an excuse. When you expect things to quicken up and hold interest, the characters irritate by doing nothing.

The biggest thrill of the piece is a disappointment, because after working us up to painful intensity by the clever acting of Sample, Herbert refuses to kill himself.



Copyright Charles Frohman

JOHN AND ETHEL BARRYMORE IN J. M. BARRIE'S "ADVANCED DRAMA," "A SLICE OF LIFE"

Louis Mann did everything possible to make an outline live. Emily Ann Wellman rose to every meagre opportunity in the cramped part of Letty. Charles Halton made the secretary believable. Marion Holcombe made a personal impression as the little old mother. Mathilde Cotrelly tried hard to fit the impossible pattern of the caricature landlady, and Conway Tearle sneered successfully as the villianous Herbert. But in spite of the united efforts of the very capable company, despite most of the little points of interest that plainly were interpolated by them, things would persist in going around in circles back to the starting place, until, by the time the play was half over, authors and characters were swept off their balance.

NEW AMSTERDAM. "THE TRAIL OF THE LONESOME PINE." Play in four acts by Eugene Walter, founded on the novel of John Fox, Jr. Produced Jan. 29 with this cast:

June, Charlotte Walker; John Hale, Berton Churchill; Bob Berkeley, Richard Sterling; Uncle Billy, George Woodward; Ole Hun, Lillian Dix; Judd Tolliver, W. S. Hart; Dave Tolliver, Willard Robertson; Loretty Tolliver, Alice Lindahl; Cal Heaton, Cyrus Wood.

"The Trail of the Lonesome Pine" is a beautiful and effective production in the matter of scenery; it is filled with the atmosphere of the mountain, and its characters are, for the most part, to the purpose, but the play lacks cohesion and definiteness of story. The scenes are definite enough, but the result taken altogether is unsatisfactory. Many of the characters are true mountain types; but June, the mountain girl, is neither in the line she speaks nor in the acting of the part remotely true to the actuality of mountain life.

If there is a romantic aspect to light among the moonshiners and feudists, it is not of the kind that speaks in poetic language or indulges in sentiment of the kind found only in books. It is no injustice to Miss Charlotte Walker to say that her acting does not fit the part. Her art is there, but it does not apply to the case. Her beautiful hair afloat in the breezes is not mountain hair. Her comeliness is not of the mountain kind. She is not the mountain girl. Indeed, it would be impossible for her to be the girl of the Lonesome Pine, as seen in the beginning of the play, subject to the refinement of the schooling provided by the "foreigner" who comes to bring prosperity to these rude and simple people. It is proper enough and possible to idealize such a character, but we must see her in her true original state.

The story of the play provides many thrilling scenes, but only for the moment. The principal advance over the old gunplay melodrama is that no shots are fired on the stage and no smell of gun powder asserts that this is melodrama. The play as a study of character is too much of a refraction. Too many things are left undone that should be done in order to make these figures, true enough in themselves, true to their life. The lovely scenery helps to prevent it from giving the full impression of the old melodrama, but many of the incidents of it are there.

Within ten minutes of the rise of the curtain, old Judd Tolliver is suddenly seen standing on a ledge of rock at the top of the trail with a gun leveled with deadly firmness of nerve at John Hale, the newly-come engineer at the gap, he who is to render homage unto June, the daughter. Old Judd takes him for a revenue officer, but there are explanations which end in potations of moonshine whiskey, June drinking the raw stuff with alacrity. John Hale has June educated at the school at the gap. Dave Tolliver, in love with her from boyhood, does not like him. He, too, in the first act, draws a gun on John Hale with characteristic native deadly nerve, without a tremor in the leveled gun, and with theatrical impressions. These are good bits of acting. Dave comes to the gap to demand that June go home with him and marry him as she had promised. He again levels the gun at his rival, but John's companion, Bob Berkley, comes around the corner of the house, gets the drop on him and makes him throw his gun to the ground.



ANNA WHEATON

This clever singing and dancing comedienne, who is appearing this season with Sam Bernard in "He Came From Milwaukee," met with her first real success in "Madame Troubadour." She made her début on the stage with James A. Herne in "Sag Harbor," and for one season she appeared with Maude Adams in "Peter Pan"

Is this saved from absolute and familiar melodrama by the beautiful scenery? Almost, but not altogether. We dwell upon this element in the play because it is extraordinary. We commend detached parts of the play as extraordinary, and that it all misses completeness in effect is to be deplored. The story is irregular. The feud breaks out and John's friend, Bob, is wounded, as he supposes, by Dave. The big scene is where John bursts in the door in Judd's cabin and demands that Dave be delivered to him. What he is going to do with him is not clear, but it promises a strong bit of melodrama. It means that murder is at hand, but there is no murder, for Bob recovers his senses long enough to say that Dave did not shoot him, that he saw the man who did, and so the situation is relieved. We have no flash of shots. Dave's life is saved by an amiable lie, it seems, for the next act is left open for peace, with Dave giving up his claim on the girl and getting ready to emigrate West. In point of fact, mountain men rarely make way for a rival without forcing conclusions to the fighting point, and they rarely emigrate. They may move further up troublesome creek or cross the ridge to another valley, but they do not leave the mountains. The play, with reference to exciting situations with guns that never speak, has a certain interest—and there is the scenery.

CRITERION. "WHITE MAGIC." Comedy in three acts by David Graham Phillips and Roi Cooper Megrue. Produced Jan. 24 with this cast:

Beatrice Richmond.....Gertrude Elliott
Roger Wade.....Julian L'Estrange
Hector Richmond.....George Le Guere
Mrs. Daniel Richmond.....Ruth Chester
Allie Kinnear.....Florence Brian
Mrs. Kinnear.....Suzanne Sheldon
John Capulet.....Alexander Scott-Gatty
Daniel Richmond.....Ben Johnson
Butler .....Charles Dowd
Valentine .....Suzanne Perry

The inevitable arrived even sooner than was expected. With less than a two-weeks' run to its attenuated credit, "White Magic" fluttered out, the Criterion went dark for a week, and Gertrude Elliott began rehearsing a new part.

The late David Graham Phillips as an author is still one of the best sellers, and his numerous novels have been accepted by the critical fraternity as strong and vigorous phases of contemporaneous American life. But they apparently will not serve as fundamentals for the acting drama. This is the third attempt that has been made to fashion plays out of his novels. One produced some years since at the now demolished Madison Square Theatre had a brief run. James K. Hackett did not find "The Grain of Dust" a profitable medium as far as this city is concerned, and now "White Magic" shares even more emphatically the fate of its predecessors. It is useless to discuss the piece at any length. It depicted the adventures of a strong-willed, independent daughter of a multi-millionaire, who fell in love with a poor but still more independent artist and married her in spite of himself. To detail the exciting story a plethora of words was used. It was altogether a futile and depressing venture, lacking in interest and substance.

Miss Gertrude Elliott did as much as was possible with a stupid rôle, and Julian L'Estrange struggled with equal effort to make interesting the socialistic artist. Father and mother of the girl, perfectly conventional parts, were respectively enacted by Ben Johnson and Susanne Sheldon. *(Continued on page xi)*

Mr. Winthrop Ames and the Little Theatre



WINTHROP AMES

THE first performance at the Little Theatre, the playhouse for the presentation of intimate drama, which Mr. Winthrop Ames has built at 240 West 44th Street, will take place the first week in March. The opening play is "The Pigeon," a new comedy by John Galsworthy, the author of the dramas, "Strife," "Justice" and "The Silver Box," and of a number of novels and short stories.

The Little Theatre is the smallest playhouse in the city for the production of dramatic attractions, its seating capacity being considerably under 500. A special and very unusual feature of the construction of the house is the doing away with boxes, balconies and gallery. The fifteen rows of orchestra seats have been so arranged that the view is just as good from the outside seat in the fifteenth row as from any other seat in the house. A feature at this theatre will be a series of special matinée performances, at which Mr. Ames plans to present some very unusual plays of varying lengths. These special matinées will probably be given four or five times a week. The first of these plays to be given afternoon performances will be produced about the middle of March.

Special attention has been paid to the building of the stage, in order to secure the best scenic and lighting effects. The house will be supplied with a revolving stage, the only one in New York, aside from the Century (formerly the New) Theatre, in order to do away with the long waits between acts. The stage is large in proportion to the auditorium, and is ample for the presentation of large scenic effects.

"In spite of its small size," said Mr. Ames to a THEATRE MAGAZINE representative, "the Little Theatre will not have the effect of a hall or lyceum. It is a complete theatre merely reduced from the average dimensions—no smaller, indeed somewhat larger, than many a theatre of the same type abroad, as, for instance, the Little Theatre in London, Reinhardt's Kammerspiele in Berlin, or the Théâtre des Arts in Paris. All of these were built with the same idea in mind—the close connection between actor and audience, that all the subtle shades of voice and expression, so important to the effect of modern plays, may reach the spectators. But there are to be no galleries, no balconies and no boxes. Every seat in the house is an orchestra seat, and every seat is as good as every other. The spectator in the last row (the fifteenth) can see and hear quite as well as the one in the first. Sight lines are perfect, and the seats are the most roomy, and the widest between rows, of any in New York.

"One short flight below the auditorium there will be a large Lounge, to which, I hope, the audience will resort during the longer intermissions. Coffee will be served in the Lounge evenings and tea afternoons.

"I am convinced people enjoy a play more if they don't attempt to sit still throughout the length of an average performance.

"But these are externals. The *(Continued on page vii)*



NEW YORK'S LATEST THEATRICAL LUXURY, EXTERIOR OF THE "LITTLE THEATRE," WEST FORTY-FOURTH STREET



White Mme. Alten M. Jadlowker Mme. Gadski Mme. Mattfeld

DISCLOSING THE SECRET OF THE SEALED WARDROBE

"Versiegelt" at the Metropolitan Opera House



LEO BLECH
Composer of "Versiegelt"

THEY have slumbered not nor slept at the Metropolitan this month, and opera performances have been falling thick and fast about subscribers' ears. The month has brought to hearing its novelty, the third new opera of the operatic year—this time a one-act "comic opera" called "Versiegelt," or, as we would have expressed it, "Under Seal."

There is one curious thing about the present season's novelties, they have all been of a happy nature. Usually grand opera deals with death, poison and duplicity; the end is usually a funeral ceremony in the minor key, and sometimes there are scarcely enough characters left for the composer to finish, so violent has been the onslaught of the librettist.

Whether the choice of novelties this season reflects Mr. Gatti Casazza's placid nature, or whether it just happens by chance that they all mirror happiness, that cannot be determined. Still the fact remains that "Lobetanz," while having its lugubrious moments, ended in a waltz, and that "Le Donne Curiose" was operatic champagne. And now comes "Versiegelt," which is a comic opera.

Its first performance in America occurred at the Metropolitan Opera House on January 20, 1912, with the following cast:

Braun, Burgomaster, Hermann Weil; Elsie, his daughter, Bella Alten; Frau Gertrud, a young widow, Johanna Gadski; Bertel, her son, Hermann Jadlowker; Lampe, Constable, Otto Goritz; Neighbor Knote, Marcel Reiner; Champion Marskman, Basil Ruysdael.



Copyright Dupont

LOUISE HOMER AS ORFEO

The libretto is by Richard Batka and Pordes-Milo, after a story by Rauppach. The music is by Leo Blech, first conductor of the Berlin Royal Opera House, a German of forty. This opera has been performed time and time again in Germany. While its humor is typically Teutonic, it is so amusingly handled and so well "sent across" the footlights that the work promises to take a permanent place in the Metropolitan repertoire. It will probably cause a divorce in one opera family, the "Cavalleria Rusticana"-"Pagliacci" family so long wedded; now "Versiegelt" will probably be allied with one of these each time it is given a hearing.

The plot revolves about a wardrobe owned by Frau Willmers, which the Burgomaster, Braun, has "attached" for taxes. This is an act of spite, for Frau Willmers' son, Bertel, is in love with Elsie, daughter of the Burgomaster. Now this old wardrobe is a highly cherished piece of furniture. To save it from the hands of the Constable, Lampe, Frau Willmers asks her neighbor, Frau Gertrud, to give it house room. The latter consents, and the whole action thus takes place in Frau Gertrud's living room, some time about 1830, the locale being a German village.

Here is where the plot thickens. Gertrud, a widow, is in love with the Burgomaster. He is a widower and has a tender spot in his heart for Gertrud, but has never been lured to the point of declaration. Now, with all the traps set for German comedy, the action begins. Lampe, constable, comes to Gertrud and discovers the "attached" wardrobe of Frau Willmers. He dashes forth to tell this news to the Burgomaster, but in his absence

the Burgomaster himself calls on the Widow Gertrud. He indulges in tender speeches and is about to seal his love with a kiss when Lampe's voice is heard. With no chance to escape, the Burgomaster hides himself in the wardrobe. Lampe comes in, claims the wardrobe and puts the seals of state on it, making the Burgomaster a prisoner. Then Lampe hears a noise in the wardrobe, and putting his green cotton umbrella through the crevice arrives at the conclusion that a man is concealed within. That is scandal of the choicest order, so he races off to the Burgomaster to tell him the news. Elsie and Bertel now enter, are told that the stern parent is caught captive in the wardrobe, and they offer to release him only after he has given the young couple his blessing and a handsome dowry. Then he is set free, and for a joke he locks the young couple in the wardrobe. The end is happy—the Burgomaster pairs off with Gertrud, Elsie and Bertel are engaged, and Lampe and Frau Willmers loom up as prospective bride and groom. That is all of this simple tale, which has "Made in Germany" stamped all over its fun and sentiment. The music is really delightful, though it seems to lean pretty heavily upon Wagner's "Meistersinger" for mood, and the orchestration also suggests Wagner at times. But there is more in it than simply a borrowed Wagner inspiration, for it is really very pretty—not a great work, not one that shows the master hand of genius in themes or in workmanship, but an honestly made score that in moments really sparkles with the fun of the story.

The Metropolitan performance was one of the best imaginable, and its star was Otto Goritz, who acted and sang Lampe inimitably. His mask was excellent, his uniform was finely rendered grotesque by the green cotton umbrella, and his singing was shriekingly funny. He had a "patter song" that was a joy. Gadski was Gertrud, looking charming in a quaint costume and singing admirably. Her humor appeared a bit heavy at moments, but possibly it was so intended for the "period." Jadlowker, as the loving swain, Bertel, was delightful; and Bella Alten as his beloved Elsie was capital. Weil acted the Burgomaster with much dignity, and Mattfeld was in the mood as Frau Willmers.

Alfred Hertz conducted the work delightfully, voicing the comedy and the delicacy with a light hand, and also giving the sentimental episodes their full Teutonic value.

Another new, old novelty of the season was the year's first performance of "Das Rheingold"—one of the best ever given here. It all went with the spirit of reverence and tradition, singers and orchestra covered themselves with credit generally. There were some exceptions, one being Alma Gluck, who left much to be desired as Freia; and another being Weil, who sang Wotan as carefully attired as though he had patronized the latest Walhall tailoring establishment and bought a pair of cunning khaki puttees. His beard was also carefully marcelled. But there criticism ceases. Matzenauer, as Fricka, was admirable; Homer was an impressive Erda; and the three Rhine Maidens were Sparkes, Alten and Wickham all adequate. Goritz, as Alberich; Burrian, as Loge, and Griswold and Ruysdael as the Giants—they were all commendable.



Copyright Mishkin

EMMY DESTINN IN "TOSCA"



Mishkin

MAURICE RENAUD IN "RIGOLETTO"



Copyright Mishkin
LEO SLEZAK
Well-known Metropolitan tenor heard recently in recital

And Hertz conducted an unusually sympathetic and effective performance.

Louise Homer, above casually mentioned, returned to the Metropolitan roster of artists a few weeks earlier in an admirable performance of "Orfeo ed Euridice." This sterling contralto had not appeared earlier in the season, as she was engaged obeying the imperative summons of the stork; and not until little Hester Makepeace Homer was old enough to be trusted with a substitute did Mme. Homer again take up her operatic duties. She returned in unimpaired voice and made a lovely and sympathetic picture again as the boyish Orfeo.

"Ariane et Barbe-Bleue" was revived for the season—one of last year's novelties, this exotic opera by Paul Dukas. There were no changes in the cast from last season's productions save that Matzenauer sang the part of the Nurse and made much of this rôle, almost dominating the scene in the first act. Farrar, as Ariane, was in one of her best moments vocally on this occasion, and her acting was a vast improvement over last year's work in this difficult part. Rothier, as Bluebeard, was admirable, and Jeanne Maubourg was excellent as Selysette.

Signor Toscanini conducted with care and devotion, but the music scarcely gripped its hearers. It is so tardy in inspiration, its features of modern dissonances and vagueness of theme are so disappointing. The ear is kept tense listening and hoping for what really never comes.



Copyright Mishkin
JOSEF HOFMANN
The distinguished Polish pianist whose recital in New York drew a vast audience to Carnegie Hall

tin is sheerly a lyric part, and Renaud's voice is not equal to it.

Renaud had made his re-entry of the season earlier, in the title part of "Rigoletto," which he acted superbly, with all melodramatic force required by this old-fashioned part. No one has any illusions about his voice, and his splendid acting makes reparation for many sins of singing.

Tetrazzini, who sang Gilda again, has continued at other times to let her vocal fireworks so shine that her hearers may be dazzled by them. Another visitor was Alice Neilsen, who sang Mimi in a "Bohème" performance, and showed improvement over former years. Smirnoff was the Rodolfo, and he shed no lustre over the evening, nor did he arouse feelings of joy in the bosoms of his critical listeners.



Copyright Dupont
EDMOND CLEMENT
The eminent French tenor who was heard recently in song recital



ARTHUR NIKISCH
The great orchestra conductor who is coming to America at the head of The London Symphony Orchestra

Leaving the Metropolitan at this point, and turning the humble ear to concert halls for the moment, may not bore the reader. First of all, there is to record the initial American appearance of Elena Gerhardt in recital. In Germany she is regarded as a great Lieder singer, and at Carnegie Hall she proved her claim to this position of eminence in short time. She has not an exquisite soprano voice, save in the lower register, where her tones are simply luscious; nor does she pretend to act her songs. Yet she brings to bear on her interpretations a rare intelligence that makes her a wonderful artist. Notable were her Brahms songs, but she proved herself mistress not of any single school—Schubert, Franz, Hugo Wolf, Strauss, all being treated alike so far as brains and skill went. She has rare brains and she displays this fact in every song. There is never anything commonplace in her singing, it is all of an exaltedly high order. And her accompaniments were simply exquisitely played by Paula Hegner, a jewel among accompanists.

Edmond Clèment, that rare French tenor, gave a song recital, too, and had his hearers at his feet again by his exquisite singing. He sang the "Manon" aria like an angel—so, too, was the Bizet "Pastorale" done wonderfully. He is a delightful artist, and it is a pity that he is not numbered among the Metropolitan roster of artists.

Still another tenor recital was given by Bonci, famous Italian singer of *bel canto*, and he again evoked storms of applause by his delicate phrasing.

There was a new Elsa one night—Emmy Destinn singing this rôle here for the first time in an unusually good "Lohengrin" performance. Destinn is not an ideal Elsa, so far as the eye is concerned. She suggests nothing ethereal; she does not even attempt to do so, happily. But she sings it with vocal beauty and lushness that quite silences all criticism. Jadlowker's Lohengrin was a beautiful bit of work, and Homer was a dramatic Ortrud.

Another new feature of the month was the first time here of Maurice Renaud in the rôle of Valentin in a good "Faust" performance. He dressed the part artistically and simply, abandoning all idea of trying to resemble a carnival mad chap, bedecked with plumes and ribbons—which always looks silly. And Renaud acted it, too, just as one would expect this great artist to disport himself. But Valen-



Copyright Mishkin
SIGNOR BONCI
Famous Italian singer of the *Bel Canto* school, recently heard in recital



ELENA GERHARDT
Great German *Lieder* singer recently heard at Carnegie Hall



GERTRUDE RENNYSON
Well-known American soprano recently heard at a Symphony Society Concert



FRAÜLEIN LEOPOLDINE KONSTANTIN, WHOSE ART AND STRIKING PERSONALITY HAVE FASCINATED NEW YORK

A Slave of Fatal Enchantment

Fraülein Leopoldine Konstantin, of the Reinhardt players, has established the fact that even on the stage "actions speak louder than words." While words fail one in describing her wonderful art, they are not necessary to understand every line of her acting. As the Beautiful Slave of Fatal Enchantment in the wordless play, "Sumurun," now casting its Oriental magic spell over enthusiastic audiences in the Moorish Casino, Fraülein Konstantin gets over more real lines without words than it would be possible for anyone to do with words, even if specially arranged by such a triumvirate of word painters as Shakespeare, Maeterlinck and Arthur Wing Pinero. She *acts!*

As Richard Ordynski, general stage director for Max Reinhardt, who came here to stage "Sumurun," said while we were waiting outside Fraülein Konstantin's dressing-room for her to take her "make-up" bath before going on:

"It is to bring back acting in its pure state to the modern stage, instead of over-emphasizing the poetry of acting—the words and their arrangement as literature—that Professor Reinhardt puts stress on the acting. For instance, in his productions of 'Sumurun' and 'The Miracle' he did not select pantomimists, but actors of speaking parts—some of the best trained of the modern German players. They *act* the rôles; they do not pantomime them."

In proof of Herr Reinhardt's theory that the poetry of a play and the diction of the actor must give way to acting as an art, when "Sumurun" was first constructed, it was not written like other plays—there was not any such rôle as *The Beautiful Slave of Fatal Enchantment*. At the first rehearsal Fraülein Konstantin was just an ordinary slave girl, like the others who are bartered for. Sumurun was the principal rôle. But Reinhardt, like our own Belasco, has eyes with which he sees, and he caught a glimpse of powerful, subtle acting in the wonderfully plastic movements of his young pupil, who, he was afraid, "could not act!" He beckoned to Fraülein Konstantin, and told her that he wanted her to be "such and such" a slave girl.

"Just think over how such a slave girl should act," he said, "and then act as you think she would amid these surroundings."

That was all that was said by master to pupil. Fraülein Konstantin straightened up her beautiful, lithe figure, flashed her wondrous hazel eyes, and then let herself loose in a series of fiery, passionate Oriental movements. With her wonderfully



Moffett

HARRIET STANDON IN "WHEN SWEET SIXTEEN" AT DALY'S

plastic art, the tremendous fire and passion of the movements of her body, and her fluidly expressive facial play, she "told the story" far better than it could be told with words, of the Beautiful Slave of Fatal Enchantment. At once this became the principal part instead of the rôle of Sumurun in the piece.

This incident in the making of "Sumurun" shows how this play was built up. The piece was never written. There is no manuscript of "Sumurun," not even a book of the "business." All there is in the way of a book and plots of the play is carried in the heads of Reinhardt and Ordynski. It happened like this: Friedrich Freksa, the author, went to Reinhardt with his scenario. In five minutes it was accepted, and Freksa, as he was about to leave the manager's presence, elated over his good fortune, jubilantly said that he would have the complete manuscript ready soon. Reinhardt told him not to bother about it, but to return to the Kammerspiele, Berlin, the next day for the first rehearsal. Then Reinhardt posted a call for the players. The same principals were in the original production as are appearing here, with the exception of Fraülein Wiesenthal, a Viennese dancer, who first acted the part of Sumurun, and Rudolph Schildkraut,—now acting in Yiddish in the Bowery,—who created the rôle of the Hunchback.

With the company assembled, Reinhardt read to them Freksa's scenario of "Sumurun," and, after assigning the parts, told the players that he wanted them to first try to feel their rôles, and then to express those feelings by their actions. Further than that, he told each player to build up his own part, being careful, of course, to keep it in harmony with the general thread of the story. Victor Hollaender, the composer; Ernst Stern, the scenic artist, and Herr Ordynski, the stage director, also were present; and, in this co-operative method on the part of author, producer, composer, artist, stage manager, and players, "Sumurun" was made into an acting, but wordless play.

"That first rehearsal of 'Sumurun' was very funny," said Fraülein Konstantin. "The way we each went along with our own parts and our own business, as if the whole plot centered about each and every one of us, was ludicrous in the extreme. Every now and then Professor Reinhardt would break in with suggestions, telling us to accentuate this and subdue that, until everything was—well, natural, and true to life. All the time Professor Hollaender was composing the music, while sitting at the piano. Herr Reinhardt would shout to him to enliven up a certain scene with music, or to calm down another with a different musical *motif*. The scenic artist, mixed and mingled with us for ideas, all the time making little sketches on a pad he carried in his hand. It was the funniest rehearsal!"

This first rehearsal lasted for six hours, and they rehearsed "Sumurun" the same length of time each day for four weeks before the opening night.

"Herr Reinhardt suggested the spirit of the part, and then told me to act it," continued Fraülein Konstantin. "He does not tell his 'people' how they must play their parts, but he tells them to feel the part and play it. He draws out the emotions of the players by putting them into the situation the rôle calls for, and they cannot help but do as he wants them to do. He tells us always to act from within out. We must feel the part first, then we cannot help acting it. Before putting on the Slave's costume, I did not feel the part; but the minute I put on the costume I now wear in the play, I felt that I was the Slave. I sent the part back to Reinhardt two or three times, though, and told him that I wouldn't play such a bad part. I'm not bad, but when I put on the Slave's costume I feel 'bad'!" This Fraülein Konstantin said earnestly, reiterating it in English after it was translated to me. "You know," she said, with an appealing look in her beautiful brown eyes, "I'm not bad like that Slave. I only act bad in the part because I have to! I play good parts as well as bad ones. With Schildkraut, in Germany, I have acted Puck in 'A Midsummer Night's Dream'; Cordelia in 'King Lear'; Gretchen in 'Faust'; Louisa in 'Kabale und Liebe,' by Schiller; Amalie, in Schiller's 'Die Räuber'; the leading part, Mutter Maria, in 'Gawann'—an impersonation of the Virgin Mary—and other parts vastly more spiritual than the Slave."

She likes speaking rôles, but says that in "Sumurun" she does not miss the words.

(*Continued on page ix*)



Sarony

MISS BILLIE BURKE, NOW APPEARING IN "THE RUNAWAY," ON THE ROAD

Boston's Toy Theatre

IN a narrow little street on the slope of Beacon Hill, in Boston, there stands a three-story building, with a mansard roof, which for many years was a stable, and now is a theatre. The street is so obscure that multitudes of born and confirmed Bostonians could not locate it, yet it is almost under the shadow of the gilded dome of the State House. The playhouse is so diminutive that it seats but 130 persons, yet the opening of what has been named "The Toy Theatre" was a society function of no mean dimensions.

A representative company of Boston's most exclusive literary and society people are giving time and toil to make this unique American theatre a successful venture—successful not in the box-office sense, for there is no box-office, but successful from the viewpoint of dramatic and artistic excellence. Miss Dorothy Jordan, daughter of the merchant who is the Wanamaker of Boston, a dancer who is hailed as an amateur Isadora Duncan, will dance in the Toy Theatre. Miss Amy Lowell, sister of the president of Harvard, will translate Alfred De Musset's "A Caprice" for production in this transformed stable. Among those who appeared on the opening night of this Boston adaptation of the "Little Theatre," of London, were Hazel MacKaye, sister of the poet, who has performed on the professional stage; Eugenia Frothingham, a writer who bears a very distinguished Boston name, and Samuel A. Eliot, Jr., grandson of the former president of Harvard.



From the *Illustrated London News*

SCENE IN "ŒDIPUS REX" AS PRESENTED AT COVENT GARDEN, LONDON

The drawing shows the special arrangement of the Opera House for the production. A number of stalls were taken away so that much of the action takes place on a level with those seated on the floor of the house. A passage-way for actors runs down the centre of the auditorium

The lure of the Toy Theatre was strong enough to bring Oliver Herford and George Middleton over from New York to see their own plays produced on that opening night. Three short plays were then given, and the third of the group was George Bernard Shaw's "Press Cuttings." Most of the actors who are to appear behind the very excellent footlights of this stable-theatre, and upon its professional looking stage, are amateurs of more than local renown. The authors who will have to come before its curtain to bow their thanks to its critical audiences will include several persons of international reputation, among them Josephine Preston Peabody, the writer of "The Piper," whose other play, "The Wings," is in preparation. "The Angelus," by Ralph Adams Cram, is also to be produced. Mr. Cram is the architect chosen for the completing of New York's Cathedral St. John the Divine.

A long list of names might be cited to show that this midget of a theatre starts off with prestige a-plenty. Beulah Marie Dix is a member of the play-reading committee. Beatrice Herford serves on the advisory board. Lorin Deland will take an active part in the planning of the "seasons" of this smallest of theatres. The enterprise has the interest and support of Professor George Pierce Baker, who teaches dramatic literature at Harvard, and of Professor Louis Allard, of the same university, who is at home with the classic dramatic writers of France.

The Toy Theatre was planned, founded and named by Mrs. Lyman W. Gale. She gathered the people and the money that made it possible. She states her motive thus: "Toys that people make themselves, toys made of string, and wood, and anything that comes to hand, mean more to the children, and are far more valuable, both in educating and amusing their owners, than the finest ready-made toys the shops afford."

But the idea of the Toy Theatre came across the ocean, and its founding was due in part to the interest in playwriting that has sprung up in Boston. A Radcliffe girl won the John Craig prize, and her "End of the Bridge" had a long run at the Castle Square Theatre. Other plays by Radcliffe girls have been produced this winter in Boston. "The Piper," written by a former Radcliffe girl, won an international competition, and was produced at Stratford, England. Then Boston, too, has its full share of amateur actors, some of them of very unusual ability.

There have been "little theatres" before, but none in America so small as the Toy. Abroad there have been the Kammerspiele of Max Reinhardt in Berlin, the Théâtre des Arts in Paris, and the Little Theatre in London. These owe their vogue to their ability to produce exceptional plays in surroundings and under conditions that alone make possible the success of such dramatic works. Many plays are impossible on a large stage and before a big audience because of their delicacy. Other very meritorious plays appeal to so small a public that they could not fill an ordinary theatre, and the treasury would be put to it to find the

SCENES IN "OFFICER 666" AT THE GAIETY THEATRE



White M. W. Rale George Nash Ruth Maycliffe Wallace Eddinger Francis D. McGinn

Act II. Travers Gladwin (Mr. Eddinger): "Wait a minute, officer, until I see this lady to a cab"



Vivian Martin Percy Ames Camilla Crume Wallace Eddinger Ruth Maycliffe

Act. III. Mrs. Burton (Camilla Crume): "Oh, you're Mr. Gladwin!"

money to pay expenses. Many such plays, however, will give great pleasure to an audience in the intimacy of a theatre which seats but a small number of persons, and, staged at a small expense, they pay their way. It is this intimacy which saves the life of such a playhouse as the Toy Theatre. It is said that to the close proximity of audience and actors the "little theatres" of Europe have owed their success.

No corps of chorus girls will frolic about the stage of the theatre in Lime Street. Twenty persons would be a jam on that little platform. The word "auditorium" seems a rather large name for the small audience room. It's a pretty room just the same, with gray and unadorned walls and an oblong box at the end, which frames in the stage. There are thirteen rows, each with ten seats, and a middle aisle divides them into blocks of five.

Draw back the curtains, and the stage is disclosed, small but deep, and set with scenery that no great dividend-paying theatre can excel. The scenes were designed by artist friends of the venture, and they were painted by a good professional decorator. There is a good deal of apparatus overhead for so small a theatre. The gridiron has many ropes, and they are arranged with a system of parallel bars little used on most stages, because of the necessities of size. There is a good switchboard in one corner, with "dimmers" and all the technical requirements for getting good lighting effects.

All the upstairs space of the old stable had to be pressed into use for actors, managers and spectators. The dressing-rooms for the women of the cast are upstairs, and the property room, the make-up room, besides an office and a very handsome but most diminutive ladies' cloak-room. The men have to go up one more flight to reach their dressing-rooms, and in the mansard story also are the lodging places for the caretakers.

Passing the door of the theatre the visitor enters a hall as small even as the halls in the suites of apartments which are familiar to all who have to live in big cities. At one side is a coat-room, where perhaps a hundred coats may be hung, and at the other side a white stairway leads to the offices above.

The entrance itself is simple and handsome. No one who turns into the block-long lane, which unexpectedly opens out of River Street, not far from famous Louisburg Square, can miss it. The doorway is large and square, shining in new white paint, with a dozen small panes of glass to admit light to the "lobby," and this light is softened by the dainty hangings inside. Over the doorway runs a line of incandescents. What would the ordinary theatre think of an entrance made brilliant by just eight electric bulbs?



White

JOSE COLLINS
Daughter of Lottie Collins, seen in "Vera Violetta" at the Winter Garden

And on one side of this former stable, to which on play nights limousines bring loads of gaily dressed society people, there are the shops of a carpenter and a painter, and on the other is an ordinary stable unrelieved in its ugliness.

The program for the first season of the Toy Theatre calls for eight sets of fortnightly performances, for which only course tickets will be sold. Of each bill there will be four performances: on Monday evening a special invitation performance for students of the drama at Harvard, Radcliffe and elsewhere; on Tuesday evening and on Thursday afternoon and evening regular subscription performances. The pieces produced will be those alone which have not appeared on the professional stage. No old dramas will be revived. But many a small play by a standard dramatist will quite likely get its first production here.

To indicate the nature of the programmes, here is the first bill, produced on January 1, 2 and 4:

"TWO OUT OF TIME," BY OLIVER HERFORD.
Corydon, a Shepherd.....A. S. A. Brady
Madelaine, a Leading Lady.....Mary Gray

"IN HIS HOUSE," BY GEORGE MIDDLETON
Volney .....Henry Goodrich
Claire .....Eugenia Frothingham
Judith .....Hazel MacKaye

"PRESS CUTTINGS," BY GEORGE BERNARD SHAW
General Mitchener.....Samuel A. Eliot, Jr.
Orderly .....Waldo Glidden
Balsquith .....William C. Safford
Mrs. Farrell.....Mrs. Lyman W. Gale

The first of this group of short plays represented a modern actress and a fifteenth century shepherd, amid the woods of a picturesque forests. The second is taken from the volume of plays called "The Embers." The third is a topical skit by "the only Shaw," in which there are much farcical fun and biting sarcasm aimed at present-day political and social foibles of England.

The production of this little drama was prohibited in London owing to the names given the principal characters and the words put into their mouths, for Balsquith seemed to suggest Asquith and Mitchener appeared to point to Kitchener. The plays given in the week of January 15 were: "Between Engagements," by Franz Hedberg, translated from the Swedish by Mrs. Karl Andern and Mrs. Gale, and "The Wings," by the writer of "The Piper!"

F. LAURISTON BULLARD.



From *Sketch*

As given at the Gigantic Theatre, London: The great Derby Day scene from "Doped by Dorothy," as presented at the Bijou Theatre, Piptown



As given at the Miniature Theatre, London: Bathroom scene from "The Man Who took the Wrong Shaving Stick," as presented at The Colossus Theatre, Bigport

DIFFICULTIES OF FIT: TOURING COMPANY TRIALS



GEORGETTE LEBLANC (MME. MAETERLINCK) IN HER LEOPARD SKIN COAT

The Wife of Maeterlinck

IF only it were less unlikely that a French composer could ever have fallen under the spell of English verse, one might have said that Debussy, in writing the score of "Pélléas et Mélisande," was striving to express that sweet unearthly music of which Keats speaks when, in his "Ode to a Nightingale," he invokes the haunting strain

> "that ofttimes hath
> Charmed magic casements opening on the foam
> Of perilous seas, in faery lands forlorn."

Maeterlinck would have us believe that this land of the eerie music is mediæval Normandy, and the sumptuous and intelligent mounting given to his piece, as recently produced (with his co-operation) at the Boston Opera House, skilfully reinforces this idea. The rooms, the galleries, the candles and *prie-dieu* within them; the forests, the park, the old well; the terraces, the grottoes and the towering battlements were all superbly and strikingly mediæval. Yet it was, none the less, only a "faery land forlorn" in which Mélisande lived out her short, sad life, the life itself being, to paraphrase Wordsworth, a thing

> "that never was, on sea or land."

Which is to say that, in spite of its distinctly tangible setting,—the kind of setting never before seen in America,—this opera, because of its text and because of its strange, unearthly music, belongs to no time and to no place; remains, in a word, what Maeterlinck must ever have meant it to be: a tragedy of the spirit, a symbol of the inevitable suffering which must come in a world of sense to certain fine natures who, though they themselves know not sin, become the victims of sin working in others.

Madame Maeterlinck's own conception of Mélisande is that she is a child, a child when found by Golaud in the forest, scarcely less a child when she thrusts her unbound hair out of the castle window for Pélléas, standing below, to caress; still a child when in the bosky park she naïvely tells her husband's brother that she loves him, and above all a child,—though just become a mother,—when, about to die, she answers her husband's brutal and insistent "Do you love Pélléas? Tell me, *do you love him?*" with the beautifully direct "Oh, yes, I love him; where is he?"

That a grown woman, and a French woman at that, could "get over the footlights" this conception of a character which Mrs. Patrick Campbell, at any rate, regarded as very far from innocent in passion, called for art of the finest, highest kind. It also called

for pellucid purity in the personality behind the part. Madame Maeterlinck has this. Hers is the translucent soul of an exquisite child, and this, notwithstanding the fact that she has been made to say ridiculous things to many who have interviewed her in Boston. Few women are at their best in interviews — especially when they must be conducted through an interpreter—and that young journalist who told me (quite honestly) that the wife of the great Belgian poet said things so outrageous his paper (a yellow Sunday sheet!) could not *print* them, simply failed utterly to understand this woman of fine intelligence.



White

MARGARET ANGLIN

Recently seen in Henry Arthur Jones' play "Lydia Gilmore," which proved a failure and has since been withdrawn

Only a very good-natured person would have endured indeed the badgering to which this lady has been subjected in Boston for publicity purposes. This seems as good a place as any to say that if the Boston Opera House wishes to be sustained as a "civic institution," having its taxes remitted because of the cultural advantage an opera house is to a growing "port," it should speedily purge itself of vulgar sensationalism. Fancy a poet of the Maeterlinck order being cabled please not to deny that he is in America, because the belief that he is here, *incognito*, is proving good for business. If the public of our good city of Boston cannot be persuaded to attend the opera because wonderful music dramas are there wonderfully put on, let the enterprise fail, and the modern Athens remain opera-less. To exploit a woman of Madame Maeterlinck's type as if she were a variety stage performer is too cruel and too crude!

On the stage Madame is a figure out of a stained-glass window, or, better still, an embodiment of the illuminated border of some mediæval missal. The way in which, by carefully planned posings, she deepened this suggestion, shows her to be an actress thoroughly well grounded in the technique of her art. Yet when she became less self-conscious and, in thinking about the effect of her voice upon the auditor, forgot for the moment the appeal of her lithe body-line, she was more pleasing and approximated much more closely, of course, the real woman.

One of my first questions when I met her was, "Do women in France read Maeterlinck?"

The poet's wife hesitated perhaps a second before replying. Then she said tactfully, "They do read him, the women of France, oh yes. But not in so great numbers as do the women of your country—those intelligent, sympathetic women of whom I have seen so many since coming to Boston."

"But this play," I pursued, "this 'Pélléas et Mélisande,' with its insistence upon truth, its constant recurrence to *la verité*—was that intended by M. Maeterlinck to be a reproach to what other French dramatists have taught us to regard as a trait of the French woman —the tendency to deception?"

"Oh, no," came the quick answer. "Maeterlinck (she always speaks of her husband as Maeterlinck) had no intention of moralizing in this play. It would then have been a sermon, and not art, you know."

She smiled confidingly, and drew about her the loose, clinging gown, all amber and pearly white, which she had worn in the last act of the poetic drama we were discussing.

"But," she continued, "perhaps this play says to you what it says to me: that first, always, and on every occasion a woman must speak the truth, not so much because to lie is wrong, as because not to be truthful is unintelligent. Intelligence is the first quality for a woman of to-day. Sometimes I say that she needs only intelligence to be attractive. Let her have intelligence, and all else will be added unto her. It makes no difference to what race a woman belongs, from what class she comes, nor what features she possesses. It is only what she herself is that counts, only her intelligence that is of any importance. This feminist movement that is attracting so much attention everywhere—in France, mind you, as well as in England and here—means just that, does it not, the awakening of women to the realization that she is, first of all, a human being and, as a human being, can be satisfied only with truth, with work, with responsibility, and with self-expression."

"To be consciously happy a woman must have a lifework, and perform it with joy. Do you think I could be happy without my work? No, indeed, I should be miserable. I love my work, I love to sing, to talk to people, to paint, to model, to design beautiful clothes, to act.

"Which part in M. Maeterlinck's plays do you like best?"

"As a character, as a rôle, Ariane; Maeterlinck wrote that out of my own sayings, you know. He kept a journal of things that I had said for a long time, and then one day he told me that he had collected enough, and was

(*Continued on page ix*)



EDMOND ROSTAND'S COUNTRY PLACE AT CAMBO, BASSES-PYRENEES, FRANCE

Rostand Before "Cyrano"

By WARREN BARTON BLAKE

AN author's beginnings have their unfailing interest for amateur and critic alike, and it is so essentially true that "a bird will hop before it learns to soar," as Roxane says in "Cyrano," that one wants to observe the hopping as well as the soaring that may—or may not—follow. That is not all, however, in the case of Edmond Rostand. There is more charm, if less power, in the first work, compared with the later. Without lacking mannerisms—personal and stylistic—the Rostand of pre-Cyranic days is distinctly a less distasteful personage than the Rostand of "Cyrano" and "Chantecler"; the Rostand whose next play of heroism is to be "Roland à Roncevaux"; the Rostand with a country place at Cambo, Basses-Pyrénées; spoiled child of fortune and puffery.

For that matter, the preference, on the whole, of the younger and less pretentious plays is nothing eccentric. Even these are, to be sure, sufficiently sophisticated. And, speaking of "La Princesse Lointaine," Rostand himself said, in 1900, "that is the work I am happiest to have written." It is always more or less diverting to know a poet's private preferences, even when one cannot altogether share them. It was Tennyson himself who took more delight in

"The mellow ouzle fluted in the elm,"

than in any other line he ever wrote. As for Rostand, his choice is no more preposterous than Tennyson's. And this year we New Yorkers hope for a chance to see his "Princesse" on our own stage: an English version of its gossamer verse, that is: the work of Mr. Louis N. Parker, with Madame Simone (ex-Le Bargy), wife of M. Casmir-Périer, in the principal rôle.

The poet whose "early work" is the subject of this paper is still youthful, as celebrities go. He is the youngest member of the French Academy. He was born in Marseilles, April 1, 1868, the son of an economist and journalist. (Note, please, the atavism.) He passed through the usual experience of collegiate life; then studied the law. As a schoolboy, he set a shocking example for his classmates. One of these has lately declared as much. "In the drawing class," he writes, "Rostand read a novel; when we were translating Greek, he sketched fantastic figures on the margin of his Thucydides; he constructed Egyptian temples with his books and note-books while, on the blackboard, our old professor of mathematics traced geometrical lines; he never knew his lessons." Yet he took high rank, above all in composition, history and geography. This was partly due to his nascent talent, partly to his clever "cramming" before examinations. With several school-fellows, he founded a little magazine—*Le Farfadet* ("The Sprite"). Says one of his comrades of the first issue:

"The novel was Rostand's, in collaboration with one of our classmates. Victor Weyl, to-day a distinguished barrister at the Court of Appeals in Paris; the title was "The Green Wolf," and it was signed "Carlowitz-Palanka!" I haven't much idea what it was all about . . . but the style was alert, imaginative, easy."



EDMOND ROSTAND

And forty copies of the magazine were sold. "It's a success," said Rostand, who sells rather more than forty copies of his works nowadays, and that without signing them with a Balkan pseudonym.*

It was in 1890 that the youth, who had begun by writing prose, published his first volume of verse: *Les Musardises*—"Idle Thoughts," as we may English it. The book was never reprinted until this year. His chiffon poetry did, however, win its author the praises of at least one critic. Augustin Filon proclaimed the verses "both impertinent and engaging, a mixture of carelessness and precocity." I do not know whether M. Filon would agree, but to me that characterization of Rostand's slightest production seems to fit astonishingly well the more recent, more familiar work. And I do not think that M. Rostand himself would quarrel with anyone holding such an opinion—in his heart, at least; he has lately said of this early volume that it came to be for him "a pretty complete journal of his youth." And youth is poetry, poetry youth.

After the little book of poems came the first play. Even as schoolboy, the future academician was a stage enthusiast. So was Flaubert, whose mature efforts at stagecraft

*See "Les Premiers Débuts d'Edmond Rostand," by M. Jean Payroud, in *Les Annales littéraires et politiques*, August 6, 1911.

were, none the less, no more profitable than Balzac's. Rostand, however, has the theatric imagination. Always exacting in matters of *mise-en-scène* and costuming, he attains, always, a certain degree of dramatic effectiveness. He attains it overpoweringly, of course, in "Cyrano." He attains it in slighter degree in "L'Aiglon." He commands it even in "La Samaritaine," his "gospel in three tableaux, in verse."

Whether or not true dramatic significance attaches to "Chantecler," no one questions the effectiveness of the piece, granted a lavish production. I cannot doubt that there was effectiveness, of its sort, in "Le Gant Rouge" itself: a collaborated vaudeville, produced years ago at the Cluny. And, dainty as it is, the earliest piece of his work that survives, the Banvillesque comedy, "Les Romanesques," is, essentially, a piece for the stage: the stage of the Comédie Française.

"Les Romanesques"—"The Fantasticks," it has been translated—was performed on a May evening of sixteen years ago. Next day, the author of the little play found himself described by Sarcey as a "new Regnard." It is worth noticing, for once, what the critics found to say about a début at the Français. Some spoke of Musset—as Filon had done in reviewing the *Musardises;* others named Mendès, and even Verlaine. (Their suggestion that here was one who had cut him an entire suit from a corner of Victor Hugo's mantle came considerably later.) Here was, at any rate, a turning away from the influences of Augier and Dumas *fils*—predominant for Hervieu and Lavedan and Donnay, even; and for many another besides. But it is noteworthy that both eighteenth century and nineteenth century playwrights were cited as Rostand's progenitors; poets living and poets dead. It is significant that there were these comparisons with predecessors, rather than vaunts of a new poet discovered for France; it is no less significant that poets of more than one age and school were named. For Rostand has been, from the first, a wonderful mixer of inspirations. Add that, in reading his verse, one is tempted, one minute to denounce him for a *précieux,* the next to complain of his neologisms. For all that, he who cannot taste the comedy of "The Fantasticks" is, somehow, wanting.



White Laurette Taylor as Luana in "The Bird of Paradise"

Yet like all that is Rostand's, the comedy is singularly uneven. Somebody has written—not Mr. James?—that one is entranced by the first act of "Les Romanesques," rather pleasantly diverted by the second, and bored by the third. And M. Faguet has suggested that the first act alone be produced: a procedure by which the best of the comedy might be indefinitely preserved in the Français' repertory. Certainly no one could wish to see the piece on another stage. It is as with the comedies of Marivaux, too seldom revived.

The personages are Sylvette and Percinet—and their fathers. "The scene is where you will, provided the costumes be pretty."

The fathers, neighbors, know the romantic inclinations of their offspring. Therefore, they have feigned a feud, as the surest means of bringing about a union of their families and estates. They play, the old rascals, at Montague-Capulet. The children, taking the cue, play Romeo-Juliet; in love with one another—with the mossy wall that separates them ineffectively — with love itself. They kiss and recite the *beaux vers du grand Will.*

All is beauty, innocence, and youth. Are the lovers indifferently absurd at times in their endearments? One remembers the love-making in "Feverel," if not one's own. That, also, was slightly ludicrous.

To relate the fragile plot of "Les Romanesques" in mere English prose is to deflower the daintiness of it. To tell the truth, though, its greatest daintiness lies in Act I. There is humor in later acts; Rostand frankly and tellingly satirizes his romancers. But one does not so much enjoy the reverse of the glass, and the lovers' disillusion on learning of their fathers' ruse — and learning, too, that the forced elopement from which Percinet saved his Sylvette was a mere trick, executed by one Straforel, dealer in

"The rape by cab—it's little in request;
The rape by day—the rape by night looks best;
The pompous rape with coaches of the court,
With powdered lacqueys, wigs of every sort
(The wigs are extra)—eunuchs, slaves, and mutes,
Blacks, bravos, brigands, musketeers—as suits;
The rape done by postillions, three or four,
And half a dozen horses, less or more.
* * * * * *
The rape Venetian (item: blue lagoon);
The rape by moonlight, or without a moon;
* * * * * *
The rape emphatic and the rape polite;
The rape with torches (*that's* the prettiest sight!),
The rape in sedan chair, so new and gay,
The latest thing of all—and *distingué.*"

Brilliant nonsense — with sound sense for substratum. And, of course, all "ends happily"—for, if there is satire here, its tissue is so gossamer that tears at the conclusion would be dreadfully out of place. In the epilogue, Percinet sums the piece up as

"A Watteau picture, month of June,
An honest play that endeth soon,
A wall—two fathers—lovers two . . ."

To which Sylvette adds:

"Clear costumes—rhymes as fresh as dew."

It is another "Mid-summer Night's Dream"—only it is a dream *about* a dream. And Rostand, last of the romantics, makes his first play a bit of jesting at romancing: there's the point for your critics.

Besides the "Romanesques," there is another play of Rostand's, earlier than "Cyrano," well worth knowing. That is the four-act piece first produced at the Théâtre de la Renaissance in April, 1895. "La Princesse Lointaine" is dedicated to Madame Bernhardt, who played the title part. The piece may, indeed, be said to have been written almost directly "at" the great Sarah. Yet there is more to it than a mere vehicle for a *tragédienne,* and its

fate in America will be interesting to observe. For it was not an unqualified success even in France, this lyric "Princesse Lointaine." Still, it is of the utmost importance as being, in a sense, Rostand's half-way house. He toyed with romance in "Les Romanesques"; he achieved it in "Cyrano." At the intermediate step, he is wholly serious in his romancing, and writes just such a play as Sylvette and Percinet would have enjoyed. Only, symbolism being in the air, and much talk of Maeterlinck, he abandons somewhat his vein of fantasy—for the moment—and practises mysticism. Therefore, he deploys personages of the twelfth century: corsairs, troubadours, princes, and one dazzling princess. The legend he revivifies is that recalled by Browning in his "Rudel to the Lady of Tripoli." It is a story dear to all the poets. Petrarch in his "Trionfo d'Amore," the Germans' "Uhland und Heine," Carducci, Swinburne in "The Triumph of Time"—these no less than Browning have found inspiration in the legend, if not in the verse of Rudel. We may read the legend in the old Provençal biography. It is poetry in prose—or poetry in life, if you prefer to phrase it so:

"Now, Joffroy Rudel, of Blaye, was a very noble man, the Prince of Blaye. And he fell in love with the Countess of Tripoli, whom he had never seen, because of the praises that he heard of her from the pilgrims who returned from Antioch; and he made many songs about her, with good melodies and few words. And, for the sake of seeing her, he took the Cross and set out to sea. And on the voyage a grievous illness fell upon him, so that those who were on the ship with him thought he was dead, but they brought him to Tripoli and carried him to an inn, thinking him dead. And it was made known to the Countess, and she came to him and took him in her arms, and he knew she was the Countess, and recovered consciousness, and praised God and thanked Him for having let him live to see her. And so he died in the lady's arms. And she had him honorably buried in the Church of the Templars, and on that same day she became a nun, through the grief she felt by reason of his death."

Rostand's telling of the legend is not in all respects that of the mediæval biographer. In his dramatic poem, Rudel yearns to set eyes upon the princess for whom he has written verses of admirable *facture*,—verses reminiscent, however, of the sixteenth rather than of the twelfth century. He would make a pilgrimage of love. But—even in the twelfth century—he is laughed at; misunderstood. Bertrand, however, who is no less poet than Joffroy Rudel, understands, and aids him in taking ship for Tripoli. They sail, "to the East—the East." At first their voyage is the plainest and pleasantest of sailing. Later, they are attacked by corsairs, by storms, and by disease. They lose their reckoning. They are in rags. They are hungry. But the rough crew has been fired with the idealism of the leaders. These seamen, fed on songs, long to see the Princess Far-Away for themselves. They are transformed from rowdy sailormen to mute, inglorious poets, one and all.

Rudel, alas! lies dying. And when at last they reach the port of Tripoli, he cannot leave his mattress on the bridge. So he sends Bertrand as ambassador. And Bertrand promises to bring the Princess, that the dying Rudel may satisfy his yearning for an earthly vision.

The Princess is but mortal, and falls in love with the brave ambassador of the dying Prince. (So did Isolde sin with Tristan, sent to fetch the bride.) Bertrand fights against his own passion, as he had battled against the Knight *(Continued on page viii)*



Photo Davis and Sanford

MISS ANN MURDOCK

Lately seen as Marjorie in Rupert Hughes' comedy, "Excuse Me," at the Gaiety Theatre

Interviewing a Russian Actor

RÁDOST ZHÍZNY! The joy of life! The present writer had seen Orleneff in many rôles a few years ago, when his company included Mme. Nazimova. It was not, however, until I had heard him in Ibsen's "Ghosts" cry out Oswald Alving's passionate, uncontrollable longing for *Rádost Zhizny* that this talented Russian actor made a definite impression.

Determined to become better acquainted with a player whose methods are so unconventional and interesting, I returned several times to the dismal, draughty, uncomfortable playhouse on Fourth Street, a few doors from the Bowery, where Orleneff gives Ibsen's plays and dramatizations of famous Russian novels, with scenery which looks as though it had been set up wrong side out and properties. . . ! Finally between two acts of "Crime and Punishment" I picked my way to Raskolnikoff's dressing-room. Beaming smiles, an outstretched hand with a ferocious grip, a sonorous welcome. My diagnosis was confirmed.

—Would he see me on the morrow?

—*Konieshno; s'bolshim oodovolstviem!*

Forsake all hopes, ye who enter Orleneff's dressing-room, of carrying on the conversation in near French, mongrel German or tourist's Italian. Nothing goes but Russian. Orleneff once played "Ghosts" before Ibsen, with a Danish cast, but he read his lines in Russian. The great Solsky organized a "guest" performance for him in Warsaw. Orleneff answered in Russian the cues given him in Polish. And now he is gathering an English company to tour the States. He himself will act his rôles in Russian.

I betook myself, then, on the morrow, to a house on the borderland of old Greenwich village, where Orleneff has taken up temporary quarters. At three o'clock I rang the bell. Orleneff was expecting me, and declared himself ready to give as many hours of his time as might be required. But he was in no hurry to begin. He seemed to avoid discussing his art. I began to feel uncertain about another appointment I had made for four-thirty.

"There is plenty of time for everything in life," he added. "Just think. Once we started down the Amoor River. The stream was very shallow in places, and we finally stuck fast in the sand. The only thing to do was to wait for rain. And wait we did . . . nine days!"

"Oh, well, life is long!" This with a cheerful laughter from Lina Koroleva, who in private life is Mme. Orleneff. We sat down, and then, as I was laboriously preparing my first question, the actor began to wind up a huge phonograph, and announced a Moussorgsky aria, sung by Shaliapin. Then came personal reminiscences of Shaliapin, and then another aria, and again another. . . .

When the interviewer feebly endeavored, in his broken Russian, to lead the conversation back to the motive of the visit, the actor answered abruptly:

"No, we won't talk of anything to-day. We won't talk of the stage, we won't talk of myself—some other time."

Interpreting this as a gentle intimation that the visit had lasted long enough, I rose.

"No, no; don't go," he insisted. "Sit down; we will smoke and have more music, and we will talk of cheerful things and enjoy life."

And we talked, and every minute Orleneff lighted another one of those long thin cigarettes, just a pinch of blond tobacco at the end of a card-board mouthpiece. One or two puffs, and in the exhilaration of passionate speech and gesture, the actor lets the little "papiros" die out; impatiently he drops it into the ash tray and sets the match to a fresh one.

"And now Herr B—— (a weeping-willow-maned pianist who had dropped in on his Russian friends meantime) will play for you some beautiful Russian melodies."



PAUL ORLENEFF

It was five o'clock. A Russian maid appeared in the doorway.

"Come, we will have dinner."

We were swept into the dining-room. About seven o'clock the Russian maid brought in two French-looking bottles with towels around their necks. I went to the phone and broke a few more engagements. Yes, the joy of life—*Rádost Zhizny!*

The next day I called again, and also the day after, and I have never yet interviewed Orleneff. Still now I know him better than I know some men who answered methodically every question I put to them, and even volunteered some information that was not asked for.

The Russian actor well symbolizes in private life, as well as on the stage,—the joy of life! Short of stature, but amazingly strong, with a healthy, pink skin, dazzling teeth, large gleaming eyes, a splendid head of silky, wavy, chestnut-colored hair, he is physically the Dyonisian according to Nietszche's heart. One must hear his musical, well modulated voice in order to realize what a splendid language Russian may become, bristling as it is with hostile groups of consonants.

Of the various parts he plays, Brand, Karamazoff, Raskolnikoff, Tzar Fedor, Osvald Alving, the last named is probably the one with which the general public is most familiar, and this is probably the reason why I found Orleneff's formula while witnessing the performance of "Ghosts."

His Osvald is undeniably Mrs. Alving's son. Married to an incompetent profligate, Mrs. Alving has all her life long assumed the part which the conventional world describes as the part of a true wife. With the exception of one short attempt at revolt she has borne her burden silently, not even allowing her associates to surmise the heartrending truth. Now she suddenly reveals herself an insurgent against her past. Her son shall live: he shall know the joy of life, whatever that joy may consist in.

Osvald comes home with



LINA KOROLEVA (Mme. Orleneff)



ORLENEFF AS KARAMAZOFF



ELSIE FERGUSON AS DOLLY MADISON IN "THE FIRST LADY IN THE LAND"



White

WILL PHILLIPS AND SOLDIERS OF THE PRESIDENT'S GUARD IN "THE ROSE OF PANAMA" AT DALY'S THEATRE

his death sentence in his heart; but youth, strength, hope against hope are seething within him. He is in revolt against the future as his mother is in revolt against the past. His young, virile organism is struggling fiercely with the germs of dissolution.

Pictorial beauty, sunlight, the sparkle of wine, Regina's voluptuous physique, are the component elements of the joy of life for which he was born. He does not bemoan his hereditary taint; he wants to fight off the doom foretold by an outspoken physician; he does not allow the dullness of his home to oppress him; he demands from his mother the means of warding off cloying monotony; he does not yield to the temptation of brooding introspection: Regina, with her butterfly soul, must detract his mind from the contemplation of his doom.

Others have visualized a sullen, despairing, defeated Osvald. Orleneff gives us a determined, hopeful, defying Osvald. And this Osvald is by all means the most artistic of all. He does not drag himself to his foreshadowed death. He falls struggling, overwhelmed by a fate insidious and irresistible.

Reticent as Orleneff may be about himself and his past, there is one incident of his career over which he fairly gloats: Once during the summer he whimsically decided to invite all the peasants of a little Russian hamlet to witness a performance of "Ghosts." The next day, a mouzhik presented him with a lengthy document to which were affixed some 200 signatures, crosses, fingermarks. The document was a letter indited by members of his rustic audience. "Never before," it read, "had we realized how beautiful life was!"

Orleneff keeps no scrap-book, and he could not supply me with any printed biography clipping, or other ready information, but this letter he treasures and shows willingly. That he could clearly convey his interpretation of Ibsen's thoughts to a band of unsophisticated tillers of the soil, he considers as undisputable evidence of his histrionic abilities.

In the course of our desultory afternoon talks, Orleneff passed severe judgment on Russian playwrights of the present hour.

"The pornographic and the sensational are holding sway," he said bitterly. "The censor follows in the path that has been blazed by the policeman. Study clubs conducive to advanced thinking are not encouraged, but shows of low moral standard are not interfered with. The kind of spectacle which corresponds to suggestive musical comedy on your stage is never suppressed. You can imagine what fruits such a policy has been bearing. Besides these unspeakable 'psychological' plays, the old-time burlesque, rough and vulgar, is also flourishing. The intellectual awakening of the revolutionary years seems to have been followed by a still heavier slumber."

Gloomy as the outlook appears, Orleneff would not for a minute take a hopeless view of the situation: "It's never so dark as just before daybreak. . . ."

ANDRÉ TRIDON.



Moffett

CHRYSTAL HERNE

Appearing as Mrs. Clayton in "As a Man Thinks"



Moffett

JANE GRAY

Playing Flora Dallas in "The Concert"

Scenes in "Elevating a Husband" at the Liberty Theatre



Photos White

Emily Ann Wellman Louis Mann
Act II. Charles: "Letty, are you glad I'm here?"



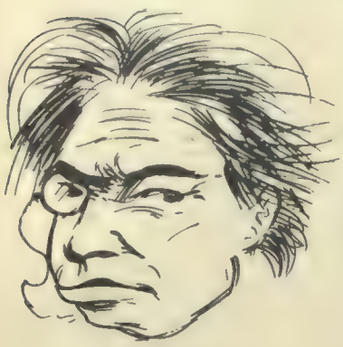
Louis Mann Emily Ann Wellman
Act III. Charles: "You want to elevate me down, and not up"



Charles Halton Homer Hunt Mr. Mann Miss Wellman Leslie Kenyon Howard Scott Jessie Carter Conway Tearle
Act III. Charles (Mr. Mann): "I would prefer a child to your Schopenhauer philosophy and swell people"

Why I Don't Write Plays

I AM, or rather I was, a dramatic critic—a modern Brutus in my special field. I have been a prominent and much feared member of the dreaded theatrical "death watch." I have assisted at many dramatic obsequies, and with Brutus I have repeated those immortal words: "I come to bury Cæsar, not to *praise him.*"



THE CRITIC

Not so very long ago there was in this city a theatrical manager, a veritable despot, whose fleshy hand was greedily outstretched to grasp the entire theatrical world. I regarded him as a species of theatrical vampire and, virtuously indignant at this wrong done the drama, I felt it my duty to down him, and "down him" I did.

As the season progressed, my attacks grew more furious, more venomous, and people who knew him came to me and said he was nearly at the end of his resources. His backers were withdrawing their financial support because my criticisms had opened their eyes to his many blunders.

To-day the dramatic art is becoming a serious matter with the public. Business men, who formerly opened their morning paper at the stock quotations or European cables, now eagerly seek their favorite dramatic critic and swallow his article with their coffee. And as to their wives, before the dear things thrust their dainty feet into their slippers, and put their warm bodies into breakfast *negligées,* even before they look for the latest underwear sale, they eagerly seek the notice of the new "show." The drama has come into its own. It has won its place in the hearts of the people, "Allah be praised!" There is but one god—the Show. And the critic is its prophet!

One afternoon I was sitting in my private office, writing my regular *feuilleton* on the week's failures. I had asked for a little place for myself, for I have not the courage to designate that dimly lit corner a room. The editor and sub-editors were beginning to treat me with deference. My star was in the ascension.

A card was handed to me. Upon it was the name of Manager S———, the despot who was under the ban of my displeasure. For a moment I was startled. What could he want with me? Greatly perturbed, I told the attendant to show him in. My embarrassment was not unnatural. At that time I was still young; my conscience was not so hardened as it became later in life. Had I done this man an injustice? Guiltily I thrust my "copy" into a drawer. I was writing, for the Sunday paper, a "roast" of his plays and his company, which everyone, who might have overlooked my earlier attacks during the week, could not fail to notice. My heart beat tumultuously with pride. Was I really, then, so important that this great theatrical Cæsar should come to me? Yes—I was the tribunal!

Quickly I outlined in my mind what my attitude should be, and what I would say. I would be very dignified, very stern, very aggressive. I must continue to be the Brutus—who buries and does not praise.

He entered. To my utter astonishment, his manner, instead of being hostile, was—well, have you ever seen a poor old father welcome his long-lost son believed to be dead? Thusly was I greeted by Manager S———. There were even tears of emotion in his watery eyes. He gave me no chance to speak. He poured out effusively how incomprehensible it was that we two congenial souls could have lived so long in the same city and not gravitated to each other before. *He* had felt irresistibly impelled to take the first step. He spoke of my family,—he had known my father casually, as a boy,—of my great talent, and my greater future. Not a word about my attack upon his theatre!

Now, I am not such a vain ass as to be taken in by five minutes of fulsome flattery. No! It took at least ten minutes, and after that, I must confess, we—the theatrical manager and the critic—were life-long friends! He went on to confide to me the difficulty he experienced to get suitable plays, and he begged me to spare him, to "let him down easy" until he could lay his hands upon the proper material. Suiting action to word, he placed a fleshy hand softly upon my shoulder, and, fixing me with his watery eyes, said coaxingly:

"Why don't *you* write a play?"

Taken completely aback at this unexpected proposal, I stammered and choked, but no words came. He saw his advantage, and followed it up. He was sure that I had the dramatic instinct strongly developed. The man who could so completely tear down a play, as I had done, would, he said, find no difficulty in building one up.

At last, by great effort, I found my voice. I thanked him fervently, but it was out of the question. My "activity as a critic," my "limited time," my "higher profession as a journalist," *et cetera, et cetera.* Everything that a man says when he has nothing to say I said, and I ended by thanking him profusely, and declining the honor as modestly as I could. Then I was sorry, for I dislike to hurt the feelings of anyone, even though they be those of a commercial theatre manager. I saw portrayed in the flexible lineaments of his countenance such deep distress, such utter hopelessness, that it cut me to the quick. With the greatest amiability I tried to console him—in vain. The one single thing he desired most in this world was a play,—with my name attached to it,—and that was denied him!

Did you ever see a deer shot? Neither have I. But I have read many moving descriptions of the poor animal's last moments, how the eyes speak with such reproach before the last breath gives out with a sigh, that it is positively heart-rending!

The manager gazed at me with those dying-deer eyes. Then he turned and, speechless with emotion, staggered out. I tried to continue my attack upon him for the Sunday paper, but the gall (familiarly known as ink), into which I had dipped my pen, gradually turned white, and before long the milk of human kindness was flowing in optimistic prognostications of a dramatic renaissance.

Some time after the call of my managerial friend, I happened late one night to drop in at a café well known in the theatrical district. There, around a table in a corner, with foaming glasses of beer before them, sat some of the leading members of Manager S———'s company. I knew them slightly, but hesitated to join the group, feeling that they would naturally resent my recent severe criticisms of their acting. Nothing of the kind. Being then naive and inexperienced, I could not understand why they should greet an avowed enemy so cordially. There was a unanimous shout of welcome when they saw me. They took me at once into their circle, and each fought the other to treat me with the best the establishment had to offer. The comedian, whose stage humor I had designated as sad, flung his arms around me, quite overcome with happiness at meeting a man whom he had admired for many years. The character-actor or character-dauber, as I had called him, heaped coals of fire upon my head by calling me "dear, gifted boy."

How stimulating—for a *raconteur*—this witty, artistic circle! When I told them my worn-out old newspaper stories, which had never failed to send other listeners to sleep, they held their sides, splitting with laughter. Then unanimously, as one man, they cried out:

"Why don't *you* write a play?"

That settled it. The world waited. I owed it to the world.

A few days later I sat at my desk, a heap of cigarette ashes in front of me, up to the neck in a great play. It was only a matter now of throwing off my confounded laziness. That I had



THE MANAGER



Baker Art Gallery

GRACE GEORGE, LATELY SEEN IN "JUST TO GET MARRIED," AT MAXINE ELLIOTT'S THEATRE



White HAMILTON REVELLE AS THE WAZIR MANSUR IN "KISMET"

great talent as a dramatist was no longer a matter of doubt. Suddenly I heard the *frou-frou* of silk, and inhaled the odor of an unfamiliar perfume. It was Miss F——, for many, many years a great favorite in ingenue parts in Manager S——'s company, and whom I had secretly adored from my earliest youth. What could she want of me? Were her jewels stolen again, or had she secured a divorce from her fourth husband? No, that had already been used in our paper with fine sensational effect. Was she going into vaudeville, to play her old successes—demure young girls of twenty years ago? No, none of these familiar and pathetic subterfuges to revive dying interest. She spoke of nothing but my *critiques*, my great and complex insight into things dramatic. She said I was perfectly wonderful. Then, as she rose to leave, she asked in her sweet, elusive, caressing voice:

"Why don't *you* write a play?"

If a man has a heart, such an earnest appeal cannot fall on deaf ears. One owes duties to others as well as to one's self. With great sincerity, I answered:

"Very well, since you wish it, I *will* write a play. Here's my hand on it."

An expression of such unbounded delight came into her face that words fail me to describe it accurately. It was the grateful look of a human being who felt that she had not lived in vain, and was now going to begin to really enjoy life. It reminded me of the last act of a bad play I had once "roasted," and in which she had played the leading part. The only good thing in it had been the expression on her face when the villain, who had led her astray years before, came back to "make good." Going to left upper entrance—I mean to the door leading downstairs to the street—she threw me, over her shoulder, the very same sweet glance with which she had made her exit every evening, and she spoke the same line, which, as Fate willed, fitted the situation perfectly:

"I *count* upon you."

I wrote the play, and, as might be naturally expected, I put into it all the keen, satirical and ironic wit for which my critical writing had long been famous. Of course, it was a comedy!

It is not necessary to give the theme. I was too old a hand at the business to try to force upon the public any new complications. It was the Old Story freshly handled. I had no "message." What I was after was box office receipts. My colleagues, the other critics, would stand by me. They were all very kind, many of them sending me clippings from European and native comic papers to help out with my dialogue.

The rehearsals went magnificently. We all laughed ourselves sick; even the stage manager sat with me and chuckled. We really amused ourselves. The great night of the *première* also came. My colleagues, the critics, were present in great array. The house was packed—with deadheads. The paying public was kept out. I did not want any wet blankets. No, no. I knew my business!

The next morning the papers heralded a new dramatic author, *"The Great Comedy at Last," "Audience Convulsed by Clever Play,"* and so on. But—the public stayed away. By the end of the week the theatre was closed from want of spectators. We tried to save the situation by raising a snow-storm of "paper," but even the deadheads wouldn't come.

I did not lose my self-respect. Oh, no! And my friends of the theatre stood by me so close that the actors continued to borrow of me—always a sign of great confidence in a man, and his exchequer. I had many talks with the manager about raising a syndicate for my next play. Everybody gave me advice. I listened modestly to all they said: "Your mistake *(Continued on page vi)*



Sarony

"OTHER MEN MAY WORK, BUT NONE RECEIVES THE INSTANT REWARD THAT THE PLAYER DOES"

Otis Skinner—America's Leading Romantic Actor

ACTORS have been likened to torch bearers, flinging light into the future, and casting their beams into the dark corners of the past. They have been compared to looking-glass holders, holding up the mirrors to Nature. They have been dubbed artists or artisans, according to their merits, or the view of the beholder. It was one of their own craft, one of our foremost players, who has said that they have the properties of blotting paper, or of sponges.

It was Otis Skinner who made this comparison. "An actor," he said, "is a thermometer, but a self-registering one."

This summarizing of the actor occurred in the red-walled tea room of a Fifth Avenue hotel. The star of "Kismet" was temporarily playing the rôle of a bachelor. Bryn Mawr, where the family home is, was too far from Broadway for our afternoon foregathering. The largest and finest of star dressing-rooms is small and mean to a man who hungers for the outer air. The household gods had not been transported from Bryn Mawr to the pleasant apartment near Madison Square, where they are now set up. The tea room was the solution, and there, flanked by a curving table with a samovar, whence fragrant steam issued, china crushable as eggshells, and a basket of hot-house grapes nearly as large as eggs, and with a girl in a pale blue broadcloth gazing at him from the table on our right, and a woman in autumn leaf velvet sending glances of delighted recognition at the star from our left, and the glimpses of the Avenue's five o'clock kaleidoscope distracting us, we talked generally of actors, and specifically of Otis Skinner.

Much of the vigor of Hajj, the Oriental hero of "Kismet," was missing from its chief actor. The man with the strong, well-knit figure, in the fashionable brown overcoat, the strong face that might have belonged to a man in any successful sphere of life, but for the eyes, womanly in their occasional softness, and always with the far vision of the dreamer, framed in hair, black in some spots and grizzled in others, kept short to restrain its refractory curling, walked in with none of the swagger of Hajj, the strut of Lafayette Tower, nor the terrifying stride of Brideau. He seemed a bit tired, and he confessed he was. The daily cooking, to rid himself of the last brown stain of Hajj's beggarly personality, was exhausting. It was much harder to get Hajj out of his system than to get into that wily beggar's skin. It required



White Hajj recognizes his old enemy at the door of the Mosque

three-quarters of an hour to scrape the outer layers, so to speak, of Hajj's coloring off his face and body, no square inch of which is not represented in brown, and a daily Turkish bath to remove the remnants of Hajj that lurked in his pores. The work of the bath attendants had been effectual. No trace of Hajj remained except the profound eyes, dark and bright, yet dreamful, that belong only in the face of artists.

While he played with the thin little sandwiches, that plainly he detested, and sipped the tea, which he tolerated, Otis Skinner overturned the idols of the public which has accepted him, and a large part of which loves him as the leading American actor, with the same cruel indifference with which Hajj strangles his victims in "Kismet."

No, he hadn't the student temperament. No, he wasn't a student. Down crashing went the idol his public had erected of this most studious actor. No, he was not an assiduous worker. He was lazy. Although Mr. Skinner said this, and Mr. Skinner is a gentleman, and gentlemen do not lie, let me reassure his tender public. Mr. Skinner believed what he said. I don't believe it. Nor do you. There is no deception so thorough as that we practice upon ourselves. He said:

"I study in the sense that every actor studies. He is constantly alive to impressions of the persons he sees, of their acts and the motives that prompt them. He is acutely sensitive to his surroundings. He takes something from them all. He soaks up impressions as a blotting paper or a sponge.

"An actor may be too greatly a student of books. He cannot be too much a student of life. Every true actor is a person of impulse. He is at the play of every wind that blows. He is not governed by rules."

"Then an actor may be excused for doing things and thinking of them afterwards?"

The eyes surveying the kaleidoscope of Fifth Avenue at tea time, and looking impersonally at the gay plumaged bird women preening and pecking at their tea, came back to me in startled protest.

"Oh! no. An actor may, and should, reflect his surroundings. He should be sensitive to them. He should be a thermometer, but not a wild one. He should be a self-registering thermometer."

"Is it worth while, the actor's career, compared with that of other successful men?"

Mr. Skinner is a man of unexpectedness. Never before had I talked with a man about his vocation, who did not tell me that in the background of his life was another vocation which he would have preferred, and which had lost much in failing of his distinguished and profitable services. But the exception returned.

"Very much worth while, as is every man's work to him, but the actor's reward is more tangible and pleasurable. Other men may work, and succeed, but none of them receives that instant and intimate reward for his work that the actor does from his audiences. Creating a part is like painting a picture and hanging it on the wall, and hearing people praise it. That reward comes to an actor from his audiences. Besides," he broke off, "I wouldn't have been worth a continental at anything else in the world."

"Most men and women think they would. They mourn the work they might have done."

He nodded. "Yes, I've heard them. But take everyone of those complainers back to the beginning of the road on which he has started, and he would take the same one again.

"The actor, like everyone else, has found his work if he is successful in it. It is not a life of unvarying peace and plenty. I have known all of the misery, and sounded all the despair it can offer. I have borne the jokes and jealousies, the plays that are not quite right, all 'the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune,' but the compensations are a satisfying equivalent. The compensations are those which any other man has for work that has been well done, and he has besides the praise for what is well done. The actor has the satisfaction of feeling that he is giving the people out in front, his audiences, something they want, and that they are giving him in return their sympathy and support. The audience gives him the joy of the fine glow of collective friendship."

He looked up from the golden shallows of his unenjoyed cup of tea when I asked him what the audience, who always exacts the price of its friendship, must have. He replied:

"Many think it must have strong, human love. A good love scene is desirable, but not indispensable. Gentle, infectious humor permeating the play, reflected by the actor, will always win."

How did this man, who denied he was a student, learn so thoroughly the characteristics of the Orientals? He told me:

"I have watched Orientals at Gibraltar, and my blotting paper took up some of their ink," he said, "and when I found I had to play Hajj I, of course, read several authoritative works on the Orientals. One was Sir Richard Burton's. I read these to



White Hajj enters the Harem by a secret trap door

acquire knowledge of the externals. For instance, an ordinary gesture, to command attention, would be like this": He raised his hand sidewise, his fingers slightly curved. The gesture was effective. It arrested my attention, also that of the girl in pale blue broadcloth and the woman in autumn-leaf velvet. "But the Oriental gesture is this": The hands outspread, the palms turned upward, the fingers closed.

Still with the weary man and the disillusioned woman in mind, I asked the interpreter of Hajj how he forgot by day the beggar he portrayed at night. Again the exception:

"I don't want to forget him, and don't try," he said. "Unconsciously I am always thinking of him, how to better him, what should be done to perfect him, and these thoughts, drift thoughts though they seem, lead to an improvement here and there in the evening's work."

There was no golf, there were no long walks, no light reading, as a counter-irritant to the strenuous, adventurous beggar in "Kismet." "I haven't come down to brass tacks," he said. "I'll adjust myself to normal living as soon as we are settled in the Madison Avenue apartment. Meanwhile my twelve-year-old daughter's monthly school reports are a means of distraction, to her mother at least, and I measurably share them. But Hajj himself gives me a great deal of physical exercise. You have noticed he commits three murders. And the part is the longest one ever written. We accept Hamlet as the longest part. It is proverbial that anything of great length is 'as long as Hamlet.' The lines in 'Hamlet' can be read in an hour. It keeps me busy spitting out the words as fast as they can be uttered to read Hajj's speeches in an hour and a quarter. It is a taxing part, but I've learned since I've been playing it longer, that there



Photo White
CHAPINE AND FORREST HUFF IN "THE ROSE OF PANAMA" AT DALY'S

are times when I can let down physically for a moment. For instance, the murder scene in the prison is one of the climaxes of the play, yet part of it is a rest period for me. I let the muscles relax for a considerable time before renewing carnage."

"Your admirers sometimes ask why you remain in romantic parts. They think you can play anything well, and would like to see you now and then in modern parts."

"I should like to play modern parts," he replied. "I did in 'The Duel.' I would be willing to play the character of a business man if he were not like all other business men. I want to play a part that has strong characteristics. Many modern persons are like other modern persons."

Every actor, like every other man, is a product of evolution. I asked Mr. Skinner to name the periods of his evolution into Hajj, and the contemporaneous Otis Skinner.

"There was the period when I was with Lawrence Barrett and took a wrong turn, and became a dreadful little Barrett. I don't know what ailed me, but I was becoming a wretched ranter. The angel of deliverance was Augustin Daly. Not an actor himself, he encouraged what was in the player himself, and taught him to express himself through the part. There were five years of this valuable tuition. For two years I was with Modjeska, absorbing all that I could of good in her art. There were several years with Booth that were years of inspiration. After that I set out for myself, and have had a long course of self-tuition."

It is not easy to define acting at its best, nor was it easy to say what it is that reproduces the picture in the actor's mind clearly and forcefully in that of the audience; in other words, when the thermometer effectively registers. "It is something not yet named,

(Continued on page vii)



JULIET SHELBY, THE CLEVER LITTLE ACTRESS WHO SCORED A HIT IN "THE LITTLEST REBEL"

Nine Years Young and a Near Star

"WHO taught you to act?" A plump little girl, with a round, firm muscled face, a round little body, and candid blue eyes, which reminded me of my last and biggest far-away doll, looked up from the playhouse in her dressing-room, and considered. While she is considering, let me explain how a playhouse can be in a dressing-room, while the reverse is usually true. The chief object of her attention was a playhouse within a playhouse. Playing now, she was about to play. At the moment she had an audience of two—her grandmother and me. A quarter hour later she would be playing to an audience of twelve hundred persons, or the capacity of the Liberty Theatre.

The playhouse of her greater interest was a square table, not quite so high as her shoulders; in fact, at the height which Shakespeare prescribed for a loving maiden, "as high as the heart." There were a tiny bedstead, a miniature sofa, some minute chairs, several infinitesimal platters, and over them presided a wee black doll named Sally Ann, in honor of Mamie Lincoln's Topsy-like part in the play. Between the question and answer an order, in a piping, childish voice, was sent over the toy telephone in the little playhouse for "some good meat,—and cauliflower,—and sugar."

Her household duties finished, Juliet Shelby, standing within arm's reach of Victoria, a doll that looked herself, and Hallowe'en, a rakish looking male playfellow, and Katherine, the disreputable remnant of what was once a doll, whose stage name is Susan Jemima, but whose title in private life is Katherine, and who sat in a row on the long table in her dressing-room, made answer:

"Everybody in the companies begins to teach me to act. Then they stop, as Daddy—that's William Farnum—did, and Mr. Al Woods—that's my manager—did, and say, 'Go ahead, Juliet, and play it in your own way.'

"Oh, yes, I like being an actress. My sister Margaret is an actress. She's blacker, I mean she's a brunette. She has black eyes and dark hair, and she's two years older than me. I wish they would take Margaret into the company, and let her play 'The Littlest Rebel' one night, or one week, and me play it the next. Then sister and I could always be together, and play as much as we like—play keep house, I mean. I told Mr. Woods that, and he said: 'Not such a bad idea for a kid. I'll think about it.'

"My days are just like any other little girl's. I go from here with mamma—that's what I call my grandma. My mother is with my sister—they've been playing in an awful failure. We go home to our flat at One Hundred and Twelfth Street as soon as the play is over, eleven o'clock. I have a cup of chocolate and a cracker, and go to bed. I get up next day about eleven and have a light breakfast. My mother makes it for me when she is at home—French toast with hot milk over it. Then I play with my sister, if she's there; if she isn't, mother or mamma play with me until luncheon. My lunch is some soup and a piece of beef, because they make me strong. Then I go out on Riverside Drive, and walk, and run, and play for two hours. I come back and spend two hours with my governess, studying reading and writing, and geography and arithmetic. I'm going to study French. After my lessons I have my dinner, any kind of a dinner that any other little girl would like, except that I don't care for candy, nor pie, nor cake. That's at five. Then it's time to come to the theatre. I like to get here early, about six, so that I don't have to hurry, and can play house a long time before the curtain goes up."

She looked as grave and reflective when I asked her what she had played before "The Littlest Rebel," which Edward Peple had expanded from a sketch for her, as any adult actress recounting her conquests, season after season.

"I played first in 'Cameo Kirby,'" she said. She lifted the tiny gold locket, with a hint of a diamond at its centre. "The star, Mr. Goodwin, gave it to me. I was with 'The Master Key' and with Mme. Kalich in 'The Woman of To-day,' and in stock companies out West, and with Mr. Hilliard in 'A Fool There Was.'" A tender glance at the bald and disreputable doll remnant. "And Katherine has been with me in all of them. Two of the plays were failures, and between them I went to school."

Juliet has a brief record. You can't unroll many events in nine years, if you happen to start as a baby. She was born in Shreveport, La. Her grandmother, Mary Miles, is an actress. Her mother, Charlotte Shelby, is likewise. That is all, except that she has accumulated fifty-nine dolls, and her sister has fifty-six. The overwhelming doll family occupies a room in the One Hundred and Twelfth Street flat. Her stage name was Mary Miles Minter, until at family council it was decided to return to her own name, Juliet Shelby.

"I don't think I would like to play Juliet, though," she said, thoughtfully. "You know where she says, 'He has left no poison for me,' and stabs herself. I wouldn't like to stab myself. If I were dead, what would my dollies do?"

A. P.


Copy't Mishkin
Caruso


Copy't Broothorn
Melba


Photo Gerlach
Farrar


Copy't Foley
Tetrazzini


Photo Gerlach
Scotti


Photo Moffett
Gadski


Copy't Dupont
Sembrich


Copy't Dupont
Homer


Copy't Dupont
Schumann-Heink


Copy't Mishkin
Amato


Sammarco

WHERE a comparatively few years ago grand opera was a luxury for the select few, millions now enjoy it every day in their own homes on the Victor.

This wonderful instrument not only brings to you the masterpieces of opera, but they are rendered by the selfsame artists who are captivating hosts of opera enthusiasts in the leading opera houses—the world's greatest artists who make records only for the Victor.

And the next moment you can be listening to the gems of song from the sparkling musical comedies, or being entertained by the leading fun-makers.

It is only a step from grand opera and the classical to the lighter forms of music, for the Victor is wonderfully versatile and changes at will from grand opera to ragtime, from minstrel show to sacred music, from vocal selections to instrumental numbers; the very music you like best at the very time you want to hear it.

Victor-Victrola

Victor-Victrolas $15 to $200

Victors $10 to $100

Any Victor dealer in any city in the world will gladly play any Victor music you wish to hear and demonstrate to you the wonderful Victor-Victrola.


Victor-Victrola IV, $15
Oak


Victor-Victrola IX, $50
Mahogany or oak



Victor Talking Machine Co.
Camden, N. J., U. S. A.
Berliner Gramophone Co., Montreal, Canadian Distributors.

New Victor Records are on sale at all dealers on the 28th of each month


Victor-Victrola XVI, $200
Quartered oak or mahogany



Chiclets

REALLY DELIGHTFUL

The Dainty Mint Covered Candy Coated Chewing Gum

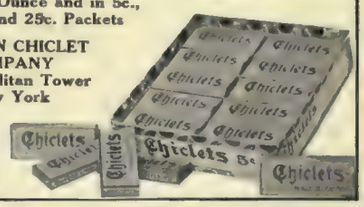
Look for the Bird Cards in the packets. You can secure a beautiful Bird Album FREE.

Half a million folks of all kinds—including grown-ups, children; teachers, etc., are collecting our wonderful **Bird Studies**—faithful reproductions of American birds in full colors, with description of the birds' plumage, habits, and how to know them on sight. You will find one beautiful bird picture in each packet of Chiclets. Send us any fifty of these pictures with ten cents in stamps and we will send you—**free**—our splendid Bird Album.

The refinement of chewing gum for people of refinement. It's the peppermint—the *true* mint.

For Sale at all the Better Sort of Stores
5c. the Ounce and in 5c., 10c. and 25c. Packets

SEN-SEN CHICLET COMPANY
Metropolitan Tower
New York



Packer's Tar Soap

(*Pure as the Pines*)

PINE-TAR, as combined in this soap with other ingredients adapted especially to the needs of the scalp, is invaluable for promoting the health and beauty of the hair. For nearly forty years it has been used and recommended by the highest medical authorities. It cleanses and stimulates the scalp and, by establishing healthy conditions, imparts lustre and beauty to the hair.



To secure the best and quickest results from Packer's Tar Soap, you should know *how* to shampoo, how often to shampoo, and what to do between shampoos. Our booklet "How to Care for the Hair and Scalp" tells all this. Mailed free on request.

THE PACKER MFG. CO., Suite 87v, 81 Fulton Street, New York

MURRAY & LANMAN'S Florida Water

"THE UNIVERSAL PERFUME"

Has a marked individuality quite its own, and should not be classed with cheap perfumes which usurp the name but can nowise approach it in quality or permanence. These facts stand after a century's test. For the bath, after shaving, and for general toilet purposes it is the one thing to use, if you are seeking the genuine and the best.



ACCEPT NO SUBSTITUTE!
SOLD BY ALL LEADING DRUGGISTS

Sample mailed on receipt of six cents to defray mailing charge

LANMAN & KEMP, 135 WATER STREET NEW YORK



A beautiful complexion always redeems lack of symmetry in features, and only occasional care with the proper toilet helps will keep the skin texture youthful and refined. New York's fairest women have shown the highest appreciation of the quality and efficacy of my Grecian Preparations by constantly coming to my Beauty Salon for treatments and using the following toilet helps at home.

GRECIAN CLEANSING CREAM

Removes all dust and other impurities from the pores which causes the skin to become lined and grow old. Relieves that tired sensation of the face—makes the skin fair and youthful. Three sizes, 50c., $1.00, $2.00.

DAPHNE SKIN TONIC

An astringent, which tones up relaxed tissues, gives beauty of contour to sagging parts—normally closes enlarged pores—makes the skin clear, refined, beautiful. Three sizes, 75c., $1.50, $3.00.

GRECIAN CHIN STRAP

A corrective for double chin, which brings relaxed parts back to their proper position, restores graceful contour to cheeks, eliminates lines and wrinkles during sleep. Two styles—rubber and silk elastic, $5 00 each.

Mail Orders Receive Immediate Attention.

Madam Write for These Samples Cleansing Cream, Vanola Cream, Velvet Cream, Japonica Lotion, Daphne Skin Tonic, Rose Bloom (Liquid Rouge), Cream in jars, 1 Hour in little vials with De Luxe edition of my beautiful book—"Beauty, How Acquired and Retained" all prepaid, 25c.

Elizabeth Hubbard 505 T. 5th Ave. New York

Tel. 6634 Bryant

CRÊME ELCAYA

"Makes the Skin Like Velvet"

This dainty "Cream of Flowers" protects the skin from the harsh Winter weather, makes it soft, fresh, inviting, and keeps the complexion naturally beautiful. ELCAYA has become the most treasured beauty aid of the well-groomed American woman because of its distinct superiority and purity. Use the best—Use ELCAYA.

All dealers, nation-wide, sell ELCAYA

CRÊME ELCAYA — CERAT ELCAYA
SAVON ELCAYA — POUDRE ELCAYA

Sample for 2c—Send Dealer's Name

JAMES C. CRANE, Sole Agent, 108D Fulton Street, New York



Made to order—to exactly match the color scheme of any room

"You select the color—we'll make the rug." Any width—seamless up to 16 feet. Any length. Any color tone—soft and subdued, or bright and striking. Original, individual, artistic, dignified. Pure wool or camel's hair, expertly woven at short notice. Write for color card. Order through your furnisher.

Thread & Thrum Workshop Auburn, New York

LABLACHE

FACE POWDER

WINTER, WOMEN AND BEAUTY

Wind and cold touch only to enhance the loveliness guarded by LABLACHE. It freshens the skin, softening away the wrinkles and conferring a youthful daintiness of complexion. Used by beautiful and refined women the world over.

Refuse substitutes.

They may be dangerous. Flesh, White, Pink or Cream. 50c. a box of druggists or by mail. *Send 10c. for a sample box.*

BEN. LEVY CO.,
French Perfumers, Dept. 26,
125 Kingston St., Boston, Mass.



Grace Morrissey. Copyright 1911

Why I Don't Write Plays

(Continued from page 100)

was, that you took an old story and treated it in a modern way. Take a new story and treat it in the old way. That will be a sure success."

Golden words! I did it. I sat down and wrote another comedy. In the third act there was a great surprise. It looked all through the play as if Miss F.——— would marry the leading man, as she always did, but she didn't. In the fourth act she married the old fool—the comedian.

We all wept at rehearsals, it was so touching. No one smiled. It was a good omen.

At the first production—the only one—the public laughed so much where they should have cried that it came to a scandal. My friends, the critics, not wishing to attack me, wrote the briefest kind of notices. The piece was the worst kind of a failure, and there was no way of disguising it. Things now began to happen very quickly. When I went down to the office the next morning there was a "curt notice" from my publisher that my services would be dispensed with at the end of the week, and so I quit at once with lofty contempt and indignation. I sought the friendly café, where the theatrical company were wont to receive me with open arms. The table was empty. The old comedian whom I had turned into a Romeo in the last act was about leaving as I entered. He gazed at me reproachfully, but forgave me. He said, "You made a mistake. Don't try to educate the public. Old story treated in the old way—that will make a success."

I rushed home illuminated and followed his advice. It was easy—so many examples in the old comedies. I submitted it at once to Manager S———. It was my duty to give him the first chance at it. He had lost money with my other plays. But the atmosphere of his office was icy. I was frozen out so quickly I skated over the sidewalk into the mud. Looking up I saw a large placard on this beautiful temple of art:

> This Theatre Will Re-open Shortly as a Continuous Performance and Moving Picture Show.

Manager S——— went out of the business. He took my place as dramatic critic, receiving better pay than I ever did. He was happy. It was better to "roast" than to be "roasted." Knowing the inside workings of the theatrical machine, he quickly became a power and eventually was made editor. Being a business man, the newspaper thrived under his management as never before.

I had reached that point in a man's career where he is forced to put pride in his pocket—the only thing he has left to fill it—and I went humbly to the office of the editor and asked to be put back on the staff as reporter. The ex-theatre manager, now editor, answered that they were filled up, but if I turned in a good story he would print it. Then, looking me over with commiseration, he said, with a pitying shake of his head:

"*Why do you* write plays?"

For a reply I took out of my pocket a roll of manuscript and handed it to him, saying:

"Here's a good story. Print it."

He opened it and read the title:

"*Why I Don't Write Plays.*"

That was my answer—and he printed it.

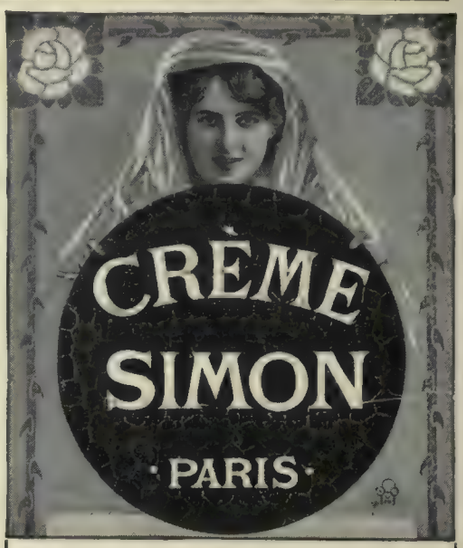
—*From the German of Theodor Herzl.*

New Victor Records

La Forza del Destino—*Solenne in quest'ora*—Caruso and Scotti; Aida—*Celeste Aida*—Enrico Caruso; Stille Nacht, heilige Nacht—*in German*—Schumann-Heink; Thais—*Intermezzo*—Maud Powell; Gems from Carman—Victor L't Opera Company; Blue Danube Waltz—Vocal version, ("Greetings to Spring")—Lyric Qt.; Schubert's Serenade—Neapolitan Trio; Titl's Serenade—*Violin, Flute and Harp*—Neapolitan Trio; Meet Me To-Night in Dreamland—John Young; To the Strains of that Wedding March—Billy Murray; Dear Delightful Women—Werrenrath and Victor Chorus; Luxembourg Waltz—Gialdini; Don't Wake Me Up, I'm Dreaming—Van Brunt; Hold Me Just a Little Closer—"That Girl" Quartet.

CHARLES DALMORES, TENOR—Samson et Dalila—*Arrêtez, o mes frères*—Saint-Saëns—Lohengrin—*Athmest du nicht mit mir die süssen Düfte?*—Wagner.

This great tenor, who is now a member of the Philadelphia-Chicago Opera Company, is repeating his great successes in *Carmen* and *Samson*, and has recently created a sensation.



The Cream of Creams

Unique for whitening the skin and beautifying the face and hands. Its qualities have made it absolutely famous, and no other preparation can be compared to it.

Powder and Soap

M. LEVY, Sole U. S. Agent, 3 East 17th St., New York





Discouraged About Your Complexion?

Cosmetics only make it worse and do not hide the pimples, freckles, blackheads or red spots on face or nose.

Dr. James P. Campbell's Safe Arsenic Complexion Wafers will purify your blood, cleanse and beautify the skin, and give you a fresh and spotless complexion.

Use these absolutely safe and harmless wafers for 30 days and then let your mirror praise the most wonderful beautifier of the complexion and figure known to the medical profession. Used by Beautiful Women for 27 years.

$1.00 per Box. (Full 30 day treatment.)

We guarantee as freshly packed and of full strength, only when boxes have Blue Wrapper, bearing our printed guarantee. Sold by all reliable druggists or sent by mail prepaid in plain cover from

RICHARD FINK CO., Dept. 51, 415 Broadway, New York City

Write for free booklet and testimonials to-day.

BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES

Save the voice in all kinds of weather. Invaluable to singers and speakers for clearing the voice. There is nothing more effective for Throat Irritation, Hoarseness and Coughs. Sixty years' reputation. Sold only in boxes. **Sample mailed free.**

JOHN I. BROWN & SON, Boston, Mass.

PLAYS Large List of New Professional and Amateur Plays, Vaudeville Sketches, Stage Monologues, New Minstrel Material, Jokes, Hand-Books. **Operettas, Musical Pieces, Special Entertainments, Recitations, Dialogues, Speakers, Tableaux, Games, Drills, Wigs, Beards, Grease Paints and Other Make-up Goods. Catalogue Free. T. S. DENISON & CO., Dept. 33, Chicago.**

ACTING ALVIENE SCHOOL OF **STAGE ARTS**

Dramatic Arts, Musical Comedy and Stage Dancing

Now twentieth year at Grand Opera House Bldg., Cor. 23d St. and 8th Ave., New York. Our Students Stock Company and Theatre assure practical training. New York Appearances and Engagements. Such celebrities as Mr. William Faversham, Gertrude Hoffmann, Ethel Levy, Pauline Chase, Harry Pilcer, Julia Opp, Anna Laughlin, Joseph Santly, Barney Gilmore, Mlle. Dazie, etc., taught by Mr. Alviene. For information and illustrated booklet of "How Three Thousand Succeeded," address the SECRETARY, Suite 10 as above.

OTIS SKINNER

(Continued from page 103)

or at least not well named," said Mr. Skinner. "It isn't temperament, for I recall some years ago playing in 'Francesca di Rimini' with an actress who had intelligence and beauty and many requisites, yet who didn't register as Francesca. Her audience and her critics thought she did not feel the part, that she had no temperament. Yet, when I took her hand, it was quite cold. She did feel the part, but she had failed to register."

"What is the relation of the actor to the author? What part is he of the play's success?"

"The author places in the actor's hands the figment of his brain. If it have sturdy qualities, the actor can breathe into it the breath of life. But the actor is helpless in a hopeless play."

Published encomiums and spoken eulogies of his triumph in "Kismet" have surrounded, but not overwhelmed, the creator of Hajj in this country. They have left him enveloped in philosophic calm.

"If I thought I had indeed reached the top of the ladder I should want to jump into the East River," he said. "The joy of life is in reaching farther to better things. When that ceases, one is ready to die, and should die. I am not looking forward to rest, but to work. I consider that I have only worked my way up from the Battery to the Bronx."

"And to what point do you hope to work?"

"To Yonkers," replied Otis Skinner, pushing back the teacup, that was still full, but cold.

ADA PATTERSON.

THE LITTLE THEATRE

(Continued from page 77)

main point is, what kind of plays are to be presented—what is to be the policy of The Little Theatre. To phrase it in one sentence, I shall try to make it a place of entertainment for intelligent people. I hope such a policy will allow me to produce not only plays of wide appeal, but plays of essential novelty and plays that would be barred from larger theatres because of needing a rather special audience, but only plays in which there is some appeal to intelligence, refined humor, imagination, or the literary sense.

"A clearer view of the aim may be gathered from plays I have already planned for production. First, 'The Pigeon,' a comedy by Mr. John Galsworthy, author of 'Strife' and 'Justice.' 'The Pigeon' is in quite a different vein from the grim power of 'Strife' and 'Justice.' It is a charming, humorous, whimsical, yet with all Mr. Galsworthy's skill in construction, vivid character drawing and drama, and there is a very unusual idea for the smiling audience to take away. This will be followed by a new play by Mr. C. Rann Kennedy. Author of 'The Servant in the House,' called 'The Terrible Meek.' This is really startlingly original in idea and treatment. Then there is 'Anatol,' by the famous Viennese dramatist, Arthur Schnitzler; a plain novel in form, because instead of a continuous plot it develops a character by a series of episodes all held together by the same delightful figure of Anatol, a man to whom to be in love is life, but to whom constancy to one girl is quite impossible. Some people may think Anatol a bit lacking in morals, or unmoral. Schnitzler never intended him to be so considered, but one can imagine him to be pretty much what one chooses. Then 'The Electra' of Euripides, with Miss Edith Wynne Matthison as Electra. The staging of 'Electra' is to be in a new form, which I hope may suggest the effect of the Greek conventions, and at the same time not hamper the great emotional sweep of the play. Then a modern satirical comedy of New York life called 'One, Two, Three, and Out Goes She,' by Mr. John T. Hayes, a new American author. It is Mr. Hayes' first play. Then a bill consisting of three one-act plays by Maurice Maeterlinck, author of 'The Blue Bird.'

"Another novelty for The Little Theatre will be a play for children, given only afternoons, a dramatization by an American playwright of Grimms' fairy tales of 'Snow White,' set in picture book scenery. The children have never had a real theatre of their own. Such plays as 'The Blue Bird' and 'Peter Pan' have delighted them beyond measure, but this was because they found sufficient to entertain them in a play written primarily for grown-ups. With 'Snow White' I propose to reverse the process. It is to be written, staged and acted primarily for the delight of children. And so amusing does the little drama seem to me that I can imagine many borrowing a child as an excuse to see it again."



Sanatogen—
Restorer of Exhausted Nerves

FEW men and women escape trouble with their nerves—many suffer, perhaps to the verge of complete breakdown, without knowing the true reason.

The warning appears in sleeplessness, in loss of appetite, disturbed digestion, weakened powers of body and mind, in "low spirits" that are all too seldom attributed to their actual cause—impoverishment of nerves and tissues.

Sanatogen recognizes the true nature of these conditions and *scientifically meets them.* Sanatogen carries to these nerves and tissues the *tonic food* demanded by their exhausted state—the particular *natural* nourishment quickly and eagerly assimilated by the starved centres. The system rejoices in getting the specific food it has needed, and an aroused and *sustained* vitality is shown in the return of new power, new buoyancy, new courage and efficiency.

If *you* feel the need of bodily renewal, consider seriously the remarkable fact that 15,000 practising physicians have enthusiastically endorsed the *reconstructive*, rejuvenating power of Sanatogen.

This Remarkable Book FREE

We ask you earnestly to get acquainted with Sanatogen. Investigate our claims first if you like and we are only too glad to have you do so. Ask your doctor about it, and in any case write at once for our book "Our Nerves of Tomorrow," written in an absorbingly interesting style, beautifully illustrated and containing facts and information of vital interest to you. This book also contains evidence of the value of Sanatogen which is as remarkable as it is conclusive.

Sanatogen is sold in three sizes, $1.00, $1.90, $3.60

Get Sanatogen from your druggist—if not obtainable from him, sent upon receipt of price

THE BAUER CHEMICAL CO. 24 F Irving Place New York

Arnold Bennett
The famous novelist, writes: "The tonic effect of Sanatogen on me is simply wonderful."

Sir Gilbert Parker, M.P.
The eminent novelist-statesman, writes from London: "Sanatogen is to my mind a true food-tonic, feeding the nerves, increasing the energy and giving fresh vigor to the overworked body and mind."

Late King Edward's Physician
Dr. Ernest Ott, Marienbad, writes: "I have been using Sanatogen for a number of years in my practice with excellent results. These results have been notably good in the case of elderly people when it was desirable to build up the strength, to stimulate the bodily functions, and to improve the circulation of the blood."

David Warfield
The beloved actor, Writes: "I am pleased to say that Sanatogen has done all you claimed for it. It not only restores the appetite but is a real-blood builder, and is a remarkable revitalizer for an overworked nervous system."

Lady Henry Somerset
The prominent social reform advocate, writes: "Sanatogen undoubtedly restores sleep, invigorates the nerves and braces the patient to health. I have watched its effect on people whose nervous systems have been entirely undermined, and I have proved Sanatogen to be most valuable."

TRADE MARK

REDUCING SALVE

For the Reduction of Superfluous Flesh

Dr. E. N. Cogswell, while making certain experiments and improvements in face creams, lotions and ointments, already famous under the Cogswell name and trade-mark, made this latest scientific discovery which will be welcomed by all those burdened with excess fat.

As its name implies, *REDUCING SALVE* actually reduces the unhealthy fat, at the same time acting as a corrective by feeding the nerves and building strong, firm, healthy tissue. It will also be found very effective in relieving rheumatic conditions, gases and pressure around the liver.

REDUCING SALVE necessitates no change in one's diet or daily routine of living.

Directions.—Rub thoroughly with the tips of the fingers into those parts to be reduced. Allow it to remain for 20 or 30 minutes, then wash off with hot water. For the relief of pain or rheumatism, may be left on all night.

Price, **$2.00** per jar. Special rates by the dozen. The genuine bears the name and trade-mark of

Ask for name of dealer in your city

DR. E. N. COGSWELL
418 Fifth Avenue, New York

Send for illustrated literature

The ANGELUS

A Universal Benefactor

HAVE you ever paused to consider the fact that you are heir to all the ages of musical genius? That the works of the world's greatest composers are your rightful heritage? Are you satisfied that you show due appreciation?

The ANGELUS offers the medium for gratitude and appreciation to those countless thousands who love music and to the many who are themselves but indifferent performers. The ANGELUS is their benefactor.

The ANGELUS gives you the technique of a virtuoso and provides you with the means to instill your individuality into the music—to give it your own interpretation. You can play any composition as you think it should be played—as you want it played, for the ANGELUS is absolutely obedient to your will and responsive to your mood.

This perfect accord between player-pianist and instrument is possible with the ANGELUS because of its patented devices and exclusive features.

THE PHRASING LEVER gives complete mastery over tempo in all its varying degrees. With no other player device is it possible to obtain the same beautiful, artistic tempo effects.

THE GRADUATING MELODANT emphasizes the melody whether it lie in the bass or treble, while the accompaniment is properly subordinated. Both the melody and the accompaniment can be modulated at your will.

THE DIAPHRAGM PNEUMATICS duplicate the pliant, resilient touch of the human fingers.

THE ARTISTYLE MUSIC ROLL has *one*, and one *only*, expression line, but nevertheless it indicates accents and *all* changes of tempo and volume, thus providing a simple but complete guide to an interpretation in accordance with the composer's ideas.

Knabe-Angelus Grand and Upright | *Emerson-Angelus Grand and Upright* | *Angelus Piano Upright*

Angelus Piano and Gourley-Angelus in Canada

THE WILCOX & WHITE COMPANY, *Pioneers in the Player-Piano Industry* **MERIDEN, CONN.**

233 REGENT ST., LONDON

AMERICAN ACADEMY OF DRAMATIC ARTS

The Mid-Winter Term opens January 15
Connected with Mr. Charles Frohman's Empire Theatre and Companies

Recognized as the Leading Institution for Dramatic Training in America

BOARD OF TRUSTEES
Franklin H. Sargent, President
Daniel Frohman — John Drew
Benjamin F. Roeder — Augustus Thomas

Founded in 1884

For catalog and information apply to the Secretary
Room 152, Carnegie Hall
New York

The official Programme of the

Metropolitan Opera House, New York

The most exclusive medium which no advertiser can afford to overlook will be published, beginning this season, by

THE THEATRE MAGAZINE CO.

Send for Rates and Particulars **8 to 14 W. 38th St., New York**

Rostand Before "Cyrano"

(*Continued from page 91*)

of the Green Armor; but loses in this second contest. Finally, and none too soon, he leads the Princess to the ship where Rudel lies. There, she kisses his fading eyes and showers largesse upon his ragged crew. When Rudel has breathed has last she bids his followers follow Berthand to the Holy Sepulchre. After love, the Cross. As the friar Trophime puts it:

"Oui, les grands amours travaillent pour le ciel!"—Which happens to be the last line of the play.

Plugging holes in poetry is poor sport, at best. Why, then, emphasize the weaknesses of this piece of romantic symbolism; part of whose lesson seems to be that an enthusiasm—that an ideal—is the most important thing in this life; it mattering very little what the enthusiasm, the ideal, is. Perhaps the point must, all the same, be made that here, as elsewhere in Rostand's work, are blemishes of taste. In robust geniuses, in world-poets—even in Hugos and Whitmans—one forgives this fault. In an exquisite, it is unforgivable. And Rostand is, properly, an exquisite. Is it because he came out of Marseilles that his Arcady is rococo? And why must he, in his vision of a Princess Far-Away, wilfully confuse earthly love and religious fervor? That certainly, is one of the things Anglo-Saxon readers resent in "La Princesse Lointaine." They dislike it as much as they dislike his rhyming the Paternoster, dramatising St. John, and dandifying the words of our Lord. Please do not blame these performances upon "French genius." In France, as here, his extravagances and indiscretions grate on trained ears.

How French he is, notwithstanding! His earlier work, like his rooster play, is thoroughly and unmistakably Gallic; nationalism pervades his semi-historical pieces: "Cyrano," "L'Aiglon." No less French will his "Roland" be; and, unless I am greatly mistaken, his "Faust," that he has been working at now and again for several years, and that is likely to be put on one of these days at the Porte-Saint-Martin: after due advertisement. He is, all the same, read from one end of the world to the other: read in South American *salons* and Turkish harems and English country houses no less than in Yankee boarding-schools, and, up to a certain point, in Paris. He is a dramatic poet fertile in antithesis—a facile versifier—a lyricist not wanting in tenderness—a narrator commanding, at times, humor as well as native wit. Without deep literary conscience, he has sentiment; he has fluency. Preëminently, he has the crowd.

GREAT BEAR SPRING WATER
50 cts. per case—6 glass-stoppered bottles

Famous Women Dramatized

(*Continued from page 96*)

a few of the well-known details of truth that everyone is accustomed to associate with Nell's life. But each author allowed himself dramatic license and added anything and everything to the story that suited his purpose. In this way, during the past century, a large number of tales and myths, having not the least reliability, have attached themselves to the name of Mistress Gwyn, and it is now a difficult thing to separate truth and untruth.

Probably the first play built on the romantic features of the love of Charles II for the actress, treating of the ennobling of her two sons and other incidents in her life was Jerningham's Frolic which was seen as early as 1799. Jerrold's "Nell Gywn" made its appearance in 1833. Read and Taylor's "King's Rival" was first seen in 1854 and G. A. A. Becket's "Charles II" in 1872. Farnie and Cellier's "Nell Gwyn" was produced in 1876 and the same year saw Farnie and Planquette's "Nell Gwyn." Will's "Nell Gwyn" did not make its appearance until 1878, Hope and Rose's "English Nell" in 1900 and Frankfort Moore's "Nell Gwyn" in same year.

The present generation of theatre-goers knows the theatrical story of the actress principally from Paul Kester's "Sweet Nell of Old Drury," which was performed in England by Julia Neilson and in America by Ada Rehan.

ARCHIE BELL.

New Opera by Damrosch

Walter Damrosch, the well-known leader of the New York Symphony Orchestra, has written a comic opera entitled "The Dove of Peace." The libretto is by Wallace Irwin. The opera has been purchased by a syndicate and will be seen next October at the Broadway Theatre.

A Slave of Fatal Enchantment

(Continued from page 82)

"Words are not necessary in this play, eh?" she said, with a twinkle in her eyes, "but, I want to play in English here some day. I want so much to learn your language, and speak in words to American audiences. I have been on the stage four years, all of the time in Reinhardt's companies. First I played small parts, and then the chance came to play the leading rôle in 'Gawann.' Up until this, Reinhardt did not think I could act, and did not want to let me have an important part, but after I had played in 'Gawann' he changed his mind, and gave me better parts. But he insisted that I had no temperament, until I created the rôle of the slave in 'Sumurun'."

Fraülein Konstantin said that she had never studied the art of the dance nor music, but that she always wanted to be an actress. When a little girl she had played in school festivals, but aside from that she had never had any experience in acting before joining Max Reinhardt's companies.

While acting her rôle of the Beautiful Slave of Fatal Enchantment, Fraülein Konstantin says she thinks only of her own part, and not of the other players and their parts, nor of the story of the piece, except in so far as it affects her own part. She says, however, that she watches the others intently, just to get the right expression of her face for the different scenes. She and the other actors in "Sumurun," take their cues from the music *motifs,* which fit each rôle; and from the actions of the others, when they happen to be in a position to see them.

The Beautiful Slave's dressing room at the Casino looks more like a modernized Harem bathroom. There is a real, regular-sized bathtub opposite to the large electric light-framed mirror. This is Fraülein's make-up table! She is not a dark-hued maiden off the stage; on the contrary she is the fairest of fair-skinned. To get under the skin of the beautiful Oriental Slave Girl, she takes a "copper bath." With her own secret formula for the right copper hue, she makes up for the Slave with a liquid preparation consisting principally of burnt sienna and ochre, which she applies all over her body with a sponge. As soon as it is rubbed over the skin it dries, leaving her face and body a wondrous dark Oriental tint.

When the "Sumurun" company reached the Casino, among Fraülein Konstantin's "props" was a foot bath tub—the regular Continental bath. But when Mr. Ames learned what it was to be used for, he immediately had a real American bathtub set up in her dressing room. Now, before each performance Fraülein Konstantin takes her make-up bath, and after each performance she takes her makeup-off bath. She says it takes her twenty minutes to make-up in the bathtub with a sponge, and after the performance she is out of her dressing room in twenty-five minutes, after taking a sponge bath. She removes her bathtub make-up in the bathtub with soap and water.

While the rôle of the Slave is very fatiguing, because it has to be made so fervent, still it does not tire Fraülein Konstantin as much as one might suppose that it would. She possesses a remarkable well-knit physique, though as womanly and graceful a figure as it would be possible to find anywhere, outside of the Garden of Eden. The idea that she goes in for physical culture to keep her wonderful grace of body amuses her. She says she likes to ride and walk, and to fence; but as for doing any set forms of exercise, she considers them useless. She is just like an innocent young girl playing o'er the hills and valleys amid the birds and the wild flowers.

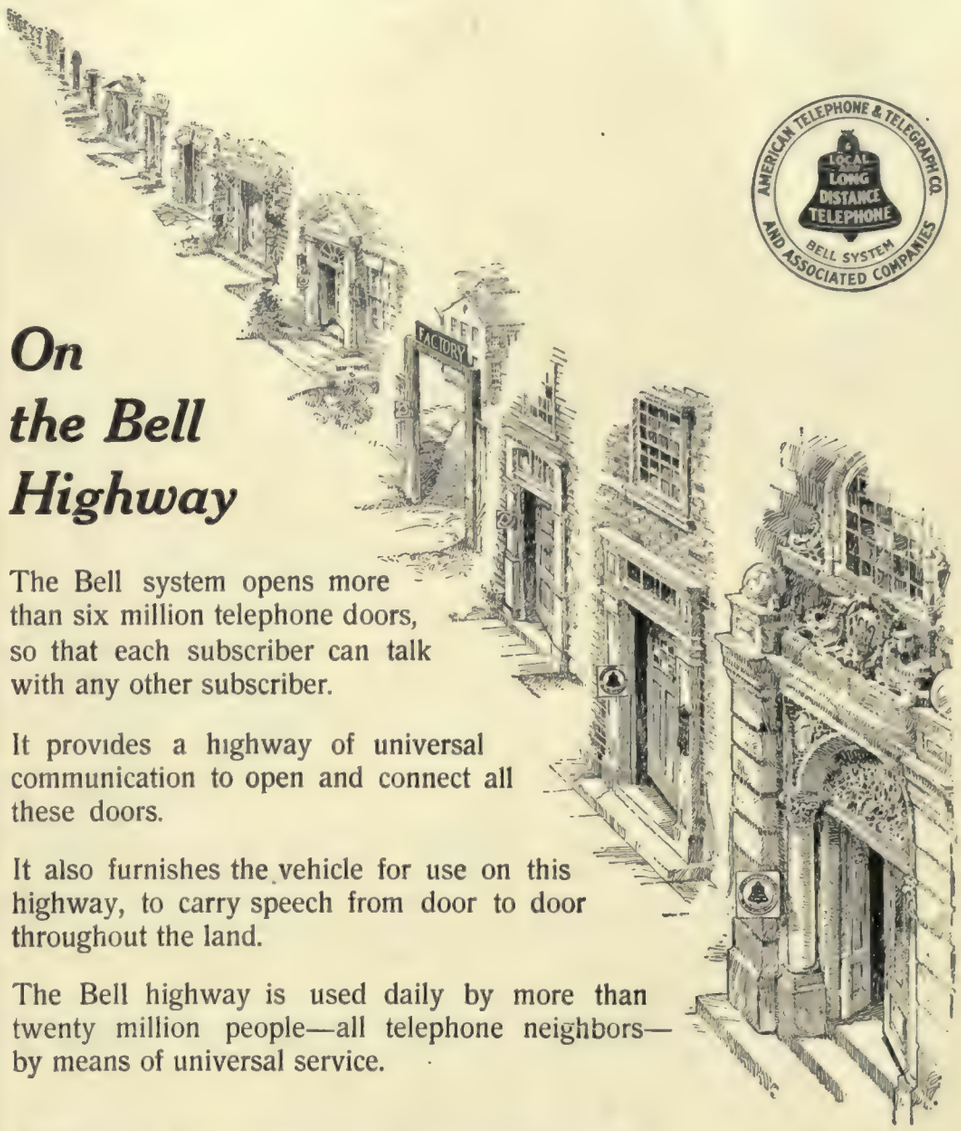
Fraülein Konstantin was born in Brünn, Austria, in 188—; but I must not tell the exact date. That would be betraying a trust, and a secret. She told me, though the question was not when, but where she was born.

"But, my dear man, don't tell them my age. It is enough to say that I'm young, is it not so? Yes?" WENDELL PHILLIPS DODGE.

The Lamb's Club, that well-known organization of leading actors, is preparing to give another all-star gambol in May, when the majority of star "lambs" will be at liberty. Two performances will be given in New York, to be followed by single performances in other cities throughout the country. The proceeds of the tour will be devoted to enlarging the present club quarters in Forty-fourth Street.

GREAT BEAR SPRING WATER
50 cts. per case—6 glass-stoppered bottles

The Open Doors



AMERICAN TELEPHONE & TELEGRAPH CO. AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES — LOCAL LONG DISTANCE TELEPHONE — BELL SYSTEM

On the Bell Highway

The Bell system opens more than six million telephone doors, so that each subscriber can talk with any other subscriber.

It provides a highway of universal communication to open and connect all these doors.

It also furnishes the vehicle for use on this highway, to carry speech from door to door throughout the land.

The Bell highway is used daily by more than twenty million people—all telephone neighbors—by means of universal service.

AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY
AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES

One Policy *One System* *Universal Service*



AMERICAN BANKERS ASSOCIATION TRAVELERS' CHEQUES

At All Hotels

HOTEL people all over the world will be glad to accept your "A. B. A." Cheques in payment of bills. They know that these cheques are ***safe,*** are ***good for full value,*** and ***identify*** the stranger presenting them.

Do not ask the hotel man to accept your unknown draft or check; it is not fair to him and may be embarrassing for you.

"A. B. A." Cheques ($10, $20, $50 and $100) are being used to pay the way of thousands of travelers in all parts of the globe.

They have a great many uses and advantages which are described in "The Best Way to Carry Money" sent free upon request.

This little book has colored plates of steamship funnels and flags, directions for forwarding mails, United States Customs rules and other needful information for travelers.

Write to Bankers Trust Company, Wall St., New York, for the booklet and information as to where "A. B. A." Cheques may be obtained in your vicinity.

BUY THEM FROM YOUR OWN BANKER
OR IF HE CANNOT SUPPLY THEM APPLY TO
BANKERS TRUST COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.



WHEN the car builder says to the tire maker "Don't talk quality to me, it's prices I want"—*you lose.*

The car builder who *buys* his tires on a price basis is *selling you* a *tire* that is *built to meet his prices.*

Remember—the car builder does not guarantee the tire on the car he sells you; his responsibility ends there—but yours begins.

Insist upon Diamond Tires on your new car before buying and you will get them. Diamond Tires are built and sold on a *Quality* basis only. Their first cost to the car builder is a little more than on some other tires, because of the additional mileage and wear that we build into them. Start your new car out on Diamond Tires, and you'll stick to Diamonds ever after. That's the only way to cut ultimate tire expense to the lowest.

In addition to dependable Diamond dealers everywhere, there are FIFTY-FOUR Diamond Service Stations. Diamond Service means more than merely selling tires—it means taking care of Diamond Tire users.

The Diamond Rubber Company

AKRON, OHIO

We could build them cheaper
But we won't
We would build them better
But we can't.

The Files of the Theatre Magazine are Invaluable to Collectors

BIND YOUR NUMBERS OF THE

Theatre Magazine

READERS who have preserved their copies and return them to us in good condition, by express, prepaid, will receive a complete copy, together with title page, table of contents, on payment of $3.00.

The Eleventh Year (1911) is bound in TWO VOLUMES

The Wife of Maeterlinck

(*Continued from page 88*)

going to write a play about me. So, of course, I like that play. Moreover, Ariane contains the soul of the modern woman; it is the expression of what we, of to-day, want and desire and need.

"But as drama, as scenic opportunity, I adore Melisande. She is so helpless, so much a creature of circumstances, so tragically the victim of life, of love, of herself. I prefer the Melisande of the play to her of the opera, however, for in the play she is more real, more alive. But I like her in opera, too, don't you?"

Smilingly, I admitted that I had liked *her* very much, as I had just seen her on the stage against that mediaevally romantic background, and I liked her off the stage, too! It was peculiarly fascinating to hear this Melisande with her long tresses of molten gold discoursing vividly of that twentieth century woman who is tugging at the brain-cells of us all. So, taking a desperate plunge, I asked her if she knew and liked Bernard Shaw's women. The question chanced to touch the spring of one of Madame's pet enthusiasms. "I lofe Bernard Shaw," she said, making her only sally into the pitfalls of the English tongue. "Let me tell you how I went to his rescue in France (she was now back in the language she knows best). One of his plays had been given in Paris, and the critics all attacked it unmercifully. They could not make anything out of it and so they declared there was nothing to be made out of it. I said, to me it means much—that play. I will give a *Conférence* on it. And I did, if you please. At the tenth performance, I gave a *Conférence* which helped Paris to understand the play."

"Which play was it?" I inquired, searching my memory to see if, by chance, "Mrs. Warren's Profession," had been given in Paris, and thinking that it was the finest irony if that city of all cities in the world needed to have Shaw's social sermon interpreted to it in a Maeterlinck *Conférence.*

"The play was 'Candida,'" replied Madame. And she seemed surprised when I told her that even Boston had not easily understood this piece.

Madame expected to give some *Conférences* on the plays of her husband during her stay in America. In her rich golden voice she beautifully enunciates the thoughts of her luminous mind. The diamond on her forehead she wears "because my husband wants me to and because it is becoming"—and the leopard-skin coat, which has so successfully hypnotized the American imagination. It is a fetching coat, too. It was impressive even hanging by one sleeve on a hook in the diva's dressing room. How much more impressive must it therefore be, when enmantelling the sinuous lines of her lovely figure!

Madame Maeterlinck is not really tall, but all her gowns are cleverly designed to give the effect of considerable height and of extreme slenderness.

Similarly her eyes at first glance seem unusually large, but when you look at them intently you see that it is less their size than their baffling color which makes them so compelling. Sometimes they are grey and then again they are blue; but always their depth and brilliancy is enhanced by artistic shading of the lashes. Nor does Madame—who thus shows herself to be a true French woman—scorn to use a pink wash upon the face, and red upon her lips, even when for the stage make-up there has been substituted that of the street

Yet I think it is less how this woman looks than what she is, which keeps true and loyal to her, the greatest poet of our time. It was while she was singing at the Opéra Comique in Paris that they met, the tie between them, being, I am told, her deep appreciation of Emerson as Maeterlinck had translated him! No common woman, this actress, but one who, in sympathy and in mental equipment, could be an inspiring wife to a Symbolist.

Madame Maeterlinck is the sister, it is interesting to add, of Maurice le Blanc, the author of "Arsène Lupin." She herself has done considerable writing, mostly of a philosophical nature; for nowadays she acts only occasionally, the greater part of her time being spent in close comradeship with her husband at St. Wandrille, the picturesque old Norman Abbey, which they are pleased to call their chief home.

MARY CAROLYN CRAWFORD.

Death of Alexander Bisson

The death is announced in Paris of Alexander Charles Bisson, the distinguished French dramatist. He was born in 1848 and was the author of innumerable plays. Perhaps the play the best known in this country, and the one to which he owed his greatest fame, was "Madame X."

THE NEW PLAYS

(Continued from page 77)

LIBERTY. "THE OPERA BALL." Musical comedy founded on "Les Dominos Roses." English libretto by Sydney Rosenfeld and Clara Kummer. Produced February 12 with this cast:

George Dumenil, Harry Fairleigh; Paul Aubier, George Lydecker; Germain, Howard Pascal; Palmyra, Evelyn Carter Carrington; Theophilus Beaubisson, Harry Conor; Angele, Olive Ulrich; Marguerite, Alice Gentle; Celeste Deremy, Miss Cahill; Capt. Beaubisson, Burrell Barbaretto; Yvette, Hazel Kingdon; Fleurette, Dorothy Arthur; Babette, Viola Cain; Coquette, Marjorie Beecher; Philip, Frank Tierney; Fedora, Mayme Gehrue.

It is worth an entire evening at the theatre to hear Marie Cahill's response to the condolences of an attentive admirer anent her recital of the distressing (or diverting) circumstances of her husband's death. The admirer says, "Poor husband!" The widow, with every appearance of innocence of intent, retorts, "He was a poor husband." It is not at all impossible that not one actress in a hundred, trained and rehearsed as she might be, could get the same effect with that sentence. It is uttered artlessly, loaded heavily with an accent that is wholly hidden, and is a completely delicious bit of drollery. It is in moments of this kind when Marie Cahill makes you forgive and forget the vacuity of a story that is old, not continuously interesting and without good craftsmanship in the construction. However, as is customary with modern comic operas, with or without a story, it is patched with color and music and dancing. At intervals the specialty work is attractive and an irregular entertainment for an evening is provided. The story has some coherency, and is consequently a little better than those operas that are entirely without form. That it has form is something to be credited to its original. If the work had been entirely original here, presumably it would have been without form.

A ball room scene gives occasion for the introduction of things belonging to the American method, and these scenes were very spirited and pretty. Marie Cahill is a wise young widow who opens the eyes of two young married women to the flirtations and perspectative habits of their husbands. In order to open their eyes wider she persuades them to go to a masked ball, where, of course, the complications and necessary proof follow. The widow, sagely flirtatious herself, finally brings peace to the disordered families and gives advice that dignifies even comic opera. The impression that she is a wise widow and knows how to handle men is confirmed in the epilogue which she speaks and in which she, with a persuasive smile, advises women that the way to hold a man is to keep him guessing. That's what she has been doing all through the play. The idea is a good one for comic opera, and if this piece were a little better handled as to its action it might even be worthy of Marie Cahill. Here is a remarkable woman—a humorist, an artist. Perhaps her art is a bit wrong in her first appearance in such a frumpy gown. It is hardly necessary to have the audience centre its admiration in her expressive face. The whole of the ample Marie should be in the picture. She is hardly a song bird, but her resortfulness in expression comes to her aid in the few numbers that she has, "What Are We Coming To?" "Sometimes," and "Listen to Me." The songs, done singly or in duets or in trios or quartets, and even the quintet, are in themselves uncommonly good. Mr. Harry Conor, a husband dominated by his wife, and he himself not a dominating figure with other women, always trying to get into the game, but never succeeding, manages to get a little humor in his own peculiar way out of the part as dry as a remainder biscuit. The scenery and costumes are fitting and handsome and the production generally of a high standard of artistic excellence.

GAIETY. "OFFICER 666." Melodrama farce by Augustus MacHugh. Produced Jan. 29 with this cast:

Bataeto, M. W. Rale; Officer Phelan, 666, Francis D. McGinn; Whitney Barnes, Percy Ames; Travers Gladwin, Wallace Eddinger; Helen Burton, Ruth Maycliffe; Sadie Small, Vivian Martin; Mrs. Burton, Camilla Crume; Alfred Wilson, George Nash; Watkins, Chas. K. Gerard; Police Captain Stone, C. W. Goodrich; Detective Kearney, Thomas Findlay.

This piece is a novelty, and this, no doubt, accounts for the very favorable reception it has received at the hands of the theatregoing public. We have had melodramas by the ton; farces by the cart-load, but seldom do we see such a whimsical combination of both styles of entertainment. It is all nonsense, of course; the situations are preposterous, but it is diverting

GREAT BEAR SPRING WATER
50 cts. per case—6 glass-stoppered bottles

The Latest Achievement of Rauch & Lang

The electrics produced in the Rauch & Lang factory are the handsomest vehicles made to-day.

The Rauch & Lang car is a masterpiece of mechanical skill and beauty. Ease of operation is one of its exclusive features.

The control (which is patented) is unique. There is no other like it. It is so simple anybody can drive the car with perfect safety and comfort. You cannot know how easy it is to drive an electric vehicle until you have driven a Rauch & Lang.

This simple car, with all its advantages, *costs* the least to maintain. Neutral garage men will tell you how little attention a Rauch & Lang needs. Any agent can give you approximate figures. You should get them before you decide on a car.

Exide Batteries standard equipment. Special Electric Pneumatic or Motz High Efficiency Cushion Tires optional.

Catalog on request. Demonstration gladly given at any time by any Rauch & Lang agent.

Rauch & Lang Electrics

The Rauch & Lang Carriage Company
2329 West 25th Street
Cleveland Sixth City





The Family Trip

between

New York and New Orleans

On the palatial 10,600-ton

Southern Pacific Steamships

in one of its most attractive features

Suites, Staterooms, Baths, Promenade Decks

offer unusual accommodations for families or small parties

The Trip is Enjoyable the Year Round

$40 ONE WAY **$70** ROUND TRIP

With choice of one way rail

Berth and meals on ship included

Send for interesting books

L. H. NUTTING, G.P.A., 366 Broadway, N.Y.

Since the decision rendered by the United States Supreme Court, it has been decided by the Monks hereafter to bottle

CHARTREUSE

(LIQUEUR PÈRES CHARTREUX)

both being identically the same article, under a combination label representing the old and the new labels, and in the old style of bottle bearing the Monks' familiar insignia, as shown in this advertisement.

According to the decision of the U. S. Supreme Court, handed down by Mr. Justice Hughes on May 29th, 1911, no one but the Carthusian Monks (Pères Chartreux) is entitled to use the word CHARTREUSE as the name or designation of a Liqueur, so their victory in the suit against the Cusenier Company, representing M. Henri Lecouturier, the Liquidator appointed by the French Courts, and his successors, the Compagnie Fermiere de la Grande Chartreuse, is complete.

The Carthusian Monks (Pères Chartreux), and they alone, have the formula or recipe of the secret process employed in the manufacture of the genuine Chartreuse, and have never parted with it. There is no genuine Chartreuse save that made by them at Tarragona, Spain.



At first-class Wine Merchants, Grocers, Hotels, Cafés.
Bâtjer & Co., 45 Broadway, New York, N. Y.
Sole Agents for United States.

COOK'S

IMPERIAL
EXTRA DRY
CHAMPAGNE

America's Favorite Since 1859



The Most Delicious Champagne in the World

Pure and Wholesome

Served Everywhere

There's just the difference between a raw, poorly made Cocktail and a

Club Cocktail

that there is between a raw, new Whiskey and a soft old one.

The best of ingredients—the most accurate blending cannot give the softness and mellowness that age imparts.

Club Cocktails *are aged in wood* before bottling—and no freshly made Cocktail can be as good.

Manhattan, Martini and other standard blends, bottled, ready to serve through cracked ice.

Refuse Substitutes

AT ALL DEALERS

G. F. HEUBLEIN & BRO., Sole Props.

Hartford New York London





Paris Garters absolutely satisfy—assuring sock support, sock smoothness and constant comfort.

Big items, these, and they were impossible before the advent of

PARIS GARTERS

No Metal Can Touch You

They fit so well you forget you have them on. The name PARIS is on each garter for easy identification.



Satisfaction always guaranteed

25 cents
50 cents

At All Dealers

A. STEIN & CO.
CHICAGO, U.S.A.
New York, Flatiron Bldg.

Tailored to Fit the Leg

nonsense cleverly acted, and the interest is so well maintained that no one wants to go home until the dénouement is reached. Particularly is it a play for that worthy, overworked person, "the tired business man," who has so little brains that he has none left when his office hours are over. In "Officer 666" there is nothing to tax the mental powers, nor, on the other hand, does the piece contain anything to stimulate them.

Travers Gladwin, a wealthy young man, who has a fine collection of valuable paintings, returns suddenly from Europe and discovers a plot to steal the treasures of his art gallery. To catch the thief, he persuades Officer 666 to lend him his uniform, and when the thief enters, impudently impersonating Mr. Gladwin, things begin to grow interesting. Wallace Eddinger, a sympathetic and capable young actor, is excellent as Gladwin, and Percy Ames made a hit as a comedy Englishman.

EMPIRE. "A Slice of Life." An advanced drama by J. M. Barrie. Produced January 29 with this cast:

Mr. Hyphen-Brown, John Barrymore; Mrs. Hyphen-Brown, Ethel Barrymore; Frederika, Hattie Williams.

The revival of "Cousin Kate" at the Empire was followed by a burlesque on the modern drama by J. M. Barrie, entitled "A Slice of Life," which turned out to be a play upon plays.

Mr. and Mrs. Hyphen-Brown, a husband and wife, have been deceiving each other all their lives. Each has withheld from the other an unbelievable past. Suspecting quite the contrary of each other, they are finally forced to confess that even before they knew each other as husband and wife, they have both lived absolutely moral lives. Their entire household is shaken to its foundations by the revelation. They would tell more of their earlier lives to each other but that the confession could only be accomplished in stage "asides"—spoken to the audience—and "asides" are forbidden in the modern drama. Mr. Hyphen-Brown realizes this as keenly as Mrs. Hyphen-Brown, and, in the agony of despair, grief-stricken at the thought that he has always been a virtuous man, although his wife had credited him with a past, he is forced to beg of Mrs. Hyphen-Brown the courtesy of a single "aside"—that he may turn to the audience and express the awful suspicion that "all is discovered; the blow has fallen." Once it is clearly understood between Mr. and Mrs. Hyphen-Brown that neither has a past to reveal to the other, it is plain that either husband or wife must go away from here. Mr. Hyphen-Brown is thoughtful enough to inquire about the child, but Mrs. Hyphen-Brown reminds him that there is no child. Neither is there time, nor opportunity, for the husband or wife to supply themselves with a dark and unholy past; so a coin is to be tossed to decide whether Mr. Hyphen-Brown or Mrs. Hyphen-Brown will go away from here. The coin is tossed by the husband at the very moment that the wife cries, "Heads"—with a right-hand gesture that would appropriate the coin. But Mr. Hyphen-Brown scornfully recaptures the coin, returns it to his pocket, and announces that he will go out into the night. If his life has not a past, it must have a present. Mrs. Hyphen-Brown is for the future tense, not the past or the present. "Let us go together," she says, "out into the night."

BROADWAY. "Hokey Pokey." A Potpourri in two acts. Music by John Stromberg, A. Baldwin Sloan and W. T. Francis. Lyrics by Edgar Smith and E. Ray Goetz. Produced Feb. 8 with this cast:

Meyer Bochheister, Lew Fields; Michael Dillpickle, Joe Weber; Josh Kidder, William Collier; Jeremiah McCann, John T. Kelly; Pierre Poisson, George Beban; Mrs. Grafter, Lillian Russell; Peachie Mullen, Fay Templeton; Chlorida, Helena Collier Garrick; Lieutenant Shapeleigh, Frankie Bailey; Henri Montmarte, Adelaide Mason; Aristide Lenuit, Elsie Hamilton; Wilhelm Blatz, Fay Tincher; Toots Hornblower, Pattie Rose; Dodge Chappelle, Madge Vincent; Henri, Joseph Torpey.

The getting together again of the famous vaudeville firm, Weber and Fields, after a separation of seven years, was an important event in the local theatrical world, duly celebrated on February 8th last by a jubilee performance, which, for the size and enthusiasm of its audience, has never been equalled in New York. The theatre was packed to the doors, fabulous prices having been paid for seats and boxes. The appearance of each of the old favorites, Lillian Russell, Fay Templeton, Willie Collier, etc., was the signal for a tremendous ovation, and when the two principals, Joe Weber and Lew Fields, came out hand in hand, wearing their characteristic, grotesque suits and tiny derby hats, the house was in delirium. But the climax was reached when David Warfield unexpectedly came upon the scene (the actor having run over from the Belasco to surprise his old associates) in the familiar "make-up" as the old Jewish peddler, the audience shouted itself hoarse, and Joe and Lew, over-

Maillard's

The best Cocoa of them all.



FOR EVERY OCCASION

Maillard's Breakfast Cocoa is supreme. Dainty and delicious, it graces every function and lends an added charm to the meal. Whether it be the elaborate banquet, the formal dinner, luncheon, or in the quiet home circle, or the nursery, **Maillard's** Breakfast Cocoa always finds a peculiar welcome.

Maillard's Vanilla Chocolate reveals the last word in the confectioner's art—a wonderful combination of purity, strength and delicate flavor. Try it today.

At Leading Dealers

Fifth Avenue at Thirty-fifth Street, New York

Spend the noon hour in the Luncheon Restaurant—afternoon tea served, three to six.



The glory of the flowers fills the heart of this charming new perfume, captured and presented to you by

HOUBIGANT

PARIS

the first perfumer of France and the acknowledged creator of the finest perfumes in the world.

Cœur de Jeannette

(HEART OF JEANNETTE)

holds a heart full of fascinating fragrance. Infinitely alluring when used sparingly—the bottle, in a dainty box, containing two ounces, $3.15.

Houbigant's Ideal Perfume has been for ten years the best known, the most widely used perfume—the favorite of women of fashion. And there is, also, a Houbigant preparation of highest excellence for every need of the toilet. Houbigant creations, including Coeur de Jeannette, are sold by all leading dealers.

Sample of Coeur de Jeannette will be mailed to you on receipt of 20c.—actual cost, postage, etc.

PARK & TILFORD

Sole Agents in the United States 225 Fifth Avenue, New York City



Marie Antoinette

AND THE

LITTLE TRIANON

THE dainty elegance we connect with Marie Antoinette may be seen to advantage in her Sleeping Chamber, with its brocaded hangings and delicately carved furniture, still preserved in all its integrity at her well-loved Little Trianon.

Our Reproductions of French Furniture of the Louis XVI period so faithfully resemble their originals that they create in the modern Bed Room this same atmosphere of elegance and refined gaiety.

Our Furniture is to be had only at our Galleries in New York. We have no branches.

Neither do we issue illustrated catalogues; but we are at all times glad to render any assistance we can to those furnishing us an indication of their needs.

Our book, "*The House and Its Plenishing*," copiously illustrated with etchings, will be found helpfully suggestive in the extreme.

The Grand Rapids Furniture Company

INCORPORATED

34 and 36 West 32d Street

Between Fifth Avenue and Broadway

NEW YORK

The Perfected Grand Piano

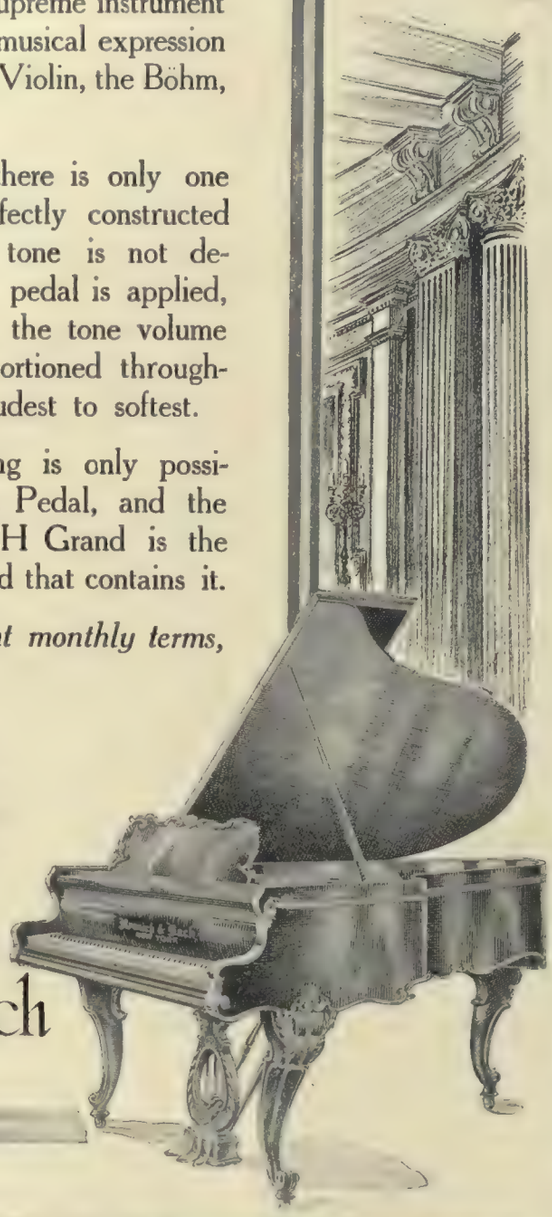
There is one supreme instrument in every field of musical expression —the Stradivarius Violin, the Böhm, Flute, etc.

In all the world there is only one Grand Piano so perfectly constructed that the evenness of tone is not destroyed when the soft pedal is applied, but, on the contrary, the tone volume remains perfectly proportioned throughout the scale from loudest to softest.

Such tone shading is only possible with the Isotonic Pedal, and the KRANICH & BACH Grand is the only piano in the world that contains it.

Sold on convenient monthly terms, if desired.

NOTE.—It will interest you greatly to read a little book describing the famous Isotonic Pedal—it cannot be comprehensively treated in this space. The book, together with our new catalogue, will be sent on request.



Kranich & Bach
New York

The Way To Wealth

Getting in ahead of the railroad and the resulting rise in real estate values is the way thousands of people have made their fortunes. They have put a little money into choice lots in new town-sites and have pulled out immense profits in a short time.

This is especially true in Western Canada, where every new railway town shows 100% to 1500% advance in values upon completion of the railroad, making big money for those who had been shrewd enough to secure lots before the towns were opened up.

For instance, Calgary lots rose from $100 and $200 to as much as $30,000 or even $50,000 when the Canadian Pacific came. Prince Rupert Edmonton and Saskatoon have all repeated the same tremendous gains in value.

Fort Fraser, B.C., is next in line for development and promises a brighter future than any new town in Western Canada. It is about to be opened up by the greatest of new Canadian Railroads—the Government-backed Grand Trunk Pacific.

Choice lots in Fort Fraser, if taken now, may be had at from $100 to $200 and up, on easy terms of 10% down; balance 5% per month. No interest or taxes until fully paid for. The British Columbia Government guarantees the Titles.

Write to SPENCE JORDON & Co., Dept. A T, Marquette Bldg., Chicago, for free plat, illustrated book and accurate information about the opportunity in Fort Fraser. They are the official representatives of the Townsite Company, and you can rely on the information that they give you.

Holland House

Fifth Ave. & Thirtieth St.
NEW YORK CITY

Famous Many Years
as the Centre for the most Exclusive of New York's Visitors

Comfortably and Luxuriously
appointed to meet the demand of the fastidious or democratic visitor

Royal Suites—Public Dining Room—Private Dining Saloon for Ladies—Rooms Single or Ensuite—New Grill—After Dinner Lounge—Buffet

All that is best in hotel life at consistent rates

Booklet, HOLLAND HOUSE
5th Ave. and 30th St.
Near underground and elevated railroad stations

come with emotion, fell upon each other's waistcoats and wept.

The entertainment they give is a potpourri of Weber and Field reminiscences, having no plot to speak of, but permitting Lillian Russell to wear some ravishing gowns; Willie Collier does some clever character acting, ably assisted by his sister, and George Beban, as a fiery Frenchman; John T. Kelly, and others, were well worth seeing. Fay Templeton sings some songs with her old-time artistic finish, and graceful Bessie Clayton is a delight in the ballet, "Le Clair de Lune." But the chief attraction, of course, is the clever clowning of Messrs. Weber and Fields, who, as mirth makers, have no peers. The entertainment was followed by a parody upon the popular success, "Bunty Pulls the Strings," in which Weber plays the Scotch youth who won't learn his catechism, and Lew Fields the love-sick carpenter. Ada Lewis is capital as the sour spinster, and Fay Templeton is seen as Bunty. William Collier plays Tammas.

GREAT BEAR SPRING WATER
50 cts. per case—6 glass-stoppered bottles

FULTON. "MAKING GOOD." Drama in four acts by Owen Davis. Produced on February 5 last with the following cast:

Morton Lawrence, Charles Lane; Tom Lawrence, William Courtenay; Dan Regan, Griffith Evans; Bradley Harris, P. F. Barrett; Pete Selby, John Willard; Billy Bishop, James Lounsbery; Judge Deane, Frank Hatch; Davy, Robert Lawler; Costigan, L. C. Phillips; Little Joe, C. Wilson Hummel; Anderson, Paul Harris; Clifford, Fred Hornby; Deronda Deane, Doris Keane; Lelia Regan, Alma Belwin; Mrs. Lawrence, Isabel O'Madigan; Widow Leigh, Ada Gilman.

"Making Good" was an example of the slipshod work which a dramatist falls into when he accustoms himself to writing melodramas, necessarily of an inferior order, for the cheaper circuits. Mr. Owen Davis is a playwright of more than ordinary ability, and his desire to get out of popular prices into popular favor of a higher kind with better plays is entirely justified. That in "Making Good" he has failed to enter the class for which he wished to qualify is not conclusive proof that he will not mend his ways. It so happens, however, that his melodrama produced by Mr. Brady was in no manner a reformation of his methods of work. It had no fineness. Its attempted refinement was tawdry. Its emotions were cheap. Its machinery was old. Its characters were crude. All these things can be cured. The old can be rejuvenated. It is simply a question of skill; in other words, "Making Good" would have been an acceptable play if it had been worked out in the right way. Not having taken pains with his work, Mr. Davis gives us a play that is, for the most part, merely sketched in and without light and shade. Haste in the work is evident in that many of the scenes are reminiscential of other recent plays and are much inferior to them. The idea of "making good" is the same idea that is to be found in "The Country Boy" and "The Fortune Hunter," but while the comedy scenes fitted into the scheme of the play, they lacked comedy. The characters, in appearance and in the acting, were types, but they were not characterized in reality by anything they did. They and everything in the play were incomplete.

Half the action, if it could be so called, was off the stage. The locality of three of the acts was at or near a lumber camp, among rough customers. The play begins with a fight and reaches a sort of a climax with another fist fight, both of them absurd in their execution. An old story in new surroundings, properly worked out, might easily pass muster. The son of a rich father, never having made a dollar in his life, and recklessly spending the plentiful supply with which his father supplies him, reaches a lumber camp. He suddenly falls in love with a "good" girl of the camp. Suddenly his father appears and demands that he marry the daughter of a rich man, his rival in business, telling him that this was necessary to save him from financial danger. The son refuses and is disinherited. With about $300 he buys out a general store. Nothing in particular bearing on the development of the story happens there, except that he learns of an opportunity to help his father out of his troubles. He returns home, makes matters worse than ever by refusing the proffered marriage, and then returns to the lumber camp and blows up a jam of logs, thereby saving his father from bankruptcy.

Even as a story this is nothing, and it is impossible to relate it so that it might sound like something. The author no doubt attached much importance to the scene of the logs hurrying down the river as the big scene, but it was misplaced confidence. Mr. Brady had provided everything essential for the success of the piece, but the possibilities of success did not lie in the play. Mr. William Courtenay was the son, who finally made good. Miss Doris Keane, of the puzzlingly attractive face and with a certain lack

of force, was the good girl of the camp. Mr. Frank Hatch gave us a study of a more or less amiable old reprobate after the manner of Old Eccles.

NEW YORK THEATRE. "THE PEARL MAIDEN." Musical play in three acts. Music by Harry Auracher. Libretto by Earle C. Anthony. Produced Jan. 22 with this cast:

Anaka, Davis Wheeler; Veritas Sharpe, Charles J. Stine; Jack Sharpe, Richard Taber; Loraine, Elsa Ryan; Pinkerton Kerr, Jefferson De Angelis; Bob Norris, Burrell Barbaretto; Peg Leg Jukes, F. Holmes; Cockeye Morgan, L. J. De Bold; Vincenzo, Walter Lysat; Bilge, H. Bergman; Nadine, Flora Zabelle; Kaliko, Charles Prince; Talulu, Daisy Leon; Alfonse, Henry Bergman; Gideon Slim, Jerry McAuliffe.

"The Pearl Maiden" is one of those indefinite things that produce small impression at the time of performance and hold no place within the memory in an incredibly short space of time after being witnessed. Perhaps even if there were sufficient coherency in the story to enable us to remember it, it would not be worth remembering. Jefferson de Angelis is always amusing, but in "The Pearl Maiden" his antics are to little purpose. In one scene his activities are circumscribed by a cage. The cannibals are about to eat him. He escapes through the loving service of the Cannibal King's daughter. Material of this kind, it may be observed, although more or less amusing at times, is not new to comic opera. It is new that Pinkerton Kerr (De Angelis) controls a wireless station on an island in some distant sea, and is thus enabled to shape the plot of the plotless story just as he wants to. The lonely wireless operator is visited by friends from the United States; he contrives to unite his particular friend, a young man with the daughter of a millionaire, who opposes the match. Nothing could be easier. The humor of the piece is intermittent, and nothing about the play has any continuous interest. Mr. De Angelis deserves a better medium, and will have to have it. The music and the songs are agreeable and vivacious. There was the usual variety in the dances, which was supplemented by some girls who skipped the rope and disported themselves with that eager animation peculiar to the familiar Pony Ballet. Flora Zabelle and Elsa Ryan were attractive enough to atone for many of the deficiencies of the inadequate opera.

GREAT BEAR SPRING WATER
50 cts. per case—6 glass-stoppered bottles

DALY'S. "THE ROSE OF PANAMA." Opera comique in three acts. Music by Heinrich Berte. Libretto by John L. Shire and Sydney Rosenfeld. Produced Jan. 22 with this cast:

Remy de Valmore, John J. McGowan; Angele, Anna Bussert; Sever, Mortimer Weldon; Andre Royan, Carrick Major; Jacinta, Chapine; Casterra, Tom Hadaway; Hiram Query, Will Phillips; Major de Molina, Joseph Parsons; Captain Ariza, Gerald Gordon; Lieutenant Pesaro, William R. Reed; Second Lieutenant Guirago, William C. Reed; Corporal, John L. Wheeler; Marcel Arranto, Forrest Huff; Anita, Reina Lazar; Celine Marinter, Fay Bainter; Uncle Billy, Teddy Le Duc.

"The Rose of Panama" has an idea that has been proved available for comic opera these many years, but it is worked out badly. The piece is based on a German operetta, written with adherence to form that has not been abandoned abroad, and the performance is freer than usual from specialty interpolations; but the apparent purpose to have a production after the decent manner of the continent, artistic and not sensual in intent, for some reason fails. Possibly the adaptation is not good. The incidents at times were too much in the nature of burlesque. A Central American revolution affords ready-made material for comic opera, for what is done or attempted to be done in the politics and wars of these irresponsible people is in the nature of the comic. The plot of this piece turns on the plan of the President to bring about a successful revolution which will send him to France in exile plentifully supplied with money. His plans are frustrated by feminine jealousies, and after certain complications, some of them amusing, his forces win, and he has to reconcile himself to remaining at home. The music is decidely good, some of the waltzes going with a great deal of swing. Chapine, the prima donna, was piquant. The other principals were capable, but not brilliant.

The Durbar in Motion Pictures

At the New York Theatre on February 19 was seen "The Durbar in Kinemacolor," the new motion pictures showing for the first time in America the splendid ceremonies in India celebrating the accession of George V. There was some disappointment at the size of the pictures, which are comparatively small, considering the immense frame of the theatre where they were exhibited. But the colors are very beautiful, red and green predominating, and the various pageants, ceremonies, reviews of troops, etc., presented spectacles not soon to be forgotten. Some of the pictures showed figures of fair size, so that the features of the people could be seen.



The Tel-Electric
Piano Player

SIMPLE, yet wonderful expression devices make it the most artistic and flexible of all piano players. It is always under your personal control — whether you wish to interpret the wondrous music of Beethoven or Wagner, or the more simple melodies of those composers who write in lighter vein, the Tel-Electric responds at once to your every mood. Through it you realize the pleasure of personally producing music. Or, if you so desire, the player itself will interpret any musical composition with the technique and finish of a master musician.

Exclusive Tel-Electric Features

Your hands control the expression;
Your feet have nothing to do.
You do not have to pump it.
It runs by electricity but electric current in the house is not essential.
It may be attached to any grand or upright piano.
It does not injure your piano in any way.
It does not in any way obstruct the keyboard of your piano, which is always free for hand playing.

Price, attached to your piano, $350

Send for Illustrated Catalog

Set of four photogravures symbolic of music, suitable for framing, size 11 x 15, will be sent prepaid for 10 cents in stamps.

The Tel-Electric Company

Branches Chicago and Boston

TEL-ELECTRIC BUILDING
299 Fifth Avenue, New York City

Agencies in All Large Cities

The
American Playwright

Published and Edited
by WILLIAM T. PRICE

15 Cents a Copy **$1.50 a Year**

THE AMERICAN PLAYWRIGHT, a monthly publication, with its first issue dated January 15, 1912, will be devoted to the technical discussion of plays and playwriting. It will give such full information as is desired and needed by students of the drama. It will be a complete record of plays produced in New York and of all published plays and books and articles worth the while relating to the technical side of the stage. Its reviews of current plays will be analytical, directed at their causes of failure or success. Its various departments will be designed to help, in a practical way, those who accept playwriting as an art. It will aim to gain the confidence, respect and cooperation of all who love truth, who realize the responsibilities of authorship and production, and who abhor sordidness, whether in private or professional life. It will be impressed with the earnest purpose to be helpful, and to validate the principles set forth in my book, "The Analysis of Play Construction and Dramatic Principle." In its special character it will be unlike any other periodical that has to do with the stage. I shall try to make it indispensable to the student.

W. T. PRICE, 1440 Broadway, N. Y. City

NEW YORK PARIS LONDON

Gainsborough

IMPORTERS OF MILLINERY

5, 7 and 9 West 37th Street, New York
Just West of Fifth Avenue

are now showing a superb collection of personally selected

Imported Parisian Hats
FOR SPRING AND SUMMER

that represent the official word of what is to be seen this season.

¶ The hats shown are representative of such noted Parisian Modistes as Carlier, Georgette, Mary Louise, Marie Guy, Suzanne, Esther Meyer, Talbot, Virot, Alphonsine and others of like reputations.

Note.—"Gainsborough" occupies the entire fourth floor suite, with direct elevators to showrooms, which permits the showing of Hats under a natural light in their true colorings, also moderation in prices.

THE THEATRE MAGAZINE BOUND











IN TWO VOLUMES

The Most Welcome of all Holiday Presents

A COMPLETE RECORD IN PICTURE AND TEXT
OF THE THEATRICAL SEASON OF 1911

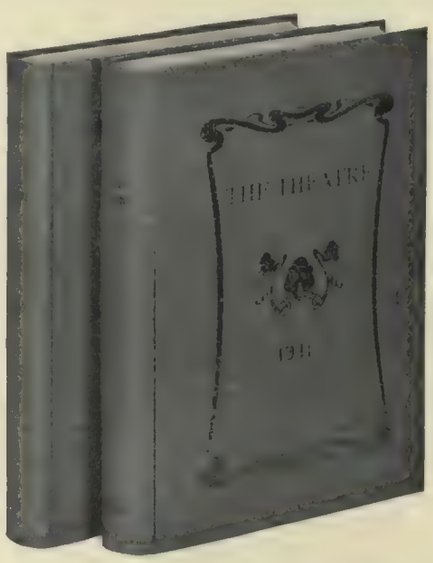
Complete Year, 1911—$6.50 a Set

Ready December 15th. Sent Prepaid

Two handsome volumes of over 200 pages, containing the twelve numbers issued during 1911 and beautifully bound in attractive green cloth.

Two Handsome Books for Your Parlor Table

colored plates, 1,500 engravings. Notable articles; portraits of actors and actresses, and scenes from all the plays produced during 1911.



The Handsomest Magazine Published

The most sumptuously illustrated, the most splendidly printed, full of anecdotes, reminiscences, and stories of stage life. In Uniform binding

The Complete Collection of 14 Volumes, Bound in Cloth, from 1901 to 1911 included, $125.50.

The following Volumes are still sold separately:

Year of	The	Theatre	for	1902	-	-	-	-	-	Price,	$18.00
"	"	"	"	"	1904	-	-	-	-	-	"	11.00
"	"	"	"	"	1905	-	-	-	-	-	"	9.00
"	"	"	"	"	1906	-	-	-	-	-	"	8.00
"	"	"	"	"	1907	-	-	-	-	-	"	7.00
"	"	"	"	"	1908	-	-	-	-	-	"	7.00
"	"	"	"	"	1909	-	-	-	2 vols.		"	6.50
"	"	"	"	"	1910	-	-	-	2 vols.		"	6.50

The magnificent colored covers which appear on each issue are all bound in the Yearly Volumes

THE THEATRE MAGAZINE CO.

8 WEST THIRTY-EIGHTH STREET - - - NEW YORK















New Dramatic Books

"THE FOOTLIGHTS—FORE AND AFT." By Channing Pollock. Boston: The Gorham Co.

Unlike most books about "the drama," which must be pretty dreary reading to anyone who doesn't know the subject well and possesses a keen interest in it, Channing Pollock's "The Footlights—Fore and Aft" is a work essentially for the layman. Men and women whose bread is earned directly or indirectly through the playhouse may chuckle at his sophistication, at the satirical little sidelight he throws humorously upon their habits and habitat, but Mr. Pollock's real public will be made up of the people who want to know. "The Footlights—Fore and Aft" will tell them everything. It is very intimate work, and takes you behind the scenes, where you meet at close range all the people you are curious about in theatredom. It is an encyclopedia of small and great facts regarding the theatre, but an encyclopedia written in the jolliest and chattiest vein. How actors are engaged, and how much they are paid, how scenes are set and "struck," the inside history of numerous famous press agent stories, the general rules for play-writing, the externals of "the Great White Way," the things that happen at rehearsals—all these secrets of the theatre are given away in the brightest and most genial fashion. Mr. Pollock has mixed in a large number of amusing anecdotes and a great deal of intimate detail regarding authors, actors, and managers with whom he has come in contact during a wide and varied experience as newspaper critic, press agent, magazine writer, stage manager and dramatist. The scope of this matter, and the informality of its setting forth, may be judged from one of the chapter headings in the book, which reads: "Concerning Camille, ice cream, spirituality, red silk tights, Blanche Bates, Thomas Betterton, second-hand plays, parochialism, matinée girls and Augustin Daly." There are fourteen chapters in the volume, including the introducton which Mr. Pollock has written himself, because, he says, "no one else seems to know as much about the cleverness of this author as does the author himself." Among the topics treated are "The Writing and Reading of Plays," "The Personalities of Our Playwrights," "On the Great White Way," "What Happens at Rehearsals," "Something About First Nights," "In Vaudeville," and "With the People in Stock." Warren Rockwell has supplied fifty very clever full-page illustrations. No one can read the book without enjoyment and without finding himself or herself, at the end, the wiser for the experience.

GREAT BEAR SPRING WATER
50 cts. per case—6 glass-stoppered bottles

THE AMERICAN DRAMATIST: By Montrose Moses. Illustrated with 24 portraits. Crown 8vo., cloth, gilt top. 338 pp. Little, Brown & Co. $2.50 net.

The avowed and accomplished purpose of Mr. Moses was to give in one book a comprehensive survey of the American drama and its makers. No matter how you take Mr. Moses, you will be bound to agree with him, for somewhere between the two covers of his book you will find a point of view in accord with yours. The book is not the opinion of the author alone. It is a collection of opinions of men qualified to discuss American drama. But while this book is really a compilation, the opinion of Mr. Moses plays a large and important part in pointing out values and defects in his quotations. It reveals a familiarity with dramatic history and activity that stamps Mr. Moses as a close student and clear thinker. He writes entertainingly and well. In the course of his work he reviews American dramatic history; he gives an enthusiastic appreciation of Bronson Howard, of James A. Herne, of David Belasco and his mastery of stage lighting, of Percy MacKaye and Steele MacKaye, his father; of Augustus Thomas, of William Gillette, of Clyde Fitch, together with chapters on melodrama, moving pictures, interpretative dancing, open-air performances, vaudeville, the Theatrical Syndicate, dramatic criticism, and, finally, an anticipation of the probable objections of the reviewers to his book. What more could a man want in a single utterance? He devotes more space to the conditions of drama and personalities of dramatists than he does to plays. He is justified, for those things are in the main—if not altogether—responsible for the kind and quality of plays on record. He neglects to say that many of the magazine articles he mentions by way of reference were collected and have been for some time in book form. At the same time Mr. Moses advises the use of present conditions as a source for play material he applies it to his own book. The book is intensely of to-day.



One of Our Nine Rare Creations For 1912

WHEN you buy a Detroit Electric you *anticipate* the future, because of this car's many new, exclusive and patented features.

Remember, the Detroit Electric has the *exclusive* right to use in electric pleasure cars, Thomas A. Edison's greatest invention—the Edison nickel and steel battery.

The simple operation of the Detroit Electric makes it the safest and most easily controlled car made. With one hand on the controller lever, you are absolutely master not only of all speeds, but in addition you can apply powerful brakes to the **rear wheels** with one instinctive, backward pull on this lever, without even touching the foot pedals.

This controller lever practically **thinks** for you. It is impossible for you to make a mistake as every movement is safeguarded. It has another advantage: It is horizontal and allows **full seat room.**

Aluminum body panels add to the strength of the body, beauty of finish and life of the car. They do not check, warp or crack.

For those who do not care to make the expenditure necessary for the Edison battery at first, we furnish the Detroit Electric Guaranteed Lead Battery with our own warranty—the first lead battery made by and **guaranteed** by the manufacturer of the car. This makes it possible for us to guarantee the car in its entirety.

Beautiful illustrated catalog sent upon request. It tells you about the many other **exclusive** features of the Detroit Electric, made in the largest factory in the world, devoted exclusively to the manufacture of electric automobiles.

THE Detroit ELECTRIC
"Chainless" Shaft Drive

Anderson Electric Car Co.
413 Clay Avenue Detroit, U. S. A.

Branches
New York, Broadway at 80th Street
Chicago, 2416 Michigan Avenue
(Also Branch at Evanston, Ill.)

Buffalo
Brooklyn
Cleveland
Kansas City
Minneapolis
St. Louis

Selling representatives in all leading cities



THE JOY OF "DRESSING"

is greatly enhanced by Kleinert's Guaranteed Dress Shields, which insure the daintiest gowns against damage by perspiration.

Washing in hot water removes all traces of odor and destroys germs and they can be instantly restored to *store newness* by simply ironing. Every shield *guaranteed*. Many shapes and sizes to choose from at your dealer's.

Write for our Dress Shield Booklet " T "

I. B. Kleinert Rubber Co.
721-723-725-727 Broadway
New York

If the name "Kleinert" is not on the shield, it isn't a Kleinert—The ***Guaranteed*** *Shield.*

A unique and exclusive feature of the THEATRE MAGAZINE is the Fashion Department. Do not fail to read the suggestions and pointers of our Fashion Editor, an authority of both continents.



For a Clear Complexion

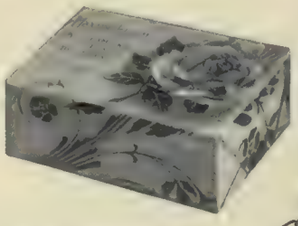
Use

Maxine Elliott Toilet Soap

It is good for a tender skin, soothes, cools, cannot irritate. Keeps the hands white and soft.

Lathers freely in any water. Delicately scented in this assortment:

Buttermilk and Roses Buttermilk and Violets
Buttermilk and Glycerine Buttermilk



You can buy Maxine Elliott Toilet Soap wherever good soaps are sold.

Ten cents the cake.
Fifty cents the box of 6.

Swift & Company
U. S. A.

FATIMA
TURKISH BLEND
CIGARETTES

Fine Feathers *do not always* make fine birds.

Fatima Cigarettes come in a handy foil package, but the cigarette itself is the acme of tobacco blending.

It is a mixture in which is used the finest Turkish tobacco. In lieu of a fancy box you get ten additional cigarettes.

With each package of Fatima you get a pennant coupon, 25 of which secure a handsome felt college pennant (12 x 32)—selection of 100.

20 for 15 cents





L'ART DE LA MODE

"THE FASHION AUTHORITY"

MARCH NUMBER.

The Spring issue contains over 120 models of gowns, suits and hats. The very latest Parisian creations. No fashionable woman can afford to be without **L' Art De La Mode**

35c a copy. For Sale Everywhere.

MEMORIES OF A MANAGER. Reminiscences of the Old Lyceum and of Some Players of the Last Quarter of a Century. By Daniel Frohman. Illustrated. Doubleday, Page & Company. New York.

Mr. Daniel Frohman disclaims literary pretension for his book, but it is written with high qualities, clearness of expression, and simplicity, and with a sense of values that make it extremely entertaining and valuable. Naturally, the record of any management or any limited theatrical period must incidentally give some account of people of very fleeting importance, but most of these people are of interest to readers of to-day. In any event, the book has a permanent value, its information and instruction being authoritative and of value to the student, for Mr. Frohman has himself made a study, a very close one, of the conditions of the stage as well as of the technical requirements in playwriting. Some of his most interesting chapters concern the composition of plays and discuss the failures of plays which were expected to succeed and the success of plays the success of which was despaired of.

He gives an account of Dion Boucicault's efforts to write two plays for the Lyceum Theatre. It is pathetic to read the final confessions of the old dramatist that his powers had left him. It is recorded that Boucicault's habit in attending the first performance of a play was to leave after the first act. The veteran playwright saw in his mind's eye the entire structure of the work, and was satisfied. Boucicault was always ready to see suggestions while at work or at rehearsing—no matter from whom.

The manager writes with friendly appreciation of Bronson Howard. Mr. Frohman's activities brought him in personal contact with actors and dramatists of the greatest distinction. Unquestionably the career of the old Lyceum Theatre under Mr. Frohman's management was notable, and constitutes a fine chapter in the history of the New York stage. Some of Pinero's very best plays were brought out at this little house, and some of the most popular actors of the day were first employed there. Among the distinguished foreign actors under his management were the Kendals and Madame Modjeska. David Belasco was the first stage-manager at this notable little theatre. Appended to the volume is a history of the Lyceum Theatre by dates of the production of plays and casts of famous first nights.

GREAT BEAR SPRING WATER
50 cts. per case—6 glass-stoppered bottles

Training School for Actors

In the *New York Times,* Adolph Klauber writes interestingly of the growth of the popular stock company. Under the star system, he says, the young actor has no opportunity.

"An actor, having proved satisfactory in a light comedy part, for instance, is doomed to play light comedy for the remainder of his life. Had the opportunity presented itself he might have made just as great a success in a character rôle. He might still do so, but the manager does not like to make experiments. He is sure of his actor in the line in which he first arrived. And so the actor—hampered, handicapped, cramped—had thus become merely a minor detail in a big machine. If he gained individuality It was at the expense of his growth. He became a personality rather than a player, and lacked the versatility of players of the older generation. All these things the palmy-dayer will argue, and argue with conviction.

"But it is a truism that where the need exists a means of supply will be found eventually. And, curiously enough, without any actual initiative on the part of either the actor, the manager, or the public, a great national training school for actors has slowly developed out of the apparent chaos. It bids fair, moreover, to revolutionize the conditions, to replace with an excellent system the temporary inadequate provision for the training of the player. I refer to the popular stock company. In some cities these companies are merely maintained throughout the summer season, giving employment during that period to innumerable actors who have hitherto been idle. In others the experiment has succeeded so well that the companies are maintained all the year around, and the theatres which support them keep open doors long after the painters and decorators have taken possession of the combination houses in anticipation of the regular winter season.

"As a result of this newer activity, about 1,800 actors were kept employed during the present summer who, a few years ago, would have been in idleness as soon as their winter's work was done. At one time this summer there were, by actual count, 149 stock companies playing.



Never rub dirt off with a dry handkerchief

Never rub the dirt in Always wash it off

During the rainy season, the air is heavy with smoke and soot which the pores of the skin are constantly breathing in. These conditions, which must be endured, soon ruin any skin unless precautions are taken to intelligently *counteract* their effect.

Never rub this dirt off with your dry handkerchief. If it were not for the oil in your skin, which protects it, you soon would ruin the texture of your skin by the irritation of rubbing the soot and dirt over it. Instead of this way, which throws an unnecessary burden on the skin and tends to overtax it, use this treatment.

Apply your hot wash cloth, lathered with Woodbury's Facial Soap, for several minutes. Then when the pores are thoroughly open, rub in a fresh lather of Woodbury's Facial Soap. It dissolves the dirt, makes it almost melt away without the slightest irritation. Then close the pores and arouse the circulation in your skin by a cold water rinse.

Use Woodbury's regularly. It cost 25c. a cake. No one hesitates at the price after their first cake.



For 4c we will send a sample cake. For 10c, samples of Woodbury's Facial Soap, Woodbury's Facial Cream and Woodbury's Facial Powder. For 50c, a copy of the Woodbury Book on the care of the skin and scalp and samples of the Woodbury preparations. The Andrew Jergens Co., Dept. F, Spring Grove Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio.

Woodbury's Facial Soap

For Sale by Dealers Everywhere



GOOD WHITE TEETH ALL AROUND IF YOU USE

SOZODONT

LIQUID, POWDER AND PASTE

Spring Opening Announcement

OUR SPRING EXHIBIT of imported and original crinoline models will open on Monday, March 4th, and will continue for several weeks in our Fashion Salon.

Our aim is to show novelties that will not be duplicated in America and styles especially adapted to the requirements of the American Woman.

Sketches and Patterns of all models will be for sale

Dressmakers and all Women interested in being well dressed cannot afford to miss this Opening and are cordially invited to come.

Remember the date, Monday, March 4th

L'ART DE LA MODE

8, 10, 12, 14 West 38th St., (Just off Fifth Ave.) New York



"The Crowning Attribute of Lovely Women is Cleanliness"



A woman's personal satisfaction in looking charming and dainty is doubled when she knows everything about her is exquisitely clean.

Naiad Dress Shields

are thoroughly hygienic and healthful to the most delicate skin; are absolutely free from rubber, with its disagreeable odor; can be easily and quickly STERILIZED by immersing in boiling water for a few seconds only. They are preferred by well-gowned women of refined taste.

At stores or sample pair on receipt of 25c. Every pair guaranteed.

A handsome colored reproduction of this beautiful Coles Phillips drawing on heavy paper, 10 x 12, sent for 10c. No advertising.

The C. E. CONOVER CO., Mfrs. **101 Franklin Street, NEW YORK**



Margaret Illington

One of the youngest artists before the public, now starring in "KINDLING," endorses

The **Haines Bros.**

PIANO

An artistic piano in the broadest sense of the term

WRITE FOR DESCRIPTIVE LITERATURE

New York City,
December 13th, 1911.

Messrs. HAINES BROS.,
Fifth Avenue & 39th Street,
City.

Dear Sirs:-

I have found the Haines Bros. Piano a most delightful instrument. Its superb singing tone and delicate responsiveness of action are all that the most critical could desire. It is a pleasure to give expression to my entire satisfaction of this piano.

Very truly yours,
MARGARET ILLINGTON BOWES.

HAINES BROS. 437 FIFTH AVE. NEW YORK CITY

Division—American Piano Co.

OUR FASHION DEPARTMENT



A beautiful gown by Bechoff-David, in orange velour, entirely covered with Maline lace. The girdle is of silver tissue finished with pearl tassels. The panel is embroidered in pearls and strass. The picture hat by Lewis, is of black velvet, entirely covered with white plumes

Simplicity is the Keynote of Smart Spring Styles

By HARRIET EDWARDS FAYES

The limits of our fashion department make it necessary to confine this article to subjects of general interest. Those readers wishing more detailed information, or who have individual problems to solve, may receive suggestions thereon by sending a letter of inquiry, enclosing a stamped envelope for reply. H. E. F.

IT is surprising how quickly a radically new style will take hold in this country. Last month I mentioned tyl-tyl as the most novel French fabric suited to the construction of the tailored suit. It is a rough-surfaced, yet soft, pliable all-wool material, which for the sake of brevity may be said to be the aristocratic cousin of Turkish toweling. In reality, it is cousin germane to ratine.

Something similar in silk has just been shown by the makers of R. and T. silks, who have just opened a retail silk department with the idea of permitting women to get all kinds of fashionable silks at much less cost than they are to be found in the general stores. If there is no retailer in your town who carries the R. and T. assortment of silks, this firm will send samples direct to you of any kind you desire, and I can assure you that their range of shades and colors is wonderfully good.

Eponge is the French name for this new material when it is made of linen. The tailored suit made of it was first shown in New York by Gimbel. It is a light-weight linen fabric, which looks as though it would launder beautifully. This particular eponge had only a slightly rough surface, and was made with a two-piece skirt, the seams at the left side of the front and right side of the back, and of irregular outline, for near the belt the cut showed three blocks. The jacket was made with three-quarter length sleeves, trimmed with black satin cuffs, which also formed the facing of the revers, and the narrow crushed girdle, which tied in front with two short ends. The principal feature of this jacket was that the skirt was cut separate from the body, and the joining was concealed by the black satin girdle. The back portion of the skirt had a slightly rounded top that gave a high waist line.



Copyright 1912 Gage Brothers & Co Chicago

A smart style in a separate skirt made of Turkish toweling was seen in a Davidow model. This was a two-piece skirt with the over-lapping edge cut in irregular outline. Another model, also in Turkish toweling, was prettily trimmed with pearl buttons. The Davidow models are always well cut, and great attention given to the smallest details of finish, so that they seldom require alteration to suit the figure, taste and requirements of the average American women.

Among the well-known D. & J. Anderson ginghams you will find the most lovely assortment of fashionable colors. These are especially admirable in the plain colors. I think I have never seen anything quite so lovely as these exquisite colors in wash goods. They are such dependable wearing quality that it seems to me they will make up well, not only in dresses for house and street wear, but will be equally adaptable for coat suits for those who do not care to invest in linen coat suits, either on account of their cost or their weight. Certainly a good quality of gingham is better for this purpose than a poor quality of linen.

An admirable fabric which I forgot to mention last month is the Migel Quality Pussey Willow taffeta. This is a pure dye taffeta of quite a new finish, which is exceedingly attractive. I do not know how to tell you about its lustre, but I am sure that pussey willow taffeta has only to be seen to be appreciated. It is well adapted to the construction of suits, street dresses and those dainty little evening frocks of the Directoire type that we shall, no doubt, see much of the coming season.

Speaking of taffeta, a great deal of this silk will be used for the early spring hats. Some of the milliners are even now showing plain-covered hats of changeable or plain taffeta, the kind of hat so generally called suit hats or tailored hats. These do not appeal to me at all when made of taffeta. Somehow or other taffeta when used for hats seems to require draperies to give it style. On the other hand ribbed silks, such as faille and ottoman, are well suited to the construction of a plain-covered hat. I saw recently a French model made of black moire and faced with old gold faille that was most attractive. Then, too, taffeta is certain to be much seen in the cheaper, ready-made hats, which is certain to spoil its vogue for fashionable wear. A cheap taffeta soon loses its gloss and lustre, and, therefore, in the end is an expensive investment.

A great many flowers and quite a little lace will be used on the hats made of soft, pliable straws. These will be exceedingly picturesque, whether they are large or small hats. For the small, close-fitting shapes, that are so immensely comfortable to wear, will be even more popular for most occasions than the large Gainsborough and Rubens shapes. The latter styles will be used by the best-dressed women only for formal occasions, while the small shapes will be selected by them for wear with tailored suits and street dresses.

The parasols with deep curved ribs should be great favorites this summer on account of the height of many hats. Some of the latest French umbrellas take on this same shape, and are quite dressy in appearance with their covers of green, red, plum or blue.

It is really astonishing how few women carry parasols in this country, where women are supposed to be so practical. A parasol is not only a most coquettish and picturesque addition to the toilet, but it adds weeks, even months, to the life of a hat, which, unless shielded from the too ardent rays of the sun, soon becomes faded and shabby. There are colors in parasols that go well with a costume of almost any color. It is a good plan to select the parasol to match the high color on the hat. A black moire or satin parasol looks well on almost any occasion.

There is some tendency towards simplicity in costumes and street dresses. This is very noticeable in the dresses now being worn



Each Cake of Soap bearing the Armour Brand carries with it the makers' guaranty of absolute purity and freedom from adulteration



A graceful model in white charmeuse, combined with ivory Venise and black Chantilly lace

by society women when invited to some function where fancy dress is required. One of the great successes of the season for this purpose is the Quaker Girl Dress. This is an extra copy of either the russet brown or the silver gray costume worn by Ina Claire in the musical comedy of that name. The chief ornament of the brown costume is the white mull fichu draped gracefully over the shoulders, while the fichu of the silver gray costume is made more in the form of a collar. Already some of the enterprising makers of ready-made costumes have copied this latter collar and call it the Quaker Girl collar. So it is easy to be seen that when a really smart style is worn on the stage it quickly becomes popular with many classes of women.

Mary Mannering, in "The Garden of Allah," wears in the scene in the desert a grayish green cloth costume of the button front type that is now such a great favorite of general daytime use. Miss Mannering's taste in dress is unusually good. This gown is of extreme simplicity with excellent lines. Some critics insist that this charming actress has taken on too much avoirdupois; if this be the case, then she has found a dressmaker who thoroughly understands the art of concealing the fact.

Nazimova, in "The Marionettes," wears two gowns of gorgeous brocades, which, while they are of extreme cut, are at the same time most picturesque. They are cut to hang from the shoulder and barely indicate the waistline. They are the sort of gown that artists would immensely admire, yet which are becoming to only the most slender and girlish type of figure. Aside from the beauty of the material the gowns are of extreme simplicity.

Heavy laces and embroideries are to be used on the sheerest of materials this season. There are the heavy Cluny and Craponne laces, so generally denominated under the name of guipures. The embroideries are of the cut-out variety in many instances. The most novel have the openwork designs in squares, but the ovals and round designs are quite as fashionable. This form of embroidery, generally spoken of as English embroidery, is used on the finest of lingerie gowns, and often have a band of black or colored chiffon set under the embroidery in order to bring out more effectively the design.

One exquisite French gown had the bottom of the skirt bordered with a wide band of black velvet, over which fell the larger portion of the fifteen-inch band of embroidery. The waist of embroidery was draped in surplice effect over black chiffon, and there was a delicate touch of pink in the girdle and at the neck opening. The same idea might well be carried out with embroidered net, and if velvet seemed too heavy for summer wear, a satin finished crêpe could be substituted, but it must be remembered that velvet trimmings will be quite as smart the coming summer as they were last year. Then, too, this idea is well adapted to the new embroidered tunics, whether in black or color.

There are many beaded tunics among the lately imported ones. These often show a combination of beads and ribbon work. The small flowers of the designs are generally worked with shaded ribbons of the narrowest width. There are also black and white and white and black effects in these tunics. Another new trimming is the beaded fichu. It is quite a cape-like affair, being caught up between the shoulders and falling well over the arms, and then simulating a tied effect falls in two narrow ends to the vicinity of the waist. Such a fichu will be all the ornamentation required on an evening gown if the gown itself is simply yet fashionably draped over one hip.

Net forms the foundation for most of the new tunics and fichus. Those which introduce color show a combination thereof, or else are all in one shade of a color. Among the combinations are such as rose, yellow, blue and lavender, outlined with fine lines of black. Among the newest trimmings for white suits and costumes is wool banding with a Mexican drawn-work pattern. A lot of ball fringe will be used on cotton and linen costumes and suits. These include Irish crochet balls and tiny drops, braid and plain crochet balls. They are just the thing to outline the simulated tunics of tailored skirts and costumes, as well as for edging the wide, flat collars, tops of cuffs and lower parts of the bodice and coat.

There is immense variety in the styles shown in tailored suits. They are distinguished by some oddity of cut that, while it may be termed fantastic, is generally refined. The severe tailored suit seems to be a negligible quantity this season. Yet the new styles do not in the least



Rexall
"93" HAIR TONIC

Two Sizes, 50c. and $1.00

Keeps scalp and hair clean - promotes hair health

Your Money Back if it Doesn't

Sold and guaranteed by only one Druggist in a place. Look for *The Rexall Stores*

They are *the* Druggists in over 5000 towns and cities in the United States and Canada

UNITED DRUG CO., BOSTON, MASS. CHICAGO, ILL. TORONTO, CANADA

COPYRIGHT, 1910, UNITED DRUG COMPANY



Photo Talbot
A gorgeous evening toilette by Paquin, lavishly embroidered with pearls and mock jewels

resemble the old-time fancy tailor-mades. There is a richness and elegance about the new models that makes them seem nearer kin to the plain tailored suit than to that of over-elaborate aspect.

For example, one French model is made with a plain black satin skirt with a seam down the centre front. Over this is a long redingote of basket weave serge with collar and cuffs faced with black satin. The coat parts in front in a rounded movement from the waistline, and thus descends towards the back, where it reaches within a few inches of the bottom of the short skirt. Such a suit would be lovely with an écru tucked net waist, having a side frill edged with black net for afternoon occasions, while with a black satin bodice with transparent sleeves and yoke it would make an attractive frock for evening occasions.

Skirts for tailored suits are to be quite as narrow as ever, from one and three-quarters to two yards being the accepted widths. The narrower skirt can only be cut by an artist, else it becomes a caricature and a travesty of good taste. Lines are all straight in the skirts; if anything they tend to curve out rather than in. Too often the past year, in the hands of the inexperienced cutter an designer, the skirts sloped in below the hips, whereas they should have been perfectly straight from the greatest width of the hips to the bottom of the skirt. The skirt with invisible plaits, set in at either side of the front and back, will continue to be a favorite with those women who like to follow the fashion for narrow skirts, yet wish to present a graceful appearance when walking.

Women have learned to appreciate the practibility of the narrow skirt, the fact that when well cut it gives them sufficient freedom when walking, and at the same time does not blow about in a disconcerting way on a windy day. The short skirt for street wear has undoubtedly come to stay. There is too much to be said in its favor for women ever again to submit to the tyranny of the trained skirt. Moreover, this season the more refined women will adhere to the skirt that clears the ground, that is, the instep length, some two inches from the ground.

Facts Worth Knowing

[Names of shops from which articles mentioned may be purchased will be furnished upon request and the enclosure of a two-cent stamp.]

The new mohairs brought out for the spring and summer by the manufacturers, Joseph Benn & Son, are a revelation. In weave, coloring, weight and suppleness they meet all the requirements of fashion.

There is a growing demand for this practical fabric, and many of the leading couturiers are using it freely, not only for the strictly tailored suits, but for the more dressy afternoon costumes as well

"Mohair Radiante" is one of the entirely new effects which this manufacturer is introducing this spring, and would sell at the counter for $2.00 a yard, if not more, while direct one pays but $1.35. It comes in exquisite colors and is 54 inches wide.

Many of the striped mohairs will be used in suits and gowns, showing ingenious arrangements of the stripes, thereby forming sufficient ornamentation.

Black taffeta mohair is a handsome material, which sells direct for $1.60 a yard.

Samples of these new fabrics will be sent to you upon request, and the prices attached will show a great saving by buying direct from the mills.

Tucked away in a huge Fifth Avenue building I have found a bit of Paris where all sorts of dainty hand-embroidered underwear can be purchased at wholesale prices.

The clever man at the head of the business imports direct from the manufacturer these garments, which are cut on the correct French lines, but to American measurements. It would be impossible to describe with success the many attractive garments seen here, but a catalogue, I believe, would be mailed upon request to one living at a distance. Not only hand-made lingerie is to be seen here, but some machine-made garments that excel in cut and finish. I noticed particularly the smart lines of a petticoat, which measures just 60 inches at the bottom, and has a deep flounce of lace medallions and edging. This was only $4.00, and would bring all of $6.00 at the larger shops. A great saving may be made by patronizing this little establishment.

At the renowned house of Haas Brothers, of New York and Paris, I was permitted a survey of the new materials for spring and summer, which are to be presented in sets of sample books for leading tailors and dressmakers.



The Simplest and Most Agreeable Way to Keep

THE SKIN SOFT, SMOOTH AND FAIR

is to use, morning and night, also before and after exposure to the weather

HINDS HONEY & ALMOND CREAM

We are sure there's nothing more delicate and refreshing. We have been sending it into refined homes for many years and thousands of letters have come back to us expressing appreciation of the benefit produced by Hinds Cream.

Every bottle is guaranteed absolutely pure and harmless,—free from greasy, sticky properties, or anything that can cause or aid a growth of hair. Every application of Hinds Cream will soften the skin, retard a tendency to wrinkles, relieve sore conditions and add attractiveness to the complexion.



50 cents—Sold everywhere or postpaid by us if not obtainable. Don't take a substitute, but write us at once.

Liberal Sample Bottle and Booklet Sent Free.—No Duplicating.

A. S. HINDS 95 West Street PORTLAND, MAINE

Lane Bryant

19 West 38th Street, near Fifth Avenue, **New York**



Negligees and Simple Dresses

A large assortment in a variety of styles always ready for immediate delivery or made to measure at short notice.

Our position is unique among houses that cater to the well dressed.

We specialize in house gowns and simple dresses that distinguish the exclusive wardrobe.

Maternity Dresses

Made in one piece—expand to the figure through all stages without alteration—of crepe de chine, charmeuse, serge, challie, foulard, pongee, cotton voile, swiss, linen and gingham.
Made to measure **$10.75** to **$58.75**

Coats and wraps of cloth, serge, pongee, taffeta and crepe de chine—effective styles for mid-season wear **$22.50** upwards

Send for catalog T

1085 (as illustrated). Maternity Dress, with new crush plaiting at sides and shoulders. Lace yoke, with or without standing collar. Soft frills of lace at sleeves and bodice.

Price, Crepe de Chine, . . **$35.75**
Crepe Mull . . . **20.50**

WASHINGTON HEIGHTS BRANCH
Broadway and 163d St., New York

The Burgesser Tailored and Semi-Dress

Hats

for

SPRING and SUMMER



combine the quality and style that characterize all models bearing this trade mark.



For sale at all leading dealers throughout the United States and Canada

Designed and Introduced by

A. D. Burgesser & Co.



149-151 Fifth Ave.
New York

A. D. BURGESSER & CO. IMPORTERS AND MANUFACTURERS NEW YORK TRADE MARK



A fascinating gown by Doucet. The lower part of the skirt is of black satin. The upper part and the bodice are of white satin veiled with exquisite white lace

The latest novelties and most exclusive designs, the smartest weaves and newest colorings, are here shown for the development of the tailor-made to which the French couturiers are giving so much attention this spring.

In fact, it is known that at least three of the leading establishments of Paris are preparing their new models on tailored lines, which promise the greatest variety of styles seen in years. Some of the most ravishing trotteur frocks are being developed in "Faille Marveilleuse," one of the new and distinctive silks shown by Haas Bros. This comes in charming color combinations, black and King's blue, black and magenta, black and turquoise, or the new blonde shade.

The assortment of diagonal silk suitings embrace new shades as well as the still fashionable black and white combinations.

Particularly novel is a diagonal silk suiting of white with stripes of black, brown or grey, the reverse side showing a Persian design.

Possibly few women realize outside of New York City what a wonderful assortment of silks in exclusive weaves and colorings are to be found at Vantine's. Woven by hand, as they were centuries ago, under the supervision of Vantine's silk experts, these fabrics of the purest silk will neither crack nor slit, but will stand the test of time. This not only applies to the soft Oriental pongee, which may be seen here in stripes, diagonals and novelty weaves, but also to the habutai silks which Paris is using so much this season, under another name probably.

These soft Japanese habutais are so practical, similar to foulard, and are obtainable in a wonderful variety of new colors and patterns—stunning white and black effects, white and Russian blue, Paquin red and white, are some of the combinations—the fact of these silks being waterproof is another advantage. For the little knock-about dress, as well as the smart afternoon frock, these silks will be in high favor. The black habutais come as low as 50c., and are also spotproof.

The Japanese suitings are washable, and come in all the new stripes and figures on dark ground or white. These range in price from $1.00 to $1.50 a yard.

It is worth while for a woman to visit this store and see for herself the exquisite materials always to be found here. If this is not possible, one can secure samples by simply writing for them.

Women of New York are fast learning the way to a specialty shop, recently opened, which is devoted to the sale of Irish laces and neckwear. Really remarkable bargains can be obtained at this place, and the designs are all new and original. Beautiful collar and cuff sets, Dutch collars, yokes, jabots of the most approved designs and tiny tabs are all represented in real laces and cost much less than the price charged in the larger shops. Real lace edge and insertions are sold at ridiculously low prices.

But a few weeks ago Rogers, Thompson, Givernaud Co.—for years recognized as leaders of this country in the manufacture of silks—opened their doors to the buying public.

This big firm, always keenly alive to the demands of fashionable women, have amazed thousands who have visited their handsome show-rooms in the heart of the city, by the great assortment of silks in the unlimited variety of weaves and exquisite colorings shown.

What woman will pay retail prices when she may buy at manufacturers' prices? In many cases the retail shop will charge nearly double the price quoted at this new store.

Chiffon taffeta, which is to be so fashionable this season, may be obtained here in 36-inch width, and of beautiful quality, for $1.38; elsewhere the same fabric will bring from $2.00 to $2.50 a yard.

A rich quality Satin Foutre sells for 98c., which brings $1.75 at other places. Striped chiffon taffetas, satins, and messalines, which are all to be worn by fashionable women, sell at 98c., and would bring double that price elsewhere. The colors are uncommon, and will only be shown by the most exclusive shops.

Incredulous women, who call at this store with samples of silks for comparisons, are amazed and convinced.

Exquisite bordered silks, voiles, etc., which sell for from $3.00 to $4.00 a yard, may be obtained for $1.28.

A beautiful Bulgarian bordered silk voile of 42-inch in the new Parchment shade sells for $1.28. Crepe Meteor and Crepe Charmeuse in every known color are on hand. The new silk Turkish toweling you will also find here away below the price charged elsewhere, and scores of new and unusual fabrics just from the looms, and known as yet only to Paris, you will see when visiting this store.

Exquisitely dainty and entirely new is a perfume just brought out by a manufacturer whose name carries with it a guarantee of excellence both here and abroad. Some of the very best bath chrystals are also put up by the same house, who offer to send out samples on receipt of 10 cents. So necessary have bath powder and chrystals become, that many women would not use water on the face without their softening influence.

Personally I have never found anything more effective in the way of a



A striking model in black straw, faced with American beauty shade of taffeta, with American beauties massed on the side

THE certainty that has prevailed, during the past few months, that Foulards would again be pre-eminent among Spring and Summer silks, is sustained by the present popularity enjoyed by

"Shower-Proof"
Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.
Foulards

among fashionable folk in the sunny Southland. "Shower-Proof" Foulards for 1912 are beautiful, indeed—the colorings and patterns more varied than ever.

In buying Foulards, always ask for "Shower-Proof." Remember that they are Cheney Silks, and that no other make can be sold as "Shower-Proof."

CHENEY SILKS

for the new season offer a choice of over five hundred different patterns, multicolor prints and border effects in printed dress silks—and each pattern in a variety of colors.

Cheney Silks are too numerous to sample, but if you will send us your name, we will tell you of a store in your locality that sells them.

They include "Shower-Proof" Foulards, Dress Silks of all kinds, Florentines, Decorative Silks, Upholstery Goods, Velours, Velvets, Ribbons, Cravats, Velvet Ribbons, Spun Silk Yarns, Reeled Silks, etc., etc.

CHENEY BROTHERS
Silk Manufacturers 4th Avenue and 18th Street, New York



"Dralle's" Is Too Costly to Send You a Sample

Dralle's *Lilac* is the true scent of fresh-cut lilac blooms. Non-alcoholic—exquisitely subtle, and lasting.

"Dralle's" is the most costly perfume sold in America. Women of refinement find it well worth its price.

Seven odors can now be had at your dealer's—Lilac, Rose, Violet, Lily of the Valley, Narcissus, Heliotrope and Wistaria, in dainty cut-glass Phial and dropper, as illustrated. Price, $1.50 to $7.50, with the exception of violet, which is $1.75 and up. Inquire for

Dralle's Illusion

(Dralle, Hamburg)

Imported by GEO. BORGFELDT & CO., New York

J. & J. Slater

THIS cut illustrates a popular boot for women—made in dull kid and patent leather with brown or gray cloth tops—side buttoned with overgaiter effect.





Men who golf will appreciate the light weight and comfort of the new golf boot—made in tan, russet or brown buckskin, blucher cut—no tips and reinforced at the insteps to give added support.

New illustrated price list "A Package of Shoes" with book of instructions and measurement blank mailed on request.

Broadway at 25th Street, New York



Copyright, 1911, by The Warner Brothers Company.

Redfern Corsets *are known everywhere to be absolutely correct—they are authoritative in design. This means that a Redfern moulds fashionably, and irrespective of the snugness of fit, is thoroughly comfortable.*

Redfern Corsets *not only add grace, but the figure retains all the ease and suppleness of a natural contour, as the season's mode requires. Can be had in the most extreme length of skirt, or the very lowest top—or in the more moderate shapes.*

Redfern Corsets *costing from $3.50 to $15.00 per pair will give more general satisfaction owing to their flexile shaping and wearing qualities, —than "custom-made" corsets costing from $15.00 to $30.00 per pair.*

Sold at all high grade shops and at the best department stores
$3.50 to $15.00 per pair

"Security" Rubber Button Hose Supporters are attached to all **Redfern** *models.*

THE WARNER BROTHERS COMPANY
New York *Chicago* *San Francisco*

simple and painless remedy for the sagging of the facial muscles, drooping eyelids and mouth, as an astringent, of which any woman may have a sample bottle sufficient for two applications sent her upon request.

The house handling this preparation is the only one in America representing a world-renowned European facial specialist, and this is one of the many excellent remedies for the care of the face.

The astringent mentioned tightens the loose skin and acts as a tonic to the drooping muscles, restoring lost contour and obliterating wrinkles. Sample and directions sent upon request.

A stunning assortment of chevron diagonal silks is shown in grey with an overstripe of lavender, dark blue with a fine stripe of magenta, and many other beautiful color combinations.

"Gros de Londres" is still another Haas fabric of distinction. This silk has somewhat the character of taffeta, with slightly more body, and is particularly adaptable to tailored suits. It comes in monotone effects. An equally novel array of worsted suitings is to be found in these sample books, and women of taste who love distinctive fabrics cannot afford to overlook them.

The greatest variety of white suiting is obtainable here, one of the very newest being "tyl-tyl," which is very soft, very pliable, and very nobby. The pure white serge, and, in fact, all of the white goods, are softly woven with a delicate surface sheen, which renders them particularly becoming. You will find that the Bernard whip-cords from this house will stand all tests of rubbing, and therefore will be particularly serviceable. Self-striped whip-cords and diagonal Bedford cords come in pure white, and are used in many ways, both here and abroad.

Paquin red and Callot blue are two new colors seen among many others in the Haas books of samples. Paris tan, Pigskin and Russet are others equally charming. The novelty accordion weave is shown in both wool and silk.



Copyright 1914
Gage Brothers & Co
Chicago

No greater assortment of linens can be found anywhere else, which includes the double-faced linens for motor coats, etc.

It is a well-established fact these days that a cream of some sort is necessary if a woman wishes to look her best and keep her skin in a healthy condition, not only the woman of years who sees many signs of approaching age, but the young woman as well needs and uses face cream, realizing that it is much easier to hold youth than to woo it back again. In many cases women make the mistake of selecting a cream without due consideration. Some creams contain injurious ingredients, and many cause an unwelcome growth of hair. Creams with a basis of glycerine are efficacious in curing rough or chapped skin, but a perpetual use of glycerine would cultivate wrinkles, so it is the least in doubt as to her particular needs to consult one of the several conscientious and reliable specialists here, who have made a study of every means of correcting blemishes and cultivating beauty to the highest degree of perfection. Many excellent preparations are brought to my notice, and I have occasion to see them demonstrated in many cases, therefore am in a position to recommend to your attention articles and treatment of merit.

Milady of fashion knows that two creams are essential for the proper care of the skin—a good cleansing cream is one, and should be used to cleanse the pores after exposure to dirt, dust and rough winds. There is a most efficient cleansing cream of which I have heard much good. It is creamy and easy to use, and is guaranteed to be free from anything which could disagree with the most sensitive skin. It will improve the complexion in a very short space of time. A greaseless cream will remove grease and shine from the skin and give it a healthy glow, and as a protection should be applied before going out. One I have in mind is equally good for an oily or a dry complexion, and forms an ideal foundation for powder.

A cream which is especially prepared to nourish the skin, being a skin food of the highest order, is marvelously effective in feeding wasted tissues and obliterating lines. This cream is rich in fat-producing quality, and is used for the neck when increased plumpness is desired.

Now that the season for wearing thin stockings is here, it is well to know of a stocking protector which keeps them from tearing at the upper edges. We all know how often an entirely new pair of stockings is found to be torn by the garter supports on once wearing. This little device can easily be sewed to the garter support, or else simply laid between the stocking and the clasp. By its use the stockings last much longer than they otherwise would do, and it takes only a second to adjust the protector, while the cost, twenty-five cents for six, is comparatively nothing, considering the price and the longer life of the stockings when it is used.

Quite a new idea for the toilet is Rouge Japonais. It is nothing more nor less than a specially treated piece of flannel, which is to be rubbed on the parts desired to be tinted. It is put up in a box small enough to be carried in the purse. It has the advantage of not flying over the clothing as rouge powder is so apt to do, and is much easier to carry than liquid rouge. The originators guarantee it to be harmless. For a light shade the cloth must be rubbed on the parts very lightly, for a deeper shade it must be used more freely. It gives a lasting color, which can only be removed with soap and water. It is easier to wash off than liquid rouge, and, of course, lasts on the skin longer than powder rouge. Altogether it is a very desirable form of rouge for the tourist, or the women who desire to touch up their complexions while at the theatre, receptions, etc.

A reduction salve that really performs marvels has just been put on the market by a thoroughly reliable woman, whom I have known for many years. She first tried it on herself, and lost twenty-five pounds in about two months, yet without causing any wrinkles in

SILKS:
Buy them at Manufacturers' Prices!

SILK prices have been high—too high, needlessly high. The prices on the more exclusive weaves have been exorbitant.

However, you need not pay high prices for silks any longer.

You can now buy worthy, fashionable silks from our great wholesale store at manufacturers' prices. For we have opened our wholesale department to the buying public *for all time.*

IF money was no object to you—if you would as soon pay retail as manufacturers' prices for silks—you would still have every reason for buying your silks at our Wholesale Store. Why?

Because this is the world's great silk store. We show the *most* silks—we sell the *best* silks—we introduce the *newest* silks.

OUR stocks reflect Fashion's every whim. From the worthy staple silks to the rarest and most exclusive weaves, textures, tissues and colorings, there is nothing lacking in our brilliant display.

And every day new ideas are received from our many mills. Our displays are an everchanging show of Fashion's richest silks.

TO the woman who is not within shopping distance of New York, we recommend the store in her locality that advertises R. & T. Silks. It is the store for silks of *advanced* style and *utmost* value. If there is no such store there, we will supply her direct.

Mills to Consumer — GENUINE R&T SILKS — Looms to Wearer

ROGERS THOMPSON GIVERNAUD CO.
FOURTH AVENUE at 24th ST.
NEW YORK

GAGE MILLINERY



Gage Hats are on display and for sale at leading retail millinery establishments.

Send 2 cents for our style portfolio showing trimmed and tailored hats for spring. Address, Dept. "Y2."

Gage Brothers & Co., Chicago

Ask your dealer for Gage Hats

Look to
MENNEN'S
to preserve your Complexion



A PINK powder—not a rouge. This powder is a scientific preparation for the softening and beautifying of the skin. Sold everywhere or mailed for 25c

GERHARD MENNEN COMPANY
Newark N. J.

Cushion "EVE"
The Newest
COLLAR SUPPORTER

INVISIBLE RUST-PROOF

The soldered ends can't catch or scratch—cushion ends easily sewed through

White or Black
3 on a card **10c**
at notion counters

Joseph W. Schloss Co.
New York

Over One Hundred Spring Models

are shown in the March 1st issue of

VOGUE

Now on Sale at your Newsdealers

YOU can't afford to make a mistake in selecting your spring hats and gowns. The really expensive gown is the gown you buy and never wear; the really expensive hat is the hat you wear only because it is bought and cannot be returned.

YOU pay $20, $40, $60 for a hat—three times as much for a gown. Yet how often does hasty selection, a limited stock to choose from, or lack of reliable fashion information, compel you to wear reluctantly, or even give away, hats and gowns that cost hundreds of dollars?

VOGUE will end all that. In your own home, far from the confusion of the milliner's and the dressmaker's, VOGUE spreads before you, not a few hats and gowns from your local stores, but a magnificent display of models from the best designers in the world.

"Once I used to buy VOGUE a few times a year because I thought it was an extravagance—but now I buy every issue because I feel I'm not *rich enough* to get along without it! VOGUE helps most by teaching what to buy and saving one the mistake of buying the wrong thing, which is twice as expensive as the right one."

—Mrs.———, Winchester, Mass.



VOGUE

WITH these superb models before you, and with VOGUE'S staff fo fashion experts ready to advise you personally on every doubtful point, you are certain to be better and more becomingly dressed than ever before!

BECOME a member of the most smartly dressed group of women in America—the recognized leaders of fashion in every community, the women who read VOGUE—by paying 25 cents to your newsdealer for the March 1st issue of VOGUE—the last word on Spring Fashions!

"Without any conceit on my part, but owing entirely to VOGUE and its suggestions, I am proud to say that I have the reputation of being the best dressed and most up-to-date woman in town. My clothes have been admired and copied by women who spend more on one dress than I do on a whole season's wardrobe."

—Miss———, Cooperstown, N. Y.

Get a Copy from your Newsdealer Today

THE VOGUE COMPANY, CONDÉ NAST, *President*, 443 Fourth Avenue, N. Y.

District Subscription Managers Wanted

In every locality where we have not yet appointed a district manager to look after our subscription interests, we offer a splendid opportunity to the right sort of person. We want a hustling, energetic man or woman who will put out our advertising booklets, collect renewals of expiring subscriptions, but most of all push out after new business. The work need not occupy more than your spare time, and if you possess the right sort of energy you will find it not only very interesting and pleasant but also exceptionally remunerative. Our district managers handle both of our magazines, *L'Art de la Mode* and *The Theatre Magazine*. If you have some time that you would like to turn into good money

YOU CANNOT AFFORD TO OVERLOOK THIS PROPOSITION

Send your application at once to
THE SUBSCRIPTION MANAGER

THE THEATRE MAGAZINE :, 14 W. 38th ST., NEW YORK

her face; indeed, I think her complexion looks better than it did before. This salve simply has to be rubbed into the skin wherever there is superfluous flesh, and gradually that "too, too solid flesh" melts away. There are no ill consequences to this treatment. The effect of the salve may, indeed, be heightened if a good masseuse is employed to do the rubbing. The ugly cushion of fat at the back of the neck quickly disappears with the daily use of this salve, and even large hips and busts succumb to this treatment after a few weeks' treatment. There is actually no reason now for any woman to suffer from the disfigurement of a double chin, when she can rub it away so easily in a few evenings.

Improvement is the line of progress that makes for success. I have frequently told you of a spiral collar support that gives with every movement of the neck. Now the inventor has so improved it that it cannot rust, and is easily sewed through. This is accomplished by means of cushion ends that are simply covered with a simple crochet, so that even the tenderest and most sensitive neck is thoroughly protected. These supports come either in white or black, three on a card for ten cents, and are made in several sizes.

One of the daintiest beauty parlors in New York has recently been opened by Mrs. Mary Grey, a woman of charming personality, who numbers among her patrons a long list of well-known American women. Mrs. Grey is thoroughly experienced in the art of beauty culture, and has equipped her establishment with the latest and best electric devices invented for the face, neck and eyes. Moreover, Mrs. Grey gives personal supervision to each case, though the actual manipulation may be done by one of her able assistants. Her consultations are free of charge, and I am sure that any one who tries her method will become a convert thereto. Mrs. Grey also makes a specialty of making up the face for evening entertainments, and things which in this day of glaring electric lights becomes absolutely necessary for the most famous beauty. Mrs. Grey understands the art of make-up, so that there is *no* artificial appearance: the subject simply looks her best; in other words, is the epitome of youth and health.

Many times have we been offered good models in the way of brassieres since they have been recognized as a necessary adjunct to dress, but the height of perfection has been reached in the latest Warren models. They are made of high grade fabric, beautifully finished, and are light and pliable. Washing does not injure the boning.

[*Names of shops from which articles mentioned may be purchased will be furnished upon request and the enclosure of a two-cent stamp.*]

$3.50 a Year THE MAGAZINE FOR PLAYGOERS. APRIL, 1912
VOL. XV. NO. 134

THE THEATRE

(TITLE REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.)



Photo

The Theatre Magazine Co.



G. COLES PHILLIPS

©

We Invite You to Help Celebrate the

Twenty-Fifth Anniversary

of the introduction of

"Onyx" Hosiery

TRADE MARK

which will take place on

Wednesday, April 17th

IN recognition of the Spirit of Loyalty and Appreciation shown by the Men and Women of the Country, we offer through your dealer on the date mentioned, the following values:

FOR WOMEN

Women's "ONYX" Black, White and Tan Gauze, Lisle with "DUB-L" TOP and High Spliced Heel; a Very Superior Quality. Our regular 50c value which will be offered at the Anniversary Sale Price of **35c per pair, 3 for $1.00**

Women's "ONYX" Black Silk Lisle; Special Gauze Weight; "DUB-L" TOP; Reinforced Heel, Sole and Toe; Finest Quality of Mercerized Yarn. One of the regularly advertised 50c values. Anniversary Sale Price of **35c per pair, 3 for $1.00**

Women's "ONYX" Black Pure Thread Silk; Seasonable Weight; Splendid Value. One of our Representative numbers, containing all the Latest Improvements, as "DUB-L" Silk Tops, etc. Actual value $1.50 per pair. Anniversary Sale Price **$1.00 per pair**

FOR MEN

Men's "ONYX" Black Silk Lisle. Our best, Most Advertised and Most Reliable 50c quality; a number which has done more to build up our Men's Hosiery than any other. For this sale in Black only. Never sold at less than 50c per pair. Anniversary Sale Price **35c per pair 3 for $1.00**

Men's "ONYX" Pure Thread Silk; Black and Colors, with Lisle Sole. Finest 50c silk value ever offered. Anniversary Sale Price **35c per pair, 3 for $1.00**

Look for your dealer's announcement in the daily papers on this date, April 17th, for full particulars, and if you cannot get service at the dealer's from whom you always buy "ONYX" Hosiery, write us, and we will direct you to some dealer who can supply you.

Duplicates of this beautiful Coles Phillips picture in original colors, suitable for framing, will be sent on receipt of 4 cents for postage.

Address Dept. V.

Wholesale Distributors

Lord & Taylor *New York*

The Success of Your Gowns Depends Entirely on You

whether you make them yourself or have a dressmaker do it for you.

The foundation of every gown, suit, or wrap is its design. In L'ART DE LA MODE you find all the advance Paris fashions with charming and practical adaptation to suit the particular taste of the American woman.

L'ART DE LA MODE

is the acknowledged fashion authority of America.

This you know if you are one of our subscribers—and, to introduce it to those who have not been regular, we make this offer. To mail L'ART DE LA MODE to you for—FIFTEEN MONTHS—whether you desire to renew your old subscription or enter a new one—for the regular year's price of $3.50. As soon as we receive your subscription we give you a magazine of the most exclusive fashions for a year and three months for twenty-three (23c) cents a copy.

In Our Show Rooms

directly off Fifth Avenue—you can see our most exclusive models. Competent saleswomen are always in attendance to give you expert advice.

At present we make a

Special Short Term Subscription Offer,

four months which would ordinarily cost you $1.40 for $1.00. We do this because we want all women to know L'ART DE LA MODE and join its circle of admirers.

Your order sent now for either the fifteen months or the four months subscription is attended to the morning we receive it.

Just fill the coupon and put it in an envelope together with the correct amount either currency, check or money-order, or stamps.

Special FIFTEEN Months Offer

Enclosed find $3.50; send me L'ART DE LA MODE for the next fifteen months.

Name

Address

City

State

L'ART DE LA MODE
8 to 14 West 38th St., New York, N. Y.

Special FOUR Months Trial Offer

Enclosed find One Dollar. Send me L'ART DE LA MODE for Four Months.

Name

Address

City

State

L'ART DE LA MODE
8 to 14 West 38th St., New York, N. Y.



Fig. No. 2420. Price, $1.50

A striking gown in old red taffeta. The shaped bands on the skirt and bodice are embroidered in blue-black, gray and white. The girdle is of blue-black satin.

Maillard's

Easter Gifts

Exquisitely beautiful and Seasonable Easter gifts—exclusive importations, in original designs, from the art centers of Europe—their usefulness makes them doubly acceptable.

Handpainted Satin Eggs. Dresden China Eggs.

Silk and Satin boxes, painted and embroidered.

Baskets trimmed with seasonable flowers.

Novelties in Porcelain, Saxe, Sevre, Daum, etc.

Plain and Satin lined Baskets, in attractive Tints. Dainty favors in Rabbits, Chickens, Egg Cups, etc.

MAILLARD'S EASTER CAKES, CHOCOLATES, BONBONS

Afternoon tea in the Luncheon Restaurant, three to six.

Fifth Avenue at 35th Street NEW YORK



The Spirit of the Flowers elusive, yet alluring, fills the heart of

Cœur de Jeannette

(HEART OF JEANNETTE)

It is the glory of all the flowers, embodied in an exquisite odor by the world's acknowledged creator of finest perfumes—

HOUBIGANT

PARIS

For women of fashion who demand distinction in toilet accessories. Use sparingly. Daintily boxed, 2-ounce bottle, $3.15.

Sample of Coeur de Jeannette for 20c—actual cost, postage, etc.

PARK & TILFORD
225 Fifth Avenue, New York City
Sole Agents in the United States

FLINT QUALITY FFF FOUNDED 1840

Flint's Fine Furniture

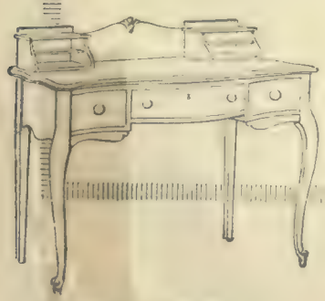
AS AN INVESTMENT THAT "PAYS"

IN appearance, Quality and Workmanship, in beauty of finish and "fitness" of design, FLINT'S FINE FURNITURE bears unmistakable evidence of seventy years devoted to the production of *furniture that "wears;"*—

Furniture that gives a lifetime of service; that "lasts" from an artistic point of view; that *as an investment "pays."*

Our exhibition of Spring and Summer Styles makes plain to all that furniture "built Flint Quality" is distinctly an artistic production, however simple in character or low in price.

(Booklet illustrating Spring and Summer Styles mailed on request)



GEO. C. FLINT CO.

43-47 West 23rd St.

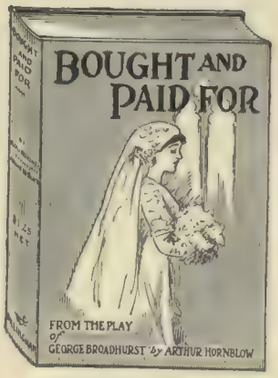
24-28 West 24th St.

THE PLAY is the biggest theatrical success since "The Lion and the Mouse." Have you read THE BOOK?

BOUGHT AND PAID FOR

A Brilliant Novelization of George Broadhurst's Tremendously Successful Play

By ARTHUR HORNBLOW



A powerful indictment against the mercenary marriage. You pay for a thing and it is yours. A title or a fortune tempts many a virtuous girl to sell herself—to the highest bidder. The slums have no monopoly of the white slave traffic. It thrives as well on fashionable Fifth Avenue, where its unhappy victims manage to conceal their tears from the world.

"The story is stronger than the play."—*The New York Globe.*

12mo, Cloth, illustrated from scenes in the play, with special drawing on cover in colors. $1.25 net.

A successful play must contain the essentials of a good story. Have you seen our list of splendid books novelized from great plays?

THE GAMBLERS
By Chas. Klein & Arthur Hornblow
12 mo. Cloth. Illus. 1.50

JOHN MARSH'S MILLIONS
By Chas. Klein & Arthur Hornblow
12 mo. Cloth. Illus. 1.50

THE EASIEST WAY
By Eugene Walter & Arthur Hornblow
12 mo. Cloth. Illus. 1.50

THE SPENDTHRIFT
By Porter Emerson Browne & Edward Marshall
12 mo. Cloth. Illus. 1.50

THE CHORUS LADY
By James Forbes & John W. Harding
12 mo. Cloth. Illus.
Popular ed. .50

PAID IN FULL
By Eugene Walter & John W. Harding
12 mo. Cloth. Illus.
Popular ed. .50

THE ROUND UP
By John Murray and M. M. Miller
12 mo. Cloth. Illus.
Popular ed. .50

G. W. Dillingham Co., 12-16 E. 22d St., New York



CONTENTS: APRIL, 1912

Edited by ARTHUR HORNBLOW

		PAGE
COVER: Portrait in colors of Alice Lloyd in "Little Miss Fix It"		
CONTENTS ILLUSTRATION: Proscenium and Curtain of the Little Theatre		
TITLE PAGE: Scene in "Baron Trenck"		105
THE NEW PLAYS: "The Pigeon," "The Lady of Dreams," "Lady Patricia," "The Typhoon," "Oliver Twist," "Monsieur Beaucaire," "Baron Trenck," "The Rainbow," "The Greyhound," "Preserving Mr. Panmure," "The Truth Wagon," "The Fatted Calf"		106
THE $10,000 PRIZE OPERA AT THE METROPOLITAN—Illustrated		109
"THE JEWELS OF THE MADONNA"—Illustrated		110
A DUAL INTERVIEW WITH WEBER AND FIELDS—Illustrated	*Ada Patterson*	113
SCENE IN "THE LADY OF DREAMS"—Full-page plate		115
PRESIDENT TAFT AS A THEATRE-GOER—Illustrated	*Karl K. Kitchen*	117
A MODERN MASTER BETTY—Illustrated	*Arthur Swan*	118
ELENA GERHARDT—A PAINTER IN WORDS—Illustrated	*William Armstrong*	119
THE OPERATIC BEGINNINGS OF GERALDINE FARRAR—Illustrated	*Karlton Hackett*	120
GERALDINE FARRAR—Full-page plate		121
THE MORALS OF CARMEN—Illustrated	*Jeanne Gerville-Réache*	123
A TRIBUTE TO DAVID BELASCO—Illustrated		124
SCENE IN "DIE WALKURE"—Full-page plate		125
IS A REVIVAL OF PANTOMIME AT HAND?	*Robert Grau*	126
SCENES IN "OLIVER TWIST"—Full-page plate		127
SISTERS WHO HAVE WON OUT ON THE STAGE—Illustrated		128
PLAYS OF YESTERDAY—Illustrated	*Harry P. Mawson*	129
SCENES IN "LADY PATRICIA"—Full-page plate		133
TO OTIS SKINNER IN "KISMET"—Poem	*D. M.*	134
A VETERAN DRAMATIST ON PLAY MAKING	*Warren Wilmer Brown*	135
OUR FASHION DEPARTMENT	*Emilie E. Hoffman*	XIX

CONTRIBUTORS—The Editor will be glad to receive for consideration articles on dramatic or musical subjects, sketches of famous actors or singers, etc., etc. Postage stamps should in all cases be enclosed to insure the return of contributions found to be unavailable. All manuscripts submitted should be accompanied when possible by photographs. Artists are invited to submit their photographs for reproduction in THE THEATRE. Each photograph should be inscribed on the back with the name of the sender, and if in character with that of the character represented. Contributors should always keep a duplicate copy of articles submitted. The utmost care is taken with manuscripts and photographs, but we decline all responsibility in case of loss.

SUBSCRIPTION: Yearly subscription, in advance, $3.50 Foreign countries, add $1.00 for mail Canada, add 85c Single copies, 35 cents

LONDON: On sale at Daw's Steamship Agency, 17 Green St., Leicester Sq.

BOSTON CHICAGO PHILADELPHIA

PARIS: 99 Rue des Petits Champs

Published Monthly by

THE THEATRE MAGAZINE COMPANY, Telephone, 6486 Murray Hill 8-10-12-14 West 38th Street, New York City

COPYRIGHT 1912 BY THE THEATRE MAGAZINE CO. TRADE MARK REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

ENTERED AT POST OFFICE, NEW YORK, AS SECOND CLASS MAIL MATTER

1837



1912

75 Years of Progression
Is the Record of

The Knabe Piano

(The World's Best)

Each successive year has witnessed some fresh triumph and added lustre to the far-reaching fame of this celebrated piano. Impregnable and unassailable as is the position attained by the Knabe Piano, it must not be forgotten that only consistent effort, combined with close study and application of the many important improvements witnessed by each decade, rendered such a signal success possible.

Knabe Pianos may be purchased of any Knabe representative at New York prices with added cost of freight and delivery

Wm. KNABE & Co., Fifth Avenue, cor. 39th Street

NEW YORK

BALTIMORE LONDON

Division—American Piano Co.

THE THEATRE

VOL. XV APRIL, 1912 No. 134

Published by the Theatre Magazine Co., Henry Stern Pres., Louis Meyer, Treas., Paul Meyer, Sec'y; 8-10-12-14 West Thirty-eighth Street, New York City



White

FRITZ STURMFELS AND BLANCHE DUFFIELD IN "BARON TRENCK," AT THE CASINO



Photo White

Guinevere (Pamela Gaythorne) — Christopher Wellwyn (Russ Whytal) — Timson (Sidney Valentine)

Act II. Christopher Wellwyn utilizes the flower girl as a model.

SCENE IN JOHN GALSWORTHY'S PLAY, "THE PIGEON," AS PRESENTED AT THE LITTLE THEATRE

THE NEW PLAYS

THE LITTLE THEATRE. "THE PIGEON." A fantastic comedy in three acts by John Galsworthy. Produced on March 12 last with the following cast:

Christopher Wellwyn.....Russ Whytal	Edward Bertley.....Walter Howe
Ann .....Louise Seymour	Alfred Calway.....Thomas Louden
Guinevere Megan.....Pamela Gaythorne	Sir Thomas Hoxton.....Arthur Barry
Rory Megan.....A. M. Botsford	A Police Constable.....Wilfrid North
Ferrand .....Frank Reicher	A Humble Man.....Reginald Barlow
Timson .....Sidney Valentine	Another Humble Man....Albert Easdale

The Little Theatre, at 240 West 44th Street, which opened its doors most auspiciously under the able direction of Winthrop Ames, on March 12th last, is New York's latest playhouse *de luxe*—the last word in all that is artistic, elegant and up-to-date in modern theatre building. The New Theatre, of regretted memory, suffered from the sheer weight of its opulent magnificence. The Little Theatre, while it caters to the same cultured public, starts on its career with no such handicap. The tiny auditorium, chastely decorated and accommodating only 299 persons, with no balcony or boxes, gives the effect of a private *salon* to which the lucky playgoer has had the honor to be invited, rather than a public place of amusement to which he has paid the price of admission. From the red-bricked, green-shuttered colonial exterior to the graceful electric candelabra bunched on either side of the Gobelins tapestried walls, the place is a veritable gem of exquisite taste, daintiness and simplicity. The ceiling of the auditorium, very lofty, is in white, bordered with old ivory. The curtains are of blue and silver brocade with tapestry borders, and the drop curtain is of gobelin blue. The carpet is mouse gray and the seats, far more comfortable than in most of our metropolitan theatres, are upholstered in a rich brown leather. Downstairs in the Lounge, to which, between the acts, the audience is encouraged to repair and discuss the play, coffee, tea and pastries are provided *gratis* by a liberal management.

The opening bill was "The Pigeon," a new play by Mr. John Galsworthy, one of the most distinguished of the English-speaking writers of our day. An ardent Socialist, or at least an enthusiastic advocate of every measure tending to improve the condition of the unfortunate, Mr. Galsworthy regards his business as a dramatist seriously. He is not content to merely amuse his audiences. His plays, while they entertain, usually contain a message, a message which, at least in one instance, bore good fruit. This was his drama, "Justice," which created such a stir in England that a Parliamentary inquiry into conditions in English prisons followed, and many abuses were abolished. This author is all the more convincing in that he is never preachy. He never bores his listener. He presents only the facts, dispassionately yet mercilessly, and in a masterly way that compels attention. He creates real human types and presents pictures of life as he sees them through the spectacles of a philosopher; pictures often whimsical, but none the less poignant and tragic.

"The Pigeon" of the title is Christopher Wellwyn, a good-natured artist, who, without the slightest pose, tries, as he goes through life, to do what good he can. He empties his pockets on all the beggars that chance along, and when he has no more coppers left, he gives the tramps his visiting card and tells them to call and see him. His daughter, a matter-of-fact young person, thinks it is all perfectly ridiculous, but protests in vain. It is Christmas eve, a snowstorm is howling outside, and the daughter, after an angry argument, goes off to bed. The artist is about to follow, when there comes a knock at the door. Mr. Wellwyn opens and sees on the doorstep a ragged, forlorn flower girl, who seeks shelter for the night. The artist is embarrassed, yet cannot turn her out in such a night, so he shows her a corner where she can sleep, and gives her a rug. He says good night, and is about to retire, when there comes another knock. Another social outcast appears, half frozen and faint from starvation. This time it is Ferrand, a French philosopher of the gutter, who admits that he can never be anything but a rolling stone. He also is accommodated, and then comes along Timson, a drunken old cabby, who hates "furriners." To all these waifs of life Wellwyn acts the rôle of the good Samaritan. He feeds them, and clothes them, and shelters them. He tries to save the girl from a life of vice; he does everything possible to redeem the cabby from drink, and to make a man out of the French vagabond. But all is in vain. He cannot do anything with them. The cabby gets drunk again, and the flower girl runs away with the Frenchman, and finally attempts suicide. The philosophy of the play seems to be

that it is folly for society to make any set rules for conduct, that there will always be certain individuals who are unable to control themselves, that the smug Pharisee has not the right to criticize conditions which he himself cannot understand, and that the best philanthropy and real charity consists not in criticizing, but in helping all you can without asking awkward questions.

The play is beautifully acted in every part. Perhaps the most notable performance is that of Mr. Frank Reicher, who plays the French vagabond. It is a splendidly rounded out portrayal of the reckless, yet unhappy, wastrel who, by reason of his temperament, drifts along on life's current powerless to stem the tide. Mr. Sidney Valentine gives a masterly impersonation of the drunken cabby. No more affective bit of character acting has been seen on the local stage for a long time. Mr. Russ Whytal as Christopher Wellwyn is sympathetic and lovable. Miss Pamela Gaythorne was excellent as the flower girl, giving throughout a consistent performance true to life and artistic in every little detail. Mr. Wilfrid North deserves more than mere mention for a capital and lifelike impersonation of the typical London constable.

The small dimensions of the theatre, and the nearness of the stage, bring the actors so close to the spectators that a delightful intimacy is established, and not a line of the dialogue is lost. If Mr. Ames' future productions keep up to the high standard of this opening performance, the Little Theatre is likely to be a permanent feature of New York theatrical life, and a potent factor in the development of the American drama.

HUDSON THEATRE. "THE LADY OF DREAMS." Play in four acts by Edmond Rostand. Produced on February 28 last, with the following cast:

Melissinda, Mme. Simone; Sorismonda, Margaret Wycherly; Bertram of Allamanon, Julian L'Estrange; Geoffrey Rudel, A. E. Anson; Brother Trophimus, George Farren; Erasmus, Charles Francis; Squarcia-fico, Geoffrey Stein; The Knight, Gordon Burby; The Master of the Ship, Charles E. Bunnell; The Pilot, F. L. Davis; First Pilgrim, Johnstone May; Second Pilgrim, Herbert Grigsby; Niccoloso, Joseph Valtin; A Sailor, Horace Weeks.



Photo by Arnold Genthe, N. Y.

LYDIA LOPOUKOWA, THE RUSSIAN "SOLO DANCER"

La Lopoukowa is one of the highly trained dancers of the Imperial Russian Ballet who have come to delight us this season. In her special field Lopoukowa is a successful rival of Pavlova, Geltzer and other celebrated Terpsichorean artists. As a critic puts it: "She is a winged fairy, dainty as a white violet, light as thistledown, the very embodiment of the joyous spirit of youth." She entered the Imperial Ballet at the age of eight and graduated at seventeen with the rank of "solo dancer." Her parents are of the Russian middle class, her father being a government employé. Her first appearance was in Schumann's "Carnival," in which she created a furore all over Europe. She was engaged for the Metropolitan Opera House, New York, but was prevented appearing there. Later she was seen at the Winter Garden. She loves America and wishes to make it her future home. Her impresario, Mr. Joseph Mandel-Kern, is now negotiating with a firm of prominent American managers with a view of having her appear here next season in an American play written especially for her

In stage chronology "La Princesse Lointaine" comes between "Les Romanesques" and "Cyrano," and those competent to judge fix its literary status at the same place. Charles Renauld, Professor of French at the College of the City of New York, describes it as "an animated picture of an undaunted pursuit of the ideal," but in spite of its imagination and high-strung verse, is fearful that these qualities so appreciated by the French may lack a corresponding response on the part of the English.

Flamed by reports of the beauty and goodness of Melissinda, Princess of the Orient, to whom he has indited verses, the dying Geoffrey Rudel, Prince of Blaye, sails in quest of her, accompanied by Bertram of Allamanon, his friend and fellow troubadour. Opposed by pirates and the elements, they finally reach the shores of Tripoli, the spirits of the sailors meanwhile sustained by descriptions of the beautiful lady of dreams. Bertram goes ashore to bring Melissinda to Geoffrey, and has to fight his way to her presence. Mistaking the messenger for the author of her adulation, the Princess falls in love with Bertram, and like their prototypes, Tristan and Isolde, struggle fiercely with their respective consciences. But duty and the spirit prevail, and they go to the caravel, where the Princess, in appreciation of his marvelous faith and devotion solaces Geoffrey's dying moments with the assurance that she will immure herself in a convent, while Bertram, to mortify his flesh, will make a holy pilgrimage.

It is a very rich, sumptuous and handsome setting which has been provided for Louis Napoleon Parker's adaptation of the Rostand verse. The stage management is capable and effective, and every aid utilized to give imaginative warmth to this glowing picture of idealistic faith. It cannot be said in perfect truth, how-



Photos White HENRY MILLER AND RUTH CHATTERTON IN A. E. THOMAS' COMEDY, "THE RAINBOW," AT THE LIBERTY THEATRE

Miss Chatterton, a singularly sympathetic young actress, made a great hit as Cynthia, the charming little daughter who, after a number of pathetic and delightfully acted scenes, brings about a reconciliation between her father and her mother

ever, that Mr. Parker's help has been as valuable. His verse is serviceable, but too frequently colloquial. It lacks the fineness of the original, but its vigor is healthy and its flow rhythmical.

It was an uneven interpretation which Mme. Simone gave of the far-away Princess. If wanting in the sweet and innate dignity which the rôle calls for in the opening scenes, there was true poetical beauty and spiritual exaltation to the pathetic meeting and farewell with the dying Geoffrey. That elusive part was skilfully cared for by A. E. Anson, who read with elocutionary distinction and feeling, while the errant but repentant Bertram was played with manly fervor and intelligent earnestness by Julian L'Estrange. Margaret Wycherly's spirited and gracious rendering of Sorismonda lent weight and balance to a production of admirable purpose and genuine accomplishment. The others in the cast were competent.

EMPIRE. "LADY PATRICIA." Comedy in three acts by Rudolph Besier. Produced on February 26 last with the following cast:

Dean Lesley, Henry Stephenson; Michael Cosway, Leslie Faber; Bill O'Farrell, Shelley Hull; Baldwin, Ernest Stallard; Ellis, Lewis Howard; John, Cyril Young; Robert, Frederick Roland; Lady Patricia Cosway, Mrs. Fiske; Mrs. O'Farrell, Emily Fitzroy; Clare Lesley, Maud Gilbert.

Rudolph Besier, in his plays, resolutely seeks the unconventional and the new. While wholly unconventional in "Lady Patricia," he is frankly artificial and, with the impossible characters and happenings, he is mechanical as well. It is only by accepting it as fantastic satire that one may enjoy it. The fantastic does not sustain itself consistently and unremittingly throughout, but its first act entertains, and its last act is deliciously droll in that the topsy-turvy complications are resolved on a basis of common sense, everybody being brought back to their natural relations. Lady Patricia holds out to the last, but saves herself by a neat bit of pretense that has in it such sincerity that the farce, the artificiality, the satire and the fantastic are converted into real comedy.

The occasion for the play in any present conditions of life anywhere is not obvious. Up to the last act the play is as much up in the air as anything of the most extravagant kind in dramatic literature. Molière's ridicule of the affected misses of his day was directed at real conditions and counted. What was real satire in his day is just as enjoyable now when regarded as impossible and fantastic. Besier's play cannot be seriously regarded as having the purpose of reducing platonic love to an absurdity. In no community at this day are any people playing the game of platonic love. The world knows that platonic love between the sexes, in the terms of love, is impossible, and no one looks upon affairs of the kind as harmless. No husband and no wife is blinded to the dangers of it, and no one accepts it as a theory with the facts before his eyes. The consequence is that only the foolery of it in a play can be enjoyed. To give it any semblance of reasonableness everything has to be extraordinary. Lady Patricia must be a person of wealth in order to indulge in such an uncommon pastime as carrying on an affair with a boy years younger than herself, and trying to convince herself that she still loves her husband and is dutiful towards him. The scenic arrangements throughout must be extraordinary. A platform and a small house have been erected in the branches of a tree, and we there see this new Lady of Dreams, gowned in the fashion appropriate to dreams, in cloth of the finest texture and of the most beautiful tints, indolently reclining and reading passages from her favorite poets. Surely a sense of utter irresponsibility to the ordinary concerns of

(Continued on page xi)



Act. II. Tokeramo strangles the woman he loves rather than betray his country

WALKER WHITESIDE AND FLORENCE REED IN "THE TYPHOON"

The $10,000 Prize Opera at the Metropolitan Opera House



From left to right, Riccardo Martin, Louise Homer, Rita Fornia, Albert Reiss



Horatio W. Parker, Composer



Brian Hooker, Librettist

AT the Metropolitan Opera House on March 14 last was given the first performance of the prize opera, "Mona," music by Horatio W. Parker, libretto by Brian Hooker. The scene of the opera is laid in England during the Roman invasion. Gwynn, son of the Roman governor and a British captive is in love with the British princess Mona. She loves him and yet hates him because he is a Roman. The tragedy ends with the death of Gwynn at Mona's hands and her subsequent remorse. The opera will be reviewed critically in the next issue of this magazine.

The genesis of this competition for an American opera is interesting. Somewhat over two years ago, as the result of a suggestion to the Board of Directors by the General Manager, Mr. Giulio Gatti-Casazza, the Metropolitan Opera Company of New York announced a competition for a prize of $10,000 for the best Grand Opera, to be written in English, and composed by an American. The competition was to be closed September 15, 1910. The operas submitted were to be passed upon by a jury of musicians appointed by the Metropolitan Opera Company, and the successful opera was to be produced at the Metropolitan Opera House. Twenty-four operas were submitted. The jury selected to decide the competition was composed of Mr. Alfred Hertz, conductor of the Metropolitan; Mr. Walter Damrosch, conductor of the New York Symphony Orchestra; Mr. George W. Chadwick of Boston, Director of the New England Conservatory of Music and Mr. Charles Martin Loeffler, concert-master of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. It was the work of several months to examine and consider the twenty-four scores. Two of them were at one time lost while being sent by express from one of the judges to another, but were soon recovered. Finally, on the 2d of May, 1911, the jury decided unanimously in favor of an opera entitled, "Mona." The envelope corresponding to the winning opera was opened, and it proved to be the work of Professor Horatio Parker (composer), of New Haven, Conn., and Mr. Brian Hooker (author), of Farmington, Conn. To them the prize was accordingly awarded.



Louise Homer, as Mona



Riccardo Martin Putnam Griswold



Herbert Witherspoon Louise Homer William Hinshaw

Photos White



Photos by Matzene, Chicago SCENE AND CHARACTERS IN "THE JEWELS OF THE MADONNA"
Mme. Berat and Signor Bassi as Mother and Son. In right upper corner, Carolina White as Maliella.
In lower right hand corner, Signor Sammarco as leader of the Camorra



SIGNOR WOLF-FERRARI
Composer of "The Jewels of the Madonna"

THE JEWELS OF THE MADONNA

JUST at the right time in the Metropolitan Opera season, at a time when repetitions are the order of the day, and when almost every season settles down for a leisurely but artistic lull, the Philadelphia-Chicago Opera Company has given new life and interest to opera here. By sending over their forces once a week, French opera has been injected, though in homeopathic doses, into the Metropolitan repertoire. Massenet's "Cendrillon" was thus given its first performance in New York, the same composer's "Le Jongleur de Notre Dame" was repeated, and Bizet's "Carmen" was given a hearing. But more important than these was Ermanno Wolf-Ferrari's newest opera, "I Giojelli della Madonna" ("The Jewels of the Madonna"). It was given its first performance, on any stage, in Berlin, December 23d, while its first performance in America occurred in Chicago, January 12, 1912. New York first heard this work at the Metropolitan on March 5, with this cast:

Gennaro, Amadeo Bassi; Carmela, Louise Berat; Maliella, Carolina White; Rafaele, Mario Sammarco; Biaso, Francesco Daddi; Ciccillo, Emilio Venturini; Stella, Jenny Dufau; Concetta, Mabel Riegelman; Serena, Marta Wittkowska; Grazia, Rosina Galli; Totonno, Edmond Warnery; Rocco, Nicola Fosseta.

As dramatic and as swift in action as "Carmen," "Cavalleria Rusticana" and "Pagliacci," "The Jewels of the Madonna" is certain to strike popular appeal. It is a tale of the nether world of Naples, a poor blacksmith falling in love with his foster sister, who is really the daughter of a woman of the streets. She loathes him, but he is madly infatuated, and to win her love he steals the jewels from the madonna figure and lays them at the girl's feet. She is dazzled, and succumbs to his love pleadings. When she awakes from the horror of it all, she rushes to the man she really loves, the leader of the Camorra, and tells him all. He rejects her, and when he sees that she is bedecked with the jewels of the madonna is horror stricken. His men find the poor blacksmith, who is given a dagger and told to kill himself "like a dog." The girl flees, the poor devil places the stolen jewels on an altar and, praying forgiveness, drives the dagger into his heart. That is the skeleton of tragedy which stalks interestingly through three acts of a well planned and cleverly made libretto.

Where Wolf-Ferrari betrays his greatest cleverness is in seizing every possible legitimate opportunity to introduce contrast in order to relieve the strain of tragedy, and also in order to heighten the effect of the stirring story. So he seizes upon dancing incidents, one in the first act and a still better one in the last, where Naples is seen dancing, first on the streets and then in the den of the Camorra. There is also fine contrast of pomp in the first act on the occasion of the passing of the procession on the feast day of the madonna; while in the second act there are some appealing love episodes. It is all musically well knit and effectively expressed. The music is modern and brilliant, yet he finds room for long-breathed melodic phrases. Probably the most interesting bits are the two intermezzi, each of which had to be repeated at this performance.

But the music is so totally unlike Wolf-Ferrari's other two operas known here: "Le Donne Curiose" and "Il Segrete di Susanna," that it is difficult to believe the same brain conceiving this



Matzene
Marta Wittkowska
(in "Il Trovatore")

Matzene
Hector Dufranne
(in "Samson et Delilah")

Copyright Mishkin
Mme. Fremstad
(in "Tosca")

Copyright Miskin
Mme. Destinn
(in "Pagliacci")

Matzene
Charles Daimores
(as Samson)

Mme. De Pasquali
(in "Rigoletto")

"Jewels of the Madonna." There are in the latter, as in the two former works, traces of reminiscences, but not nearly to so pronounced a degree. The mood more than the melody suggests certain other operas, but there is little more than that. The orchestration is at times as brilliant and dramatically brutal as is that of Richard Strauss; at other times it is as frankly melodious as is Puccini's instrumentation. It would hardly be fair to say that this is a "great" opera, but it is really one of the most interesting and stirring works that has appeared on the horizon for years.

The performance was generally spirited. The best of the principals was Carolina White, who played the drab Maliella finely, never idealizing the part, never touching the dregs of vulgarity. She was best in the moment of spying the jewels that have been stolen for her, when she became as one hypnotized by their glittering surfaces, and thus logically explaining why she throws herself into the arms of the man she loathed. She sang dramatically well, too. Sammarco, as the lover Rafaele, and leader of the Camorra, acted finely, giving a realistic picture of this captain of Naples' band of murderers. As Gennaro, the blacksmith, Bassi was not nearly so good as the rest, his voice never forsaking the bleating quality, and his acting lacking convincing sincerity. Particularly ineffective was his death scene. Campanini conducted with old-time spirit and skill, making most of the brilliant episodes. The three scenes were very attractive in color and mood, and the numerous smaller parts were well taken, particularly that of Tortenno, sung capitally by Warnery.

"The Jewels of the Madonna" was well worth hearing; more than that, it promised to be interesting at repeated hearings—if these be granted to New York operagoers. It is so brilliant and clever a score that its beauties are not nearly exhausted with a single presentation.

That other novelty, Massenet's "Cendrillon," was first heard in New York, at the Metropolitan, on February 20th, with this cast:

Cendrillon, Maggie Teyte; Mme. de la Haltiere, Louise Berat; The Prince, Mary Garden; The Fairy, Jennie Dufau; Noemie, Mabel Riegelman; Dorothee, Marie Cavan; Pandolfe, Hector Dufranne; The King, Gustave Huberdeau; Dean of the Faculty, Francesco Daddi; Master of Amusements, Desire Defrere; The Prime Minister, Constantin Nicolay.

The work proved a grave disappointment to those who admire Massenet's cleverness and skill in his musical treatment of stage situations. It had none of the tunefulness of "Thaïs," none of the spirit of "Jongleur," none of the charm of "Werther." Its sentiment scarcely got across the footlights, its brilliancy was pomp and bombast. Probably no other opera by this famous Frenchman that has been heard here exerted so little fascination for his admirers as did this opera, with its singularly frank display of lack of inspiration. The libretto, fashioned after the well-known Cinderella tale by Henri Cain, offered enough opportunities, which the composer seems to have missed.



Copyright Dupont
MLLE. ROSINA GALLI
Première danseuse with the Philadelphia-Chicago Opera Co.

The whole first act, with its contrasts, went for nothing; and the gyrations of the fairies looked like the Loie Fuller family on a holiday. The only scene which exerted any spell of romance and near mystery was the one of the great gnarled oak—beautifully presented, by the way, in this production; and even here it all turned out to be opera instead of make-believe fairy tale. And the thin thread of "Once upon a time" spirit vanished.

Nor was the performance one to display this visiting opera company at its best. Maggie Teyte was then heard here for the first time in opera, and she was clearly hampered by mood or circumstance, for her acting and singing of the title part left much to the imagination, and even more to be desired. Mary Garden as Prince Charming, was a statuesque, blond person, more like a musical comedy character than an important figure in grand opera. Dufranne, as the henpecked husband, was excellent; and Louise Berat carried off honors as the stepmother of Cinderella. Jennie Dufau, as the Fairy, did not sing

this florid music adequately, and Campanini conducted his forces with customary brilliancy, but the playing of the orchestra was ragged—according to Metropolitan standards.

"Carmen," sung by these forces, offered as a novelty Mary Garden in the title rôle. In theory it argued that she would have been ideal for this part, but her interpretation of the Bizet-Merimée heroine lacked just exactly those features necessary for a vital and interesting presentation. Mary Garden was her old self just once during the evening—when she first entered, a crimson carnation in her hair. Then she had brilliancy, dash and abandon—but after that she settled down into a groove of uninteresting conventionality. The query that tacitly flew around the audience was: "What had happened to Mary Garden's personality?" Nor was she the only blot on the operatic escutcheon that evening, for Dalmores, the Don José, and usually so admirable in the part, was vocally and histrionically quite disappointing. His voice had little of that famously dramatic ringing quality, and it even broke in the Flower Song. Renaud, again a sterling artist, was Escamillo, but a more sleepier interpretation has seldom been seen here. The brightest spot in the cast was Zeppilli, who sang Micaela with brilliant voice. Campanini conducted well. Rosina Galli earned success by her clever dancing.



Copyright Dupont

MME. EMMA CALVÉ AND HER HUSBAND IN "CARMEN"

On another evening this company presented the familiar operas of "The Secret of Suzanne" and "Le Jongleur de Notre Dame." Familiar principals peopled the cast of the latter, Mary Garden, in the title part, appearing to much better advantage than she had on any earlier occasion this season. Renaud was admirable as Boniface, while Dufranne and the rest of the cloister crew were excellent. In "The Secret of Suzanne" there was heard a new baritone, Alfred Costa, who had a pleasing voice, but not a large one. Carolina White as the Countess was in bad voice. A new conductor, Ettore Perosio, led the performance, but most of the sprightly spirit of the dainty opera disappeared under his baton.

During all the rest of each week of the speeding month the regular Metropolitan artists have fed opera to the opera hungry masses in huge but highly artistic doses. New York really seems opera mad, for enormous audiences have crowded the Metropolitan each night. For the most part the performances have been repetitions, but new interest has been given familiar operas by the introduction of different artists in the casts. So, for instance, Caruso, for the first time in two years, sang Rodolfo in a repetition of "La Bohême" so exquisitely that the work sounded new. He, too, after a lapse of years, was the Duke in "Rigoletto," and had his audience shouting itself hoarse at his singing of "La donna e mobile." This particular "Rigoletto" was an all-star special performance, the singers being Caruso, Tetrazzini, Renaud and Homer, and if the Metropolitan has ever held more people at a single performance, then the record of such an event has disappeared. "Rigoletto" was repeated later with the same stars, but minus Tetrazzini, Bernice de Pasquali in her stead, and the latter soprano, after two years' absence from the Metropolitan cast, distinguished herself by very delightful singing of Verdi's florid music.

The really important revival of the month has been "Otello," which marked the return to these forces of Frances Alda—in private life, Mme. Gatti-Casazza. She sang Desdemona in a manner that showed vast improvement over her former work here. She did not force her voice, as a result the natural beauty of it became apparent, and her "Willow Song" and the "Ave Maria" of the last act were really delivered with exquisite pathos. Slezak, in the title part, was not quite up to his own standard in the reading of this heroic rôle, yet he was impressive. As the serpentine Iago, Mr. Scotti was simply superb, giving a dramatic performance and indulging in illuminating facial gestures that, quite apart from the singing even, would have been a credit to any stage presentation of this play. Signor Toscanini conducted really an inspiring performance.

Another revival was "The Bartered Bride," Smetana's melodious, merry, Bohemian opera, ably and spiritedly sung by Destinn, Jörn, Reiss and Didur. Meanwhile, Wagner's "Ring of the Nibelungen" cycle has run its successful course begun last month with that excellent "Rheingold" presentation. "Walküre," "Siegfried" and "Götterdämmerung" were given performances on the highest artistic planes, making Wagnerites ask themselves, "Why go to Bayreuth?"

And still more notable was an additional performance of "Die Walküre," in which Margarete Matzenauer sang Brunnhilde for the first time here. This contralto has surprised everyone by her versatility, having sung about all the rôles that fall to the lot of a contralto. Now she broke into the realm of dramatic sopranos with a very admirable performance of Brunnhilde. She looked regally imposing, this daughter of Wotan, and she acted it with rare intelligence. There were moments when the music seemed to lie pretty high in range for her voice, but these were details that entirely disappeared in the judgment of her entire reading.



Hall

JOE WEBER AND LEW FIELDS LOOKING OVER THE MANUSCRIPT OF A NEW BURLESQUE

A Dual Interview with Weber and Fields

"THE first time I remember seeing Joe I admired him. There was a reason—he was smoking a cigarette, and he got away with it. I tried, but it made me sick. That made me admire Joe more than ever."

It was "Lew" Fields who spoke. I speak thus familiarly of him because he had said: "If anyone called me 'Mr. Fields' behind the scenes I think I should faint." I determined to save him from swooning when he reads this interview. If he had not thus spoken I should have been strongly moved to use the forbidden title, for the tall comedian has a most serious face, and in his brown eyes there is the sadness we see in the eyes of a Newfoundland or Saint Bernard. Natural dignity is writ all over him. He has said that "Joe" is funny off the stage, but he bottles his humor for business. He was sitting in a straight-backed chair at his flat-topped desk in "Lew" Fields's office above the Broadway Theatre. He looked across the desk and smiled at his small, blue-eyed partner, who was half lost in the depths of a huge upholstered green chair. A return smile sped across the flat-topped desk. It was Joe who spoke first:

"Lew always wondered why I stood on a street corner a long way from home when I smoked. I'll tell him now, at the risk of losing his admiration, that I didn't dare smoke around home. My mother believed that to spare the spank was to spoil Joey, and she always did her duty, as she saw it. I was six months older and half a foot taller, and 'Lew' had to look up to me. That's the way we looked then."

Above the desk hung an old newspaper print of "the boys" at the time of the beginning of their friendship. Both were pudgy urchins, and both looked as though frightened at the camera. "Joe" was sitting.

"They always made the shorter one stand," he said. "My first recollection of 'Lew' was when he bragged that he could dance on a plate."

"I had said it so often that I made myself believe I could," was the defense.

"I told him I was willing to see him dance on a plate," said Mr. Weber.

"And, of course, when I came down on the plate I broke it," smiled his partner. I kept on trying until I had broken six. Then my mother heard the noise and led me away."

"We heard him get his licking," laughed "Joe."

It is good to hear grown men laugh at the days when they were boys together. The laughter of these two, the Field laughter from deep in his chest, the Weber jubilation in higher, lighter tones, had something about it that was irresistible.

"Joe was a dapper little fellow, neat and trim," was the serious comment of the taller comedian.

Joe Weber grinned. Quickly with a humorous gleam in his eye he retorted:

"I thought 'Lew' was young, and I patronized him. But I always thought he was a good-looking fellow. He had fine eyes and teeth, and a warming kind of a smile, a regular heart-breaker, so to speak."

"We were seven then," broke in "Lew," "and were going to the same school on Henry Street. We were going to the Allan Street School when we were nine years old, but were turned out."

"Because we were comedians at recess, and couldn't stop fun-making when we got into line," prompted Joe Weber.

"The children would keep on laughing," continued Lew Fields.

"Because we made faces at them," added his partner.

"Did they have corporal punishment in the schools?" I asked.

"Did they?" The Fields' smile bespoke mingled reminiscences. "But their touch was light. We backed up to it."

The smaller of the partners sadly shook his head.

"When we were turned out of school we went on the stage. We had a pickanniny act. My father made us little white linen suits. We had a black make-up."

"No." The Weber tone was ringing and positive. "It was a leopard make-up. Awful!"

"We were very bad. Our mothers were in front, and had brought an old-fashioned bouquet. You know the kind, with paper scallops around it, and wrapped in tinfoil? We were to come on the stage and do a turn, then come back and do another. When we came back the second time the bouquet was to be sent up. It wasn't sent up. I was to hold my hands so and turn a somersault. Instead I fell, and they rang down the curtain."

"Several men standing about the stage door told us our act had been a big hit. They said the managers would all be after us next day, so we went in front to our mothers, like conquerors. 'Why didn't you send up a bouquet?' we asked. 'The curtain



LILLIAN RUSSELL AS SHE APPEARS AT THE BROADWAY THEATRE IN THE NEW WEBER AND FIELDS' JUBILEE PRODUCTION

came down so quick we couldn't,' they answered. 'Give it to us anyway,' said Joe, and we went strutting around the hall, he carrying the bouquet part of the time and I the rest."

"That was one of the four or five big events of our thirty-four years together," said the senior partner.

"The next was when we opened on Broadway," said the junior. "No. It was when we hung over by the bridge and expected to be shaken down by the train. It was while we were with the New Robbins Circus. We jaunted about the country from one coast to the other. I, being the smaller of the two, was doing 'leaps' in the circus. I saw one man fall to his death. I pretended to be sick, so that I wouldn't have to do another leap in the air. We left the circus, and, while we were walking behind it, we came to a deep, narrow cut in the mountains. We were crossing a bridge when we heard a rumble of the rails that told us a train was coming. We looked down the stream and the rumbling grew louder. Big fir trees on both sides of the stream shut off our view. There was no smoke to show which way the train was coming from, and as we were only half way across, we didn't dare take a chance and run for it. We did all that was left for us to do, swung down over the stream, hanging to the beams of the trestle with both hands, and waited; hanging there we made final disposition of our effects.

" 'If I fall and am killed, give my clothes and the twenty dollars I have in the savings bank to my mother,' said 'Lew,' with a sob in his voice.

" 'Yes, and you do the same for me,' said I with tremolo.

"We tried to shake hands, but we couldn't reach. We nodded good-bye. The train swung around a curve and was on the bridge. It shook it as a dog does a rat. Then it was gone. I looked across and saw that 'Lew' was still hanging to the beams. He was looking to see if I was safe. We climbed back, hand over hand, and hurried off the bridge. It was a shave. That night when I combed my back hair I found three white hairs."

There are as many gray as brown hairs in the thatch of the senior partner to-day. The dome of the junior-by-six-months is covered with sleek brown hair. Covered, did I say? Yet there is a decided thinness on the crown.

"The next big event was the night we decided not to take Oscar Hammerstein's advice. We were playing in the New York Theatre, then his playhouse. He was a great man. We measured his greatness not only by reputation but by the fact that he paid us three hundred dollars a week. He had heard of our ambitions to be at the head of an organization. He knew that two years before we could vote we had induced some old-time and famous actors to join us. About that time every actor who was prosperous wore a ring with a big diamond in it, and a stickpin with another. We outfitted ourselves in Boston, and paid for them by the week. The next week the rings were gone. We had to pawn them. And the next week the stickpins had gone to the same place. Mr. Hammerstein said: 'You boys are doing well on the road, aren't you?' We admitted it. 'Then drop this producer business and stay on the road,' he said."

"The boys" were deeply impressed by the great Hammerstein's advice. They would have considered it good and final, had it not been for the fact that children by the scores followed them on the street. "That means popularity," said Lew Fields.

"And popularity means money," said Joe Weber.

"Well, let's try it," said "Lew." And the Weber-Fields Music Hall came into being.

"That opening was a big event to us," said they both.

"The night of our separation, our last appearance together, as we thought, was another," It was "Lew" Fields who spoke.

"It was as sad as the time we hung over the railroad bridge, and as dangerous," said "Joe" thoughtfully. "We felt as we did when we hung from the bridge."

Photo White

Melissinda
(Madame Simone)

Bertram
(Julian L'Estrange)

Act II. Bertram appears to Melissinda as Rudel's emissary

SCENE IN ROSTAND'S POETIC DRAMA, "THE LADY OF DREAMS," AT THE HUDSON

"The opening night of the jubilee we didn't know how we felt. We were walking in a daze. I heard the people laugh, but I couldn't think what we were doing to make them laugh."

"There was a lump in my throat all evening. It was because we missed Pete Dailey and Louise Allan Collier. And when David Warfield surprised us by coming on, after twelve years, I thought I would choke. It was like a voice from the dead."

"But they were only with us part of the time. It was the wonderful reception the people of New York gave us that broke us up. It proved that the people of America are loyal to old favorites. We hear they are not, but that proved it."

"But if the production hadn't been good?" I queried.

"They didn't know when they gave the reception whether it was good or bad. They welcomed us for old time's sake as the English do," said Joe.

"What is burlesque?" I looked from one to the other.

"It is the highest form of dramatic art," returned the tall partner promptly.

"It is caricature," insisted the smaller.

"Suppose you tell the readers of the THEATRE MAGAZINE the difference between imitation and burlesque."

"Anyone can do imitations," returned Mr. Fields. "They are nothing. Burlesque requires imitation, acting, a sense of humor and big reputation of the burlesqued and the burlesquers."

"And sincerity," insisted Mr. Weber, with quiet forcefulness.

"That is the reason one feels a little sorry for you when your partner is bullying you on the stage," said the writer.

"That's it," replied Lew Fields. "If there hadn't been a little pathos underneath the fun, I would have failed."

"Burlesque must be played as seriously as 'Hamlet.' We know," said Joe, "that there are no two such persons possible in real life as we play. We realize that more since we have been managing our separate productions and playing other lines. But we are serious in the silly bullying and the being bullied while it lasts. You can't fool the public. Audiences are wiser than they were when we began playing, and one man's kicking another as he was about to sit down, they called burlesque. The critics have taught the public, as it teaches the actors."

"We can say without egotism that we are alone in giving burlesque as we understand it."

From Mr. Weber: "A Slice of Life" is burlesque.

"No, it isn't," said his partner.

"Have you seen it?" pursued the smaller and quieter man.

I described the Barrie whimsy.

"It isn't burlesque, because they're not burlesqing anyone. It's never been played before," objected partner Fields.

"But it is burlesquing the way such parts have been played," responded partner Weber.

"What is the funniest line you've spoken in your thirty-four years on the stage?"

"The fun in the lines generally grows out of the situations. Only a few lines are funny in themselves."

"Which do you depend upon most for laughter, lines or business or make-up?"

(Continued on page x)



White

Bertram (Julian L'Estrange)

Brother Trophimus (George Farren)

Act I. Bertram recites to the sailors the poem about the Princess Faraway

SCENE IN EDMOND ROSTAND'S POETIC DRAMA, "THE LADY OF DREAMS," RECENTLY PRESENTED AT THE HUDSON THEATRE

PRESIDENT TAFT as a Theatre goer

BY KARL K. KITCHEN



THE PRESIDENT'S BOX AT THE BELASCO THEATRE, WASHINGTON, D. C.



Copy't Harris & Ewing
Major Archibald Butt, Aide to the President, who always accompanies him to the theatre.

WHEN President Taft seeks relaxation from cares of State, his favorite recreation is theatre-going.

He is the greatest theatre-going President this country has ever had. He attends two theatres every week, from the beginning of the season in September until its close in May. Not infrequently he attends three performances in a week.

There are two reasons why he is such a frequent patron of the theatre. In the first place, he is really fond of the drama, and in the second place, an evening at the theatre gives him at least three hours when no one can talk to him.

Theatre-going for him is not only pleasure, but a very necessary relaxation. After a strenuous day, nothing rests him more than an evening at a good play.

Nearly every Monday evening during the season President Taft, accompanied by Mrs. Taft, Major Archibald Butt, his military aide, and two guests, can be seen in the President's box at one of the three first-class theatres in Washington. Each theatre has a stage box, which is set aside for the President's use whenever he decides to attend.

Sometimes he is invited by the managers of the companies that come to Washington, for his presence is always desired. Quite as often he pays for the box himself. He usually selects the more important of the three first-class offerings for his Monday night visit. Then on Wednesday or Thursday he attends one of those! by theatres. If there are three meritorious offerings, he will see the third on Friday night. He rarely attends the theatre on Saturday night, and never two nights in succession.



MME. ELENA GERHARDT

There are three types of plays that he enjoys—Shakespeare, romantic dramas and modern high-class comedies. It is not generally known that he is a Shakespearian student, but there are few men in America who are more familiar with the Bard of Avon's works. He attends practically every Shakespearian production made in Washington, no matter whether the company is second or even third rate. For the other types of plays of which he is fond he demands competent actors, or he prefers to remain away.

Of the romantic dramas of which he is fond, "If I Were King" is the best example. Indeed, if one could name his favorite play it would be Justin Huntly McCarthy's drama, in which E. H. Sothern starred a few seasons ago.

It would not be discreet for the President of the United States to express preference for any particular actor, but those who attend the theatre frequently with him know he has a high regard for the histrionic abilities of E. H. Sothern and Otis Skinner.

Of the modern high-class comedies of which he is fond, Barrie's "What Every Woman Knows" is one of the best examples. Next to Sothern's performance in "If I Were King" he enjoyed Miss Maude Adams's performance in the Barrie comedy.

He talked of both of these plays and their stars for many weeks after witnessing them. He saw "If I Were King" at Daly's Theatre in New York about three years ago, and shortly after saw Mr. Barrie's clever comedy in Washington.

Another play that made a profound impression on him was "The Twelve Pound Look," by J. M. Barrie, in which Miss Ethel Barrymore appeared last season. He was anxious to see it a second time, and was greatly disappointed because important affairs of State interfered.

Rarely does the President see the same play twice. However, last December, when "Kismet" was produced in Washington, he attended two performances of the Arabian Nights' drama. The fact that one of his favorite actors was the star of the piece was, no doubt, responsible for this unusual action.

The high-class comedies in which John Drew appears always appeal to the President. He does not like problem plays of any kind, for the reason that they never solve the problems they present. He goes to the theatre only to be entertained.

Musical comedies and comic operas bore him. Naturally he sees a good many of them during the course of a season, but if a "straight" play and a musical piece are in town, he invariably selects the former.

Nevertheless, the President is fond of good music, and he always attends several performances of the Metropolitan and Philadelphia-Chicago opera companies when they appear in Washington. He has a wide acquaintance among the more prominent operatic artists, and every year a goodly number of them are presented at the White House.

Last season the President was so charmed by the singing of John McCormack, the Irish tenor, that he invited him to luncheon. Whenever he attends a play in which an important star is appearing, he asks to have him or her presented between the acts. He has many friends among the older stars, and he always gives them a few minutes when they call at the White House to pay their respects.

John Drew is one of his old friends. Miss Ethel Barrymore, too, can boast of his friendship and admiration. At a recent per-

formance of her play, "The Witness for the Defense," in Washington, the President sent for the actress to come to his box, where he presented her to his guests, and complimented her on her performance.

No actor could ask for a more enthusiastic patron of the drama than William H. Taft. He "feels" what is taking place on the stage. In fact, Mrs. Taft frequently makes fun of him, because he makes such little effort to conceal his emotions. He is visibly affected by strong scenes, and he is vigorous in his applause of good ones.

While he tolerates musical comedy, he will not sit through a performance if it is at all off color. If he hears that a play has a broad theme he stays away, and if he does not make this discovery until he reaches the theatre he does not hesitate to leave. Fortunately, this has happened only once since he became President.

When President Taft goes to the theatre in Washington he dines at quarter past seven with his family and two guests. He leaves the White House promptly at quarter past eight, in order to be in the theatre before the curtain rises. Major Butt always accompanies him, and, of course, several Secret Service men guard the front of the theatre and the approach to the box.

He enters the Belasco and Columbia Theatres through the lobbies, but at the National Theatre there is a special entrance from the alleyway direct to his box. As soon as he enters the theatre—unless he is late—the orchestra plays *The Star Spangled Banner* while the audience stands.

He always waits until the end of the performance before leaving, and it is the etiquette in Washington for the audience to allow him to leave the theatre before any one else.

When he attends the theatre in New York—as he does frequently—he leaves a few minutes before the final curtain falls, as the etiquette is not observed here. He is usually the guest of his brother, Henry W. Taft, who, of course, pays for the seats.

Beyond the fact that he is more carefully guarded here, there is little difference between the Executive's theatre-going in New York and in Washington.

The President never goes to a restaurant after the theatre. Nor does he eat supper afterward. In Washington he returns directly to the White House, where he sits around for half an hour with his family and guests, and discusses the performance they have just witnessed.

Before going to bed he eats a little fruit, a banana or two and perhaps an orange.

He always has a busy day ahead of him, and must retire early.

A [illegible]etty

DAVID WARFIELD has been called, perhaps justly, the most popular actor in the United States. It was but natural, th[illegible] such magnitude, making his first appearan[illegible] for several seasons, he should receive, even[illegible] York, a so-called "warm reception." And upon Mr. Warfield's first entrance on the stage on this evening he was bountifully applauded.

But at the end of the "big scene" of the drama the hero was not Mr. Warfield. The applause then was such as to rouse even the most histrionically satiated of "first-nighters." It was not a thoughtless, gallery-god applause; it did not once interrupt the tensity of the scene; but when it broke forth, after the eloquent pause at curtain-fall, it swept through the house—boxes and balconies became one. And a first-night audience in New York is generally conceded to be sophisticated and blasé. The cause of this unusual approval was a mere slip of a lad. His name is Percy Helton.

It is rather the rule than otherwise that children on the stage, when they are called upon to express any emotion by themselves, are a pitiful bore to the regular playgoer. It is a wholly different affair when they appear in groups—to look, listen, smile, sing, or dance. Any one at all, versed in the psychology of the actor's art, could see upon the first entrance of Master Helton that here was a boy of unique personality—no ordinary "stage-child."



Byron, N. Y.

PERCY HELTON AND DAVID WARFIELD
In "The Return of Peter Grimm" at the Belasco Theatre

When he begged and cried for money to go to the circus, he begged and cried for all the world as if he were in dead earnest. He didn't overdo it, and his emotion was in no wise factitious; he seemed to be apparently quite unconscious of the unreality of the situation. When this little fellow [illegible]ed so engagingly as to make any but the most [illegible]ctators feel glad at his happiness; and when [illegible] spontaneously, so poignantly, that it may be safe to fancy that the women (if there were any such) who sat dry-eyed watching him were only those that had never known the "pleasure-pain" of motherhood.

The part of Willem, a lad of eight years, in "The Return of Peter Grimm," is not an easy one. It is somewhat long for a child's rôle, though not unduly so, and it embraces many complexities in its working out, such as the creator of little Fauntleroy never dreamed of. At one moment Willem is convulsed by the song of the clown, the next he is sobbing because he is forbidden to attend the circus, and then he is smiling and laughing, as he runs off to buy his ticket. He has a peculiarly difficult dialogue—or rather, monologue—with the spirit of old Grimm; he acts as a medium at a séance—and it is largely through the compelling power of his art that the audience becomes engrossed in this scene, which might so easily be rendered ridiculous; and he dies of a fever. Such a death, I dare say, has not been seen on the stage before. The playwright's ingenious device may not strike all observers as possessing verisimilitude; but, as it is performed by Master Helton, surely no one could wish it written or stage-managed otherwise than it is.

It is not difficult, when one is of the mind, to find fault with the performance of a child actor. This boy is hardly what one would call handsome; I remember I said so to myself upon his first appearance; but in the second and *(Continued on page vii)*

Elena Gerhardt—A Painter in Words

By WILLIAM ARMSTRONG

TO have heard Sarah Bernhardt recite *The Last Rose of Summer,* or the now dead and gone Wolter, of the Burg Theatre in Vienna, give *The Two Pigeons* in "Adrienne Lecouvreur," meant the realization of songs without music.

We all recall the artist who calmly explained that the thousands he demanded for a portrait were not for the picture itself, but for the years he had taken in learning how to do it. The frank lady in her assertion that no woman could play Marguerite until she was too old to longer look the part, expressed something of the same sentiment. Yet once in a way, a very long way unfortunately, a woman may spring up who, either through reincarnation or some other accident, comes into full bloom so early that nipping frost consequent on years and on routine remains still far in the distance.

Such a rarity is Elena Gerhardt, the German lieder singer, who lately came to us; hers is the face of a Marguerite, with the freshness of youth still in her heart and on her lips, and together with this freshness a knowledge of the greatness held in little things which go to make them big ones, a knowledge built up through experience by a Bernhardt, a Wolter, or a genius in painting.



MME. ELENA GERHARDT

In the German lied music exists to heighten the effect, music of such subtle value that a misplaced nuance will mar it, but behind and above it all is the paramount value of the word. With only the slender support of a piano accompaniment, without the aiding illusions of scenery, costumes, lights, voice and intelligence alone remain to supply the picture.

When the folk song, passed on from heart to heart by tradition, merged after centuries into the written lied, it still held in its simplicity, condensed perhaps within two printed music pages, the firm outline of a comedy or of a tragedy. Most modern composers, in seeking for effect, have ended in distortion, far from the spirit of the form. But alone with a Schubert, a Schumann, or a Brahms to draw upon, if we had no more, the literature of the lied would remain eternal. The main difficulty lies in finding its interpreters. Charlatans, poseurs, reciters laboring heavily as with an antique tragedy, we have in plenty, and the innocuous, untroubled by thought, who prattle their lines as a babe does proverbs. These the advent of Elena Gerhardt does much to set aside, making way for a genuineness of which the present generation of music lovers has had sparse example.

It was in Leipsiz that Mme. Gerhardt spent her years up to twenty, years susceptible to stronger impression than are any coming later, and Leipzig, as everybody knows, is a town in which pretty much all else than music has gone to sleep. The lieder singer, like the poet, needs just such an atmosphere of calm, of green, spreading trees, of snow-covered spaces, of gentle, uneventful human intercourse to arouse ideals and cherish them. In Leipzig there is little of the material to prove disturbing, one concert after another, one artist after another, arouses the inhabitants from serenity and starts them towards the Gewandhaus, to emerge duly and go home to dreams again, saturated with what they have listened to. The family of Mme. Gerhardt has for generations been among these listeners, until, at last, in her there seems crystalized the fruit of all their listenings.

In the little town there is poetry of a kind that one never gets in absolute isolation of the country—the poetry of human contact and of human happening. Its impressions leave memories that nothing can fade out. No true singer or actor is without strong responsive feeling to these same memories. Difference in locality means nothing, for though incident of one section is not incident of another, the sum total of a memory of it and its effect on the emotions is identical. To one it may be a chorale played on a German church tower at midnight on Christmas eve, when all windows are thrown wide to let its sound drift in through quietly falling snow, or to another it may be the drowsy tinkle in the dark of a banjo down the street. Yet to either hearer in years that follow, sound of chorale or strummed melody will arouse a something so tender that no words could tell it all, even if they would. Such memories it is, first awakened by the sight or hearing of the dear familiar human things of life in a little town, itself long passed from their experience, which make so subtle a part of the emotional equipment of singer and actor. Things that have been are of infinite suggestion to things that are; it is in youth that such impressions, keenly aroused where feeling exists, must be stored up. In later life indelible emotions come only in crises of great joy or grief. In the case of Elena Gerhardt, her whole youth in the old town of Leipzig was crowded full with vivid poetic impressions, and being one of feeling and temperament, they sank deep. Words have become the pigments with which she paints moods against a beautiful background of melody.

At six years old she started in at school, and to her teacher's first question, "What can *you* do?" promptly answered "Sing," then and there giving a folk song in practical proof. Later, when her small colleagues had left, she was asked to prove it once more, all the teachers being called in to hear. That programme, impromptu and unstudied, made her first success. She sang all the way home that day, and every other following, dawdling along in snow or sunshine, for to sing makes one go slowly, so slowly that older heads were vexed to see her trapesing in at an hour when bread and butter before prayers and bed should have been the thought inspiring her. Singing as usual one afternoon, swinging her books in time with the melody, a strange man, smiling at the sight, asked what she would do when she grew up. "Be an opera singer," she stopped long enough to answer, then went on with her swinging and her melody.

The only sister in a family of six brothers, blue-eyed, blonde-haired like she, the girl lived only partly in their sturdier moods, the greater share of life meant song to her. Her father went with her finally to a teacher, when music seemed the thing inevitable. With canny sense for practical things, he wanted to find out the wisdom or unwisdom of the wish. Rebling, a noted instructor of Leipzig, was chosen as judge; the girl was sixteen. To pay out money for nothing was not her parent's aim. After she had sung he asked bluntly, "What do you think, can she become something?" "That is a dumb question," was the tart retort. "She can become anything." He died, poor fellow, six months later, and Elena Gerhardt turned her steps toward the Leipzig Conservatory, where in those days only mediocre vocal teachers, of which Rebling had not been one, predominated. Presently, by good fortune, Mrs. Hedmondt, a Bohemian, and the wife of a Canadian, was added to the faculty. To her is due the excellent vocal training of

(*Continued on page ix*)



Copyright Mishkin

GERALDINE FARRAR IN "ARIANE ET BARBE-BLEUE"

The Operatic Beginnings of Geraldine Farrar

"YOU can't get ahead of a Yankee girl!" as Geraldine Farrar once remarked.

It was in the early days of the present régime at the Metropolitan Opera House, before the various artists knew each other well. A rehearsal of "Mme. Butterfly" was on. Toscanini was conducting, Miss Farrar singing her famous rôle, and there had been a little friction all the morning, for Toscanini is by nature and training an absolute dictator, while Miss Farrar was the "star," with all the term implied, under the old management. Finally they came to a place where, for a special effect, Miss Farrar made a big retard, ending with a long hold, while Toscanini carried the orchestra right along without a pause. Miss Farrar stopped singing, and in a moment Toscanini halted the orchestra. There was a second of silence, while the two artists glared at each other, then Miss Farrar walked slowly down to the footlights and said: "Mr. Toscanini, the people come to the Metropolitan Opera House to look at the front of my face, not at the back of your head," saying which to an operatic autocrat of Toscanini's standing was nothing short of *lése majesté*. Of course, the rehearsal was dismissed.

For nearly all that season Toscanini refused to conduct when Miss Farrar sang, but each of them was too fine an artist to permit any such condition to continue, so with one thing and another, first one taking a half step, with the other coming forward to meet, it was all patched up, a sort of artistic lovers' quarrel, making life all the pleasanter thereafter. So a short time ago Mr. Gatti-Casazza said that the Metropolitan had just two really economical artists, Caruso and Miss Farrar. "I never begrudge either of them a cent they get, for they earn it every time. I have to pay them the most, but they bring it all back to me."

Geraldine Farrar's position on the operatic stage is unique, a tribute to a personality fairly radiating that most illusive quality called—charm. In the world of art, as of men, the overmastering force is personality. There must go with it technical powers of the finest kind to do the work, but no technical skill ever obtains the hold on the great public which brings success without those qualities of heart and temperament which the world has always fought over, sought to analyze, and been forced to recognize under the baffling term of magnetism. Whatever this may be, Miss Farrar has it in unique degree. The critics may point out weaknesses in her technical equipment, which she will admit most freely, yet when her name is on the bills a crowd of people always rushes to the opera house, and there must be a reason. People do not spend five and six dollars a seat, night after night and year after year, except for cause.

To us it has always seemed as though this peculiar charm came from Miss Farrar's essential womanhood, the appeal which the "eternal womanly" has for all our finer instincts. There is nothing of the dominating force of the conqueror compelling our



White

GERALDINE FARRAR IN HER DRESSING ROOM AT THE METROPOLITAN OPERA HOUSE

admiration, no strident note imposing its claims on our attention, but the winsome grace of girlhood that touches the ever-welling springs of feeling in the heart of man and woman alike. She has never been associated in her art with psychological studies in degeneracy to titillate the jaded appetite, but has brought to us again the old story, renewed with each rebirth of mankind, of love and honor.

"My first appearance! Why, I never had a qualm. I was just crazy for the time to come, no more nervous than I am this minute, nor have I ever been since, which is the reason why I have always believed that I was intended for the stage. The thought of the audience has been a joy and an inspiration to me; I love them, so the idea of stepping out on the stage is like meeting many dear friends. I first went to Berlin from Paris, because I found that I could not do the serious work in Paris that I knew I needed. I love Paris very dearly, so I wish to make my meaning clear, but Paris is not the place for study. It is for the finished article. Then you cannot win Paris, she must be conquered, and the spirit is in the air that does not make for quiet work. In Berlin there was an Italian Russian who in his sane moments could give you enough to pay for missing nine other lessons out of ten, but though I got a great deal from him, I wanted most to work with Lili Lehmann. She would not hear me. After I was turned away from her house I went home to think what I would do, and I made up my mind that she was the one with whom I was going to study. So I began bombarding her with letters and postal cards, telling her that I had come to work with her, that I was an American girl, and that as she had had experience with Americans she might as well give in first as last, for I should camp on her doorstep till she took me in. After a few weeks the strain was too much for her, so she gave me an appointment, and after she heard me she said that I could work with her. What a wonderful woman she is! I told her that above all I wanted from her was the true feeling for the German *lieder;* of which she alone had the secret, and we went at it.



White
GEORGE RELPH AS THE WAZIR'S EXECUTIONER IN "KISMET"

"Her home was three-quarters of an hour by car from where we lived, but I was at her house every morning promptly at nine o'clock, and she used to keep me sometimes as late as half-past one or two, but never once did she invite me to stay to dinner. She knew when she had had enough of me. I lived with my father and mother in a little house out in the suburbs, just as we used to live in Boston, and when I was not at Lehmann's I was at home studying. I could not understand then, nor can I now, how parents will let their girls go over to Europe, live anywhere, eat anything, spend their time as they will, and expect anything but trouble. If you are going to do serious work you must have a quiet home to do it in."

"One day Mme. Lehmann said to me, 'Geraldine, don't you ever let anybody persuade you to anything contrary to your instinct. You are a queer child, with a personality such that you will have to work out your own salvation, but this I know, you will never develop yourself by copying others, nor seeking to guide yourself by the advice of others. So you make up your mind to go your own gait, and trust to your own instinct.' This has been true. Sometimes I have tried to follow other models, have sought to imitate that marvelous tone of Melba, but every time that I lost the sense of my own individuality I got so confused that I knew I should go all to smash if I fooled with myself in this manner. What I am of good or bad, it is I myself.

"Once, in the midst of the morning's lesson, Mme. Lehmann said:

"'Geraldine, would you like to sing this afternoon for the intendant of the Royal Opera?'

"'What for?' I demanded in surprise.

"'For an engagement, of course,' she answered.

"'Why, nonsense,' I spluttered. 'I am not ready for anything of that kind.'

"'Well, will you sing any-

(*Continued on page viii*)



MME. GERVILLE-REACHE AS CARMEN

The Morals of Carmen

By JEANNE GERVILLE-RÉACHE

IS Bizet's heroine a selfish, treacherous, faithless creature? The majority of people think so. Some call her capricious; some only see in her a moral pervert. I consider her as a perfectly frank, honest, lovely and lovable young woman, with a morality and a point of view all her own, of course.



Jeanne Gerville-Réache (Mme. Rambaud) and her son Paul when a baby

Now remember that the loveliest pet cat is bound to strangle your pet canary without feeling any remorse for it; the loveliest fox-terrier will, if given a chance, break your pet cat's back, and the loveliest river may drown you unless you know how to swim.

It's all a matter of point of view. If we imagine a middle-class Carmen, with a high school or college training, brought up in a set where regard for other people's feelings and opinions generally regulates one's conduct, her actions could not be censured too severely.

Even if Carmen had been born in a poor workingman's home, her behavior, contrary to the current conventionalities, would appear rather loathesome. If we remember, however, that she was a gypsy, nobody's child, with the complete lack of principles and ethical beliefs characteristic of roving tribes, that she had never been taught the difference between good and bad, between what is moral and what is not, we can view her character from an entirely different angle.

Bear in mind that she may have principles and ethical beliefs, and is probably very conventional in her application of them. Only they differ from ours. She also knows the difference between good and bad, and so does the fox terrier, according to whom cats are bad, and breaking cats' backs is good.

Were she endowed with any powers of psychological analysis, her fickleness would be cruel; were she not a wanderer on the face of the earth, the thoughtlessness with which she drags José down to a smuggler's and highwayman's life would appear unpardonable. But being what she is, every action of hers is natural, simple, I would almost say "honest," in a primitive, uncouth way.



Paul Rambaud, now two years old

The wandering life of the gypsies being, in her estimation, the only life worth living, she cannot feel that José is sacrificing anything of import when he forsakes his career, his home, his bride and his family to follow her. She cannot feel any remorse when he is obliged to associate with her shady companions.

A child of Nature, she does not reason, but follows her instincts, and her instincts, being those of a healthy young animal, lead her to attachments

into which she never puts a particle of her soul. After all, it is all José's fault. He, the civilized man, has failed to realize that Carmen's love for him was a passing fancy, could not be anything, in fact, but a passing fancy. He has a complex soul, which admits of duties, of responsibilities, which conceives faithfulness as a corollary of mutual love. She, the wild bird of the fields and forests, cannot linger with the same lover any longer than her tribe would tarry in the same village.

She forsakes José for Escamillo, without even a thought of there being something wrong in the act. She takes a new lover with the same ease with which she pins a fresh rose in her dark hair. This implies no cruelty to the wilted flower. She breaks no moral law, since she knows nothing of our morality; she is, as I said before, a graceful young animal without any devious ways or thoughts, blurting out her likes and dislikes, absolutely irresponsible, an elemental force that must not, and cannot, be judged by conventional standards, by the iron-bound rules of civilized communities. The visualization and the interpretation of such a type is, to my mind, the most fascinating of artistic and psychological experiments.



White James Wilson Georgie Mack Chas. D. Clark Frank Sheridan Max Figman Edwin Arden Muriel Starr
Act 2. The boss finds he had been tricked
SCENE IN HAYDEN TALBOT'S PLAY, "THE TRUTH WAGON," AT DALY'S THEATRE



Copyright, Dupont
DAVID BELASCO

A Tribute to David Belasco

THE production of Puccini's opera, "The Girl of the Golden West," founded on David Belasco's play of the same name, at the Metropolitan Opera House in December a year ago, marked an epoch in the local music annals. In the past people had been content merely to listen to grand opera. All that they expected was that it should be superbly sung. Now they demand that it be not only superbly sung, but well acted. For that reason, if for nothing else, this famous première became a precedent, and the man whose distinction it was to set that precedent was David Belasco, who, at the invitation of the Metropolitan management, rehearsed the singers in their various rôles, and lent to the production generally his genius as a stage-manager.

The recent presentation, therefore, on the part of the Board of Directors of the Metropolitan Opera House of a memorial to Mr. Belasco, the same being a formal expression of their appreciation of his services, had unusual significance. On the afternoon of January 9th, in the library of his beautiful studio in the Belasco Theatre, Mr. Belasco was waited upon by a committee consisting of Mr. Otto Kahn, Chairman of the Board of Metropolitan Directors, Mr. Robert Goelet, Mr. Henry Rogers Winthrop and Mr. John Brown, the business controller of the organization. On behalf of the Directorate, Mr. Kahn made a speech expressing their admiration for Mr. Belasco's talent, and thanking him, in formal terms, for the services he had rendered, at the end of the speech presenting the dramatist-manager with a rare and sumptuous album, on an illuminated page of which was the inscription seen in the accompanying cut.



Illuminated Inscription on the Memorial Album presented by the Directors of the Metropolitan Opera House to David Belasco

The other illuminated page consists of a reproduction of the programme used on the occasion of the opera's première. The remaining pages contain autographs of Giacomo Puccini, the composer of the opera; of Gatti-Casazza, general manager of the Metropolitan Opera House; of Arturo Toscanini, the conductor; of Mme. Emmy Destinn, who sang the part of the girl and Enrico Caruso, who sang Johnson.



Photo White
HERMANN WEIL AS WOTAN AND MARGARETE MATZENAUER AS BRUNNHILDE IN "DIE WALKURE," AT THE METROPOLITAN OPERA HOUSE



Photos Moffett KATHERINE HARRIS
Lately seen in "Uncle Sam" at the Gaiety

Copyright Moffett EMMY WEHLEN
Seen in "Marriage à la Carte" at the Casino

MARY JOHNSON
Seen in the musical comedy, "Little Miss Fix-It"

Is a Revival of Pantomime at Hand?

By ROBERT GRAU

IN theatricals, the taste of the public for particular subjects seems to come and go in cycles. Thus in recent years we have had the college play, represented by "Brown of Harvard," "The College Widow," etc.; then we had the Indian play, represented by "Strongheart," "The Squaw Man," etc.; later we had the morality play, represented by "The Servant in the House," "The Passing of the Third Floor Back," etc. Still more recently we have been literally deluged with dramas of Oriental life, as seen in such productions as "The Garden of Allah" and "Kismet" which, closely followed by Professor Reinhardt's extraordinary wordless play "Sumurun," would seem to indicate an impending revival of the art of pantomime.

The younger generation of present-day theatregoers has, of course, no recollection of pantomime as it once flourished on the American stage. Hopes were entertained with the advent of our present splendid Hippodrome in New York that pantomime which, a generation ago, was a most popular attraction, would be revived, but year after year passes without the least effort to give this special style of entertainment which, in the days of George L. Fox, drew vast crowds to the theatre.

Poor Fox! When he died he took pantomime to his grave with him. He was the ideal Grimaldi of the era in which he lived. When he produced "Humpty Dumpty" at the Olympic Theatre (then at 618 Broadway), it had the prodigious run of 600 nights, and this was only surpassed in America once, by "The Black Crook," which had a run in excess of 700 nights. But Fox's career was not a particularly happy one. He aspired to serious work, and indeed was a most talented actor, but when the audiences, who were wont to hold their sides at his gyrations as a clown, were asked to applaud his "Hamlet," they laughed so that it broke the pantomimist's heart.

All of the clowns in Fox's day—James S. Maffitt, Robert Butler, Robert Fraser and Tony Denier—were fine actors. They all profited as long as Fox lived, but at his demise a gloom was cast over this superb art, and until the last year or two there has been no attempt to revive it in this country, although in London and throughout Great Britain pantomime is as potent as ever, and during the holiday and Easter seasons the majority of the theatres present modern, as well as old-fashioned pantomimes.

It is to Ruth St. Denis, Maud Allan, Gertrude Hoffmann, and other "art" dancers that we owe the present renewed interest in plays without words, yet none of these artists have been able to draw the public very long. Even that exquisite masterpiece, "L'Enfant Prodigue," when originally presented here, at Daly's Theatre, with Mme. Pilar Morin in the title rôle, met with only a lukewarm reception, and the superb art of Mme. Morin has gone begging ever since for want of a vehicle with which she could conjure the public.

At present there is little indication that the real old-time pantomime will ever be revived, though it is probable that if "Humpty Dumpty" were done again, it would create a furore among those new theatregoers who would thus see it for the first time.



Photos Moffett ESTHER BISSETT
Lately seen in a musical play, "Dear Old Billy"

ELSA RYAN
Seen in "The Pearl Maiden" at the New York

HELEN LACKAYE
Appearing in "The Blue Bird"











Photos by White

SCENES IN THE REVIVAL OF "OLIVER TWIST" AT THE NEW AMSTERDAM THEATRE

No. 1. Act I—Oliver at Mr. Brownlow's house. From left to right: Charles Harbury as Mr. Brownlow, Marie Doro as Oliver Twist, Jane Wilson as Mrs. Bedwin, Fuller Mellish as Mr. Grimwig. No. 2—Oliver and Nancy (Constance Collier) No. 3. Act I. Scene II—Scene in Fagin's den. Percival Vivian as Charley Bates, Charles Rodgers as the Artful Dodger, Constance Collier as Nancy, Nat C. Goodwin as Fagin, Marie Doro as Oliver, Lyn Harding as Bill Sykes. No. 4—Nat C. Goodwin as Fagin. No. 5. Act III—Hotel near Hyde Park. Suzanne Sheldon as Mrs. Maylie, Olive Wynham as Rose Maylie, Courtenay Foote as Harry Maylie, Howard Gould as Monks, Charles Harbury as Mr. Brownlow

Spectacle and pantomime go hand in hand, and both seem to be buried for all time. It is strange how public taste asserts itself; there has not been a spectacle on a large scale presented here since "Ben Hur," yet that production is now in its twelfth year, and has enriched its producers to the extent of over one million dollars. In a city like Altoona, Pa.—a one-night stand—it has twice had a week's run, and in each instance has played to gross receipts in excess of $12,000.

The next two years will witness a period of revivals of old plays and grand opera in English. Why may not some intrepid *entrepreneur* tempt fate with pantomime? Perhaps in modern times a spectacular setting would be necessary, but that nowadays presents no difficulty.

The New Theatre had its greatest success—in fact, its only public response—with "The Blue Bird," a production not wanting in the very elements that go to create a vogue for what in olden times we called pantomime. There is a fortune awaiting the manager who will have the courage to give the vast public of women and children of this big metropolis a glorious revival of pantomime, with its clowns and pantaloons, its wonderful tricks of harlequins and columbines that delighted our own early childhood. What would some of us give to see once more the transformation scenes with which the pantomimes of other days were wont to close the evening to the delight of both young and old?



Mishkin

MISS GRACE EMMONS
Seen recently at the Broadway Theatre as Candide in "The Wedding Trip"

In the vaudeville theatres, where producers seem to obtain more encouragement than is theirs in the distinctly legitimate theatrical field, there is at this time a seeming inclination or tendency toward the introduction of plays without words. Will the modern theatrical manager realize that among our ninety millions of playgoers there must exist a public for the real trick pantomime? Can it be possible that with the millions of new theatregoers created by the vogue of the silent drama, as portrayed on the moving picture screen, that an effort to revive the glories of the Fox era would fail of a public response? After all, we may have to depend on the camera man to create a new epoch. The men who now prosper amazingly in the field of cinematography may not possess the public spirit credited to their colleagues in the field of the theatre, but they are not without a certain discernment, and it may be that the indefatigable Vitagraph Company or the wondrous Kinemacolor Company may awaken to the call for a revival of genuine pantomime, and then will be recorded a still further encroachment on the realm of the player by the means of science and artifice.



Florence Nash

Sisters Who Have Won Out on the Stage



Mary Nash

"COLUMBUS 4737?——Hello, mother; I'm starting for home, and do have something good for me to eat, for I'm famished."

Mary Nash had stepped out of the rôle of Wanda Kelly, the telephone operator; left her switchboard at the Republic Theatre for an instrument that was in good working order, and, disregarding the appeals and invitations for supper at "anywhere you might suggest," said her good-nights and, accompanied by her maid, was off for the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Philip F. Nash, of 1690 Broadway, where she passes the greater part of the time when she is not at the theatre, for this remarkable girl loves her home better than anything else—except her work.

Mary Nash holds a unique place on the theatrical stage this season, for as the telephone girl in "The Woman" she has created a new rôle. She has come into her own without any theatrical traditions. Hard work and cleverness are the basis of her success, and a strong desire to go on the stage ever since she was a little girl living in Albany, where her father, now assistant manager of the Keith circuit, was connected with the business side of the theatrical profession.

Mary Nash spent most of her childhood and girlhood in Albany, and the thoughtful, dark-eyed little girl who would sit in one of the boxes of Proctor's Theatre on North Pearl Street, week after week, looking with intentness upon what was taking place on the stage, is well remembered by many of the theatre-goers of the capital city.

After studying at the Albany High School and the Academy of the Holy Names, she went to Canada, where she completed her education at the Convent of St. Ann Le Chiene. In 1901 she entered the American Academy of the Dramatic Arts in New York, from which two years later she graduated. During the summer of 1903 she became a member of a stock company, playing the ingenue parts, and then joined the company headed by Ethel Barrymore. She played in "Captain Jinks," "Alice Sit By the Fire," and other plays in Miss Barrymore's repertoire, and also with Mary Mannering and in "The Girl from Kays," but it was in her creation of the rôle of Ciceley in "The City," played last season with Tully Marshall, that Miss Nash made her first big hit, followed this season by her success as Wanda Kelly. She is not only a clever actress, but has a fine soprano voice and dances very well.

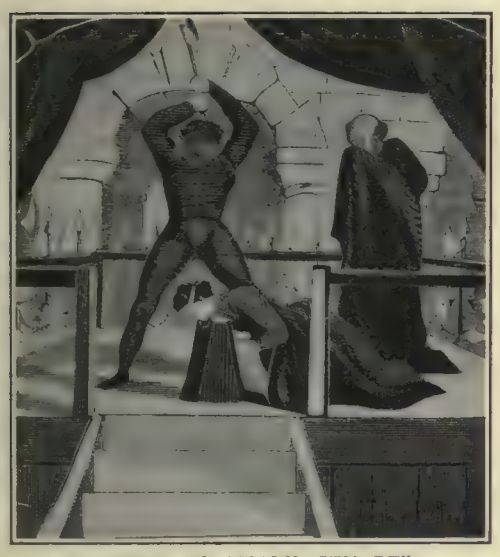
While Mary Nash was a member of the stock company in 1903, her younger sister, Florence Nash, used to accompany her back and forth from New York to Jersey City, where the company was located. The younger girl had never thought seriously of going on the stage, but one day the leading woman was taken ill and her place must be filled, and Florence Nash, with no time for consideration, said she would fill the breach. That was all the training she had in dramatic art, and she was the little girl that created the rôle of The Lisping Girl in the "Boys of Company B." She had the second part in "The Darling of the Gods," with Percy Haswell as the lead; she was in "Miss Hook of Holland" and in "An Every Day Man," which had a long run in Chicago. Her work has been character parts and comedy.



SCENE IN "LADY AUDLEY'S SECRET"



SCENE IN "LOST IN LONDON"



SCENE IN "MARY STUART"

Plays of Yesterday

ONE hears a lot of talk about the "palmy days" of the drama. It would be difficult to define just what this means, except that the era that is now having its day looks back with regret to the age that is buried in the past—with sorrow and maybe a large share of envy. Not the envy that corrodes, but one that yearns for those good old days. All old days are good — probably because we did not have to live in them. And among those "good things" was "Lady Audley's Secret," dramatized by C. H. Hazlewood, from the novel of the same name by Miss M. E. Braddon.

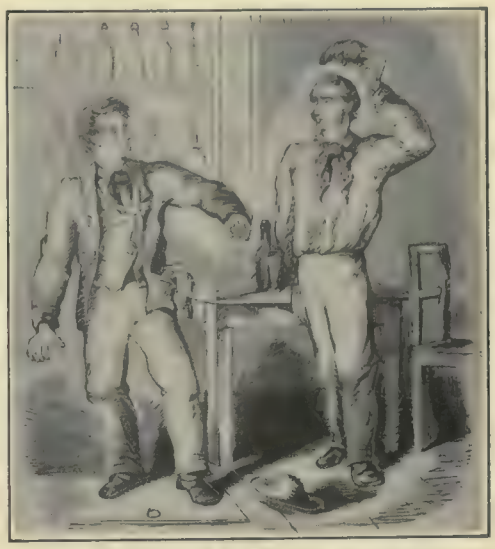
Lady Audley's "secret" means that the lady in question has another husband who thinks her dead. The early union was a love match, but the marriage to Sir Michael Audley was for money and position. Of course, husband No. 2 turns up at the psychological moment, which modern critics are prone to call the long arm of coincidence. This is the scene which occurs at the end of a long soliloquy:

LADY A.: "Why I have only just begun to live—to taste the sweets of wealth and power. If I am dead to George Talboys—he is dead to me. Yea, I am well rid of him, and on this earth we meet no more." (*Enter George.*)

GEORGE. (*touching her on the shoulder*): "Yes, we do."

LADY A. (*turning with a shriek*): "George Talboys!"

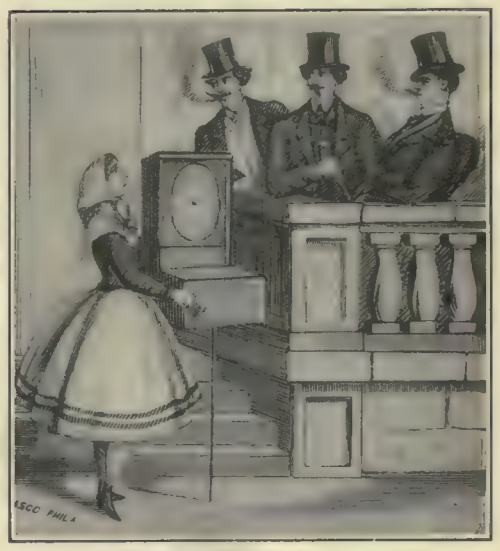
GEORGE: "Aye, your husband! The husband of her who now calls



SCENE IN "THE TICKET-OF-LEAVE MAN"



SCENE IN "NOBODY'S CHILD"



SCENE IN "THREE FAST MEN"



SCENE IN "THE MARRIAGE CERTIFICATE"



SCENE IN "LA GRANDE DUCHESSE"



SCENE IN "STREETS OF NEW YORK"



SCENE IN "THE CORSICAN BROTHERS"

herself Lady Audley! Really, for a woman who has been dead and buried you look remarkably well, my dear."

LADY AUDLEY (*with consternation*): "I am lost!"

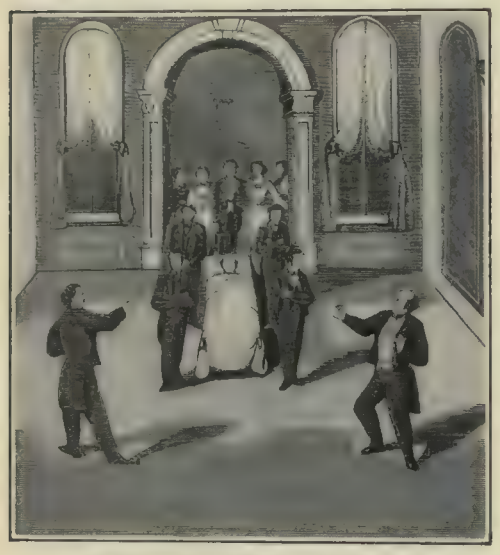
She pretends a great faintness and calls for water, and as Talboy's back is turned she seizes the iron handle off the well. Ladies did not carry guns in those peaceable days, and cyanide of potassium as a destructive agent was not yet fashionable.

GEORGE (*stooping down to well*): "It is the last service I shall render you." (*Lady Audley creeps up behind him.*)

LADY A. (*striking him with the iron handle*): "It is, indeed—die! (*Pushes him down the well; the ruined stones fall with him.*) He is gone—gone, and no one was a witness to the deed!"

LUKE (*Gamekeeper who has entered unperceived. Aside*): "Except me!"

LADY A. (*exulting*): "Dead men tell no tales! I am free! I am free! I am free! Ha! Ha! Ha! (*Raises her arms in triumph, laughing exultingly. Luke looks on, watching her as the curtain falls.*)



SCENE IN "HENRY DUNBAR"

Of the actresses who exploited their art and temperament as Lady Audley, Miss Maria Daly in England, and in this country Mrs. D. P. Bowers, Mrs. McCauley and Rachel Johnson were prominent.

"Lost in London," another "thriller" with theatre-goers of a generation ago, is a play in three acts by Watts Phillips. This old-timer, produced at the New Royal Adelphi Theatre in Liverpool about thirty years ago, is a story of Lancashire miners. There is also a scene in a mine. The piece tells the story of a miner's pretty wife, Nelly, who is lured to London by the proverbial wolf in sheep's clothing, one Gilbert Featherstone, the owner of the Bleakmore Mine.

The scene shown in the accompanying cut is in Act II. Nelly is living with Featherstone in London. The house is brilliantly illuminated. There is a party going on. Guests are coming and going. Enter Job Armroyd, the wronged husband. The stage directions say: "He is much changed; hair gray and long, nearly to his shoulders." Business intended to convey that grief has prevented him from cutting his hair.

JOB (*Pauses on the stage, leans on staff, listens to music inside house*): "That be a merry toon, anyhow! played by loight fingers an' danced to by merry hearts. An' between them an' Oi theer be on'y a wee bit bloind an' a pan o' glass. (*Sighs.*) Six months o' weary wanderin' an' all coom to nought. . . . But I wull—I wull! (*Striking staff firmly on the ground.*) I 'ull niver gi'e up th'—th' search! (*Moves slowly across the stage, when the light in the darkened room goes up and the shadow of a woman—Nelly—is sharply outlined against the blind. Job's eyes rest on it, utters a cry, the staff drops from his hands; he staggers back, hands outstretched.*) Merciful powers! (*The shadow moves.*) Nelly!"

(*A man servant enters and is about to enter the house. Job seizes him.*) "Lad! lad! who owns that house? (*The man servant turns; there is a mutual recognition. Job fiercely brings him down stage.*) Thy



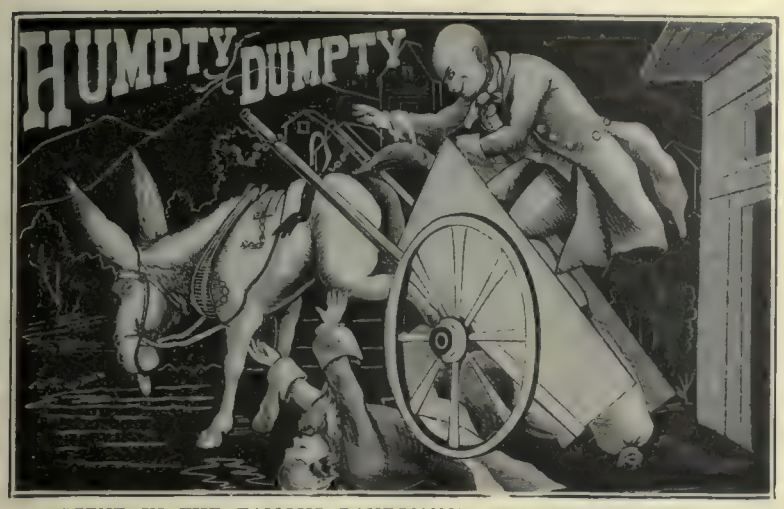
SCENE IN "CAMILLE"



SCENE IN "THE ROMANCE OF A POOR YOUNG MAN"



SCENE IN "GRIFFITH GAUNT"



SCENE IN THE FAMOUS PANTOMIME "HUMPTY DUMPTY"



SCENE IN "THE CHILD STEALER"

master! Is he theer?" (*They struggle; the man servant escapes from Job and rushes into the house; other guests enter talking and laughing. Job, exhausted, falls face forward on the steps, while a man with a torch holds it over Job as the scene closes.*)

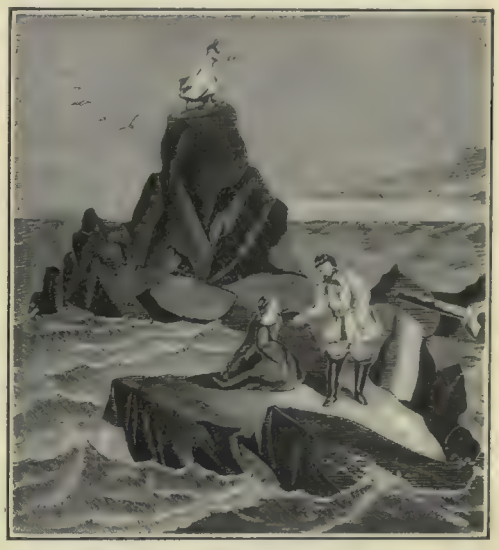
The dénouement of the play is that Nelly, repentant after her wrong-doing, dies, and at her death Job declares very solemnly: "Though 'Lost in London' (*he indicates the great, slumbering city, now bright with moonbeams*) I shall foind her theer!" (*He points upwards with a bright and hopeful look, and the drama is ended.*)



SCENE IN "THE COLLEEN BAWN"

Although old-fashioned in its language, there is a lot of appeal in the story, and many worse plays of to-day are called great.

In Sir Arthur Wing Pinero's delicious comedy, "Trelawney of the Wells," played at the old Lyceum by the lamented Mrs. Chas. Walcott, Mrs. Telfer has the line: "I have played thirteen queens in my time, and not one was worth a tinker's oath." Just what the public would think of either Elizabeth or Mary, if the tragedies about these two royal ladies were performed to-day, is hard to determine. A curious anomaly exists about these two plays—"Elizabeth," by Giacomo, and "Mary Stuart," by Schiller—in that the propositions are inverted. The Italian dramatist made Elizabeth his heroine, and Mary her *dea ex machina*, and Schiller made Mary his heroine and her red-headed sister Elizabeth, a jealous fury bent upon revenge of her beautiful but frail sister. Both of these plays have long since passed into the discard. Both are best remembered in the repertoire of Madame Janauschek. Both were uncommonly homely women, and in this Janauschek was easily first choice. Mrs. Scott-Siddons used to play Mary, because black was very becoming to her, so also was the coif. It seems to be her head on the executioner's block, as shown in our illustration. Janauschek was a massive, masculine woman, and not the graceful lady over whose head the property axe is held aloft. Just as the headsman raises his axe there is a quick curtain. The rest is left to the imagination of the audience.



SCENE IN "THE SEA OF ICE"

If ever there was a famous old melodrama it was "The Ticket-of-Leave Man," by Tom Taylor, first produced in this country at the Old Winter Garden in 1864. In the cast were W. J. Florence, who played Bob Brierly; Mrs. Chanfrau as Mary Edwards, and Mrs. Florence as Emily St. Evremond. A Mr. Hagan (father of Claude Hagan, the well-known stage carpenter and machinist), played Hawkshaw, the detective. One might say that this part made the play famous. Since then all detectives have been called Hawkshaws. Our illustration shows the famous scene in Act IV between Hawkshaw and Brierly (the ticket-of-leave man just out of Portland jail). Brierly learns of an intended robbery of an office and determines to frustrate it by warning the owner. Hawkshaw, disguised with wig and beard, feigns sleep. Moss, the rich receiver, goes down a trap that leads to a sewer. Brierly closes



SCENE IN THE FAMOUS BALLET "THE BLACK CROOK"



SCENE IN OLD-STYLE PANTOMIME



White
LULU GLASER IN HER NEW MUSICAL COMEDY, "MISS DUDELSACK"

the trap and stands upon it. Quick action is necessary.

BRIERLY: "Now's the time. (*Seizes pen, writes rapidly.*) 'To Mr. Gibson, Peckham: The office will be entered to-night; I'm in it to save the property and secure the robbers. B. Brierly.' But who'll take it?"

HAWKSHAW (*Who has got up and read the letter over his shoulder*): "I will."

BRIERLY: "You!"

HAWKSHAW (*Pulls off his rough cap, wig and whiskers and speaks in his own voice*): "Hawkshaw, the detective. (*Gives a pistol.*) Take this—I'll be on the lookout."

Oh! how the gallery used to yell and whistle and stamp when they saw this!

"Nobody's Child," another one of Watts Phillips' plays, was produced at the New Surrey Theatre, London, Sept. 15, 1867. The "nobody's child" is a boy called Joe, who has been washed ashore twenty years before, and is looked upon as a sort of half-witted vagrant. He is described as a fine grown man, but ragged, unkempt and timid. The scene reproduced is "'The Ravine." Joe goes down to the bottom of the ravine after a will which is supposed to be in a tin box, buried at the bottom of it. Once down there he can't get up. Enter the leading lady whose name is Patty. You see what is coming. Joe calls for help. Patty seizes the rope and hauls away, with Joe and the box on the other end. The heroine is exhausted just as Joe reaches the top. The stones fall down and the heroine faints in Joe's arms.

Of the plays entitled "Three Fast Men" and "The Marriage Certificate" there appears to be no record. Even the oldest "old timers'" memories fail them about these, except that Fanny Herring, in her day a "Protean Star," used to play one of the "Three Fast Men" in the old Bowery Theatre. This word, Protean, is also reminiscent of the long ago in the theatre. In former days the Protean star was quite a personage. It means an actor who assumes, as evidence of his versatility, a number of characters in one play. They are out of date now, but survive in vaudeville and musical comedies.

"Le Grande Duchesse," by Offenbach, is chiefly memorable because it founded a school of light opera, or, rather, revived an old one in modern dress. The "book" satirized the then prevailing kingdoms and grand duchies of South Germany. It has inspired many notable books and plays, as, for instance, "The Prisoner of Zenda," and a million alleged comic opera librettos. It also introduced to the modern stage the *can-can* of the Jardin Mabille of Paris. It led up to the couchie-couchie, the "turkey trot," the "Coney Island wiggle," etc., etc. Famous duchesses were Schneider (the original), Tostee, Aimée, and others.

"The Streets of New York" (sometimes called "The Poor of New York") was brought out at Wallack's Theatre as far back as 1857. In the cast were the elder Sothern, A. H. Davenport and Mrs. Hoey—all names to conjure with in those days. In a sense, it was a Wall Street play, because the rise of curtain shows the office of a banker, who reveals that he has gone broke on the market. And what is more, he is going to abscond. As a matter of fact, the play turns on the panic of 1857. Several good old New York family names are used, among them being Bloodgood and Livingston. Bloodgood loses all his money in the crash, and he and his family are reduced to penury. The scene shown is Union Square. The figure in the foreground is selling the libretto of the opera. Another boy is selling roasted chestnuts. Here is his speech:

"Lord! how cold it is! I can't sell my chestnuts. I thought if I posted myself just here, so as to catch the grand folks as they go to the opera, they might fancy to take in a pocketful to eat during the performance."

SCENES IN "LADY PATRICIA" AT THE EMPIRE THEATRE



Byron, N. Y.

Baldwin
(Ernest Stallard)

Lady Patricia
(Mrs. Fiske)

Act. I. Lady Patricia: "I've always thought, Baldwin, that your futility disguised an unconscious pose"



Sir Michael Cosway
(Leslie Faber)

Lady Patricia
(Mrs. Fiske)

Act. II. Sir Michael: "You see, dear, the planets—how wonderful they are!"



Sir Michael
(Leslie Faber)

Clare
(Maud Gilbert)

Act. II. Sir Michael: "You are so young—so beautiful—so adorable!"

We are not acquainted with the habits of the opera-goers of 1857, but we believe that the chestnut sellers knew as little of society's ways as the author of the play. We have up-to-date evidence in plays of to-day as to that.

"The Corsican Brothers" is a drama from the French of Dumas, by Grange and de Montépin. Associated with the portrayal of the twin brothers, Fabien and Louis dei Franchi, are such famous actors as John Wilkes Booth, Charles Kean, Edwin Eddy, Lawrence Barrett, Sir Henry Irving, James O'Neill and Robert Mantell. Charles Fechter was the original in Paris in 1850. The curious idea about this play is that these brothers came into the world as Siamese twins, and that the scalpel was employed to separate them. But living on, they remain one entity, and, although separated, one feels what the other feels. They have the same body, the same heart, the same soul. The deduction from this is that both fall in love with the same woman. This leads to the tragedy in the play, as shown in our illustration. Our picture is a vision shown to Fabien dei Franchi of the death of his brother Louis in a duel in a clearing in a forest of Fontainebleau. At the end of Act II we see the tableau enacted, and then the scene shifts back to Corsica. It was a fine old romantic play and immensely popular years ago.

"Henry Dunbar" is also one of Tom Taylor's plays, founded upon a novel by Miss Braddon. It has a sub-title, "Or a Daughter's Trial." This gives an inkling to anyone with an imagination of what is coming. In the original cast in London was H. J. Montague, who later emigrated to the States, and who became a famous matinée idol. Miss Kate Terry was also a member of the cast. The piece is what would be called to-day a "crime play." It is full of murderers, burglars, forgers and detectives. Our illustration shows Wentworth, *alias* Wilmot, brought in on a stretcher. He is or was an ex-convict—who held the secret of another man's life, *i. e.,* Henry Dunbar. The latter (who is or was the real forger) returns from India, having made his pile, and is confronted by Wentworth, who intends getting square. What really happens is that Wentworth did kill Dunbar and then assumes his personality, calling himself Dunbar. The latter has a daughter, and so has Wentworth, and all parties to the issue are constantly eluding each other throughout the play. The big scene, or the "punch," as Broadway producers call it, is where Wentworth's daughter, believing it is Dunbar, discovers that it is her own father, and that he killed in a quarrel the real Dunbar.

And here is our old friend, "Camille," not the Sarah Bernhardt variety, but rather a healthy and substantial-looking person. Not at all consumptive looking and wearing a crinoline. This is the scene where Armand denounces his mistress for her mercenary perfidy, and scornfully throws at her the money he has just won at play.

"Le Roman d'un Jeune Homme Pauvre" is a play from Octave Feuillet's novel put into English by Pierrepont Edwards and Lester Wallack. In spite of its old-fashioned sentiment, it remains a fine play. Just recall some of the old favorites in its first New York cast: Messrs. Wallack, Brougham, Walcot, Dyott and Baker; Mesdames Vernon, Hoey, Gannon, Walcot and Reeves. To-day this would be called "an all-star cast." The picture shown is where Marguerite Laroque (Mrs. Hoey) and Manuel Marquis de Champcey (Lester Wallack) meet in the tower of an old ruin. When they start to leave they find the door locked. Night is falling, and the Marquis, to save the lady's honor, jumps from the tower. Do not, gentle reader, turn your eyes away in horror. The actor fell very comfortably upon a pile of mattresses, placed there by an obliging stage manager, and lived to marry the lady at the end of the play. From the jump he is taking he might be likened to a "bird-man."

"Griffith Gaunt" is the Wilkie Collins novel made into a play by the late Augustin Daly. Jealousy is the key-note to the plot. You will notice that one gentleman is stamping on another gentleman's stomach. If it happened just after dinner the consequences might have been fatal. Gaunt is jealous of Brother Leonard, a priest, and finds the good brother with Kate in what he thinks is sweet converse. But we cannot do better than to give the text of the scene:

GAUNT (*Pushing Kate and Leonard apart*): "You vile wretch! So you buy your own dishonor and mine! (*He raises his hand at her; she does not wince.*) But for my oath, I'd lay you dead at my feet; but I'll not hang for a wanton. So this is the thing you love and pay to love you. (*Gaunt tears purse from Leonard's hands and* (*Continued on page vi*)

To Otis Skinner in "Kismet"

What a fiendish, gloating villain,
Full of wild and wondrous schemes
Like a figure of our fancy,
Like a strange, exotic dream.

Here's to Hajj, the King of Romance
Eastern passion in your heart;
Here's to *you* that brings before us
All the richness of your art.

D. M.



White

GERTRUDE ELLIOT IN ROI COOPER MEGRUE'S DRAMATIZATION OF DAVID GRAHAM PHILLIPS' NOVEL, "WHITE MAGIC"

A VETERAN DRAMATIST ON PLAY MAKING

HENRY ARTHUR JONES, the well-known English dramatist and author of "The Middleman," "The Liars," "Mrs. Dane's Defence," and, incidentally, "Lydia Gilmore," in which Margaret Anglin recently appeared, does not entertain the supercilious disdain of most Englishmen for American interviewers, for, when the present writer called to see him, he submitted graciously enough to the ordeal.

I found him a man past middle age, small and slight in physique, and very English, although not exaggeratedly so, in both manner and accent, with sandy hair and close-cropped beard to match, and blue eyes—of course. Later I noticed that when he becomes enthusiastic, as he frequently does, his complexion has a curious fashion of lighting up, as it were, like his eyes.

"One of the chief reasons I had for giving 'Lydia Gilmore' an American *première*," he said, "was to have Miss Anglin create the title part. I cannot say that I had her definitely in mind when I conceived the rôle—or anybody else, for that matter. But when the story had taken definite shape, and before I had begun to write it, in casting about for an actress, I thought of Miss Anglin. By happy chance, she was in England at the time, and when she heard the outline of the story she was delighted, and accepted it at once. Then, too, she had done such excellent work as 'Mrs. Dane' that I felt especially grateful and knew that we might expect her interpretation of 'Lydia' would be a fine one. Indeed, I am very happy to be associated with Miss Anglin; she is a charming woman, very sympathetic and sincere, while as an actress, in her equally able rendering of either tragedy or comedy, I put her beside our Mrs. Kendal.



HENRY ARTHUR JONES

"Personally, I never allow myself to feel doubtful after rehearsals have been commenced. It is too late then to entertain anything like uncertainty—the time for that is when the piece is in the making. If I find while writing a play that I cannot get what I want, I stop short, put it into a drawer, or the fire, as the case may be. Perhaps I should have adopted such heroic measures with 'Lydia Gilmore.' I am sorry the play did not please the public. We must hope for better luck next time."

"Are you a painstaking worker, or a quick, impressionistic one?"

"That depends. In some scenes my method, I suppose, is, as you suggested, impressionistic. But as the time goes on I take more pains, especially in correlating the plot. This I always lay out very minutely before I begin to write.

"How do I get my 'stories'? Sometimes out of the papers, Sometimes out of something I happen to hear; oftenest just out of my head. But neither theme, characters nor situation, however clear-cut alone, makes a play, not by any means. The idea is formed, or, rather, suggests itself, and is put away, remaining in the subconscious field and undergoing, I suppose, just the same sort of process that happens in a dream, until it appears, perhaps suddenly, in well-rounded enough shape to start work on. After that, it is entirely a matter of conscious and voluntary action. For instance, the third act of 'The Liars' came entirely as a whole—as a complete concept that needed no additional synthesis; the mechanical putting together, of course, I except.

"I try to know my characters thoroughly before I make them talk and act; play-writing, in fact, demands more constructive power than any other art. Architecture is nine-tenths of dramatic composition, characterization and the other elements constituting the remaining nine-tenths. Don't be alarmed; it requires fully eighteen-tenths to make a play.

"The scenario I have found of great preliminary assistance; I generally carry it in my head, but when working always have before me an outline jotted down before the start is made on a new act or scene. 'Lydia Gilmore' has four acts.

"Fourth acts are the *bêtes noires* of the playwright. It takes mighty careful handling to make them successful. Neither the English nor the American public to-day cares much for the tragedy of real life, and has to be coaxed before even serious drama is accepted. You see, we dramatists have ever before us that bogey, 'the tired business man.'

"Despite my realization of this fact, I made 'Lydia Gilmore' quite serious, and possibly this had something to do with the failure of the piece. When one is writing sheer tragedy, one can go straight ahead to a smashing end, whereas if one is working up to a happy ending, one must slow down constantly. I thought the play had the proper, the logical ending. At least, it is an ending in which I endeavored to avoid anything like a forced effect."

What sort of life should a present-day dramatist depict; should he stick to contemporaneous men and events, or should he go to the past or look ahead for his subjects and is types? Your own experience will, no doubt, enable you to answer these questions.

"A playwright should by all means deal with the life he knows, and nothing else," came the quick reply. "His own national life, I mean, and that of his own time. Nor should the fleeting absurdities, the fads, of the moment be taken as material. Because in ten years they will stamp a play old fashioned. A dramatist should paint local character as he sees and knows it—the life that throbs at his elbow—and if he gets down to the heart of that, what he does will necessarily be permanent and universal, so that anyone coming to his play in the future, no matter how remote, will find it a faithful picture—a picture of human nature,



White THE CABARET SCENE IN "OVER THE RIVER," SHOWING MONSIEUR MAURICE AND MLLE. MADELINE D'HARVILLE IN THEIR EXTRAVAGANT DANCE, THE GRIZZLY BEAR, THE TURKEY TROT, ETC.

true to human nature at all times. Shakespeare did not attempt to represent the Romans of Cæsar's time when he wrote a Roman mob-scene. He simply did an Elizabethan mob, and by doing that as he knew it, he showed human characteristics and drew thereby the universal aspect of a mob."

"And how about form? What chance has the poetic drama, for example, in this day and generation?"

"The supreme works, of course, will always be in poetry; but, nevertheless, I do not think that this age is suitable for such drama—admitting always the possible advent of the genius. Life both in your country and mine is too hurried to take readily to poetry, especially on the stage. While it is doubtless trite to say that this is a prosaic age, it is, for all that, a truism that cannot be disregarded; I am even of the opinion that blank verse is as hazardous as any other metrical form."

"And the American drama—to be? Is this land a rich and fruitful one for the inspiration of great plays? What are the prospects of a national school from your British viewpoint?"

All of these at once, and they were received with a smile. "Certainly there is a field here, and a big one," was the reply, given with great assurance. "Your new civilization may produce a new drama—in truth, I think it is on the way. And I mean, further, drama as distinctive as the Elizabethan, and in as marked contrast to other schools as that was to the ancient Greek. No one can describe either the American character or the American life as well, or as absolutely, as an American. I mean that an author has to have the comprehension of the people he selects, that is possible only through his association with them as fellow-countrymen before he can make them big, vital figures in a play. He must, so to speak, be bone of their bone, flesh of their flesh. To save my life, I could not draw an American properly. As soon as I get an idea for a play, immediately I fix the locale in England, with an entourage of English landscape and custom, which is, after all, perhaps merely a matter of apprehension—of interpretation in the terms I am most familiar with."

Mr. Jones has been for some time a ringleader in the English movement against play censorship, and when the matter was broached to him, he fired up immediately, complexion and all.

"It is one of the most absurd of modern institutions, this thing of having an individual say what shall, and shall not, be produced on the stage," he declared with much vigor. "If a censor could be present at all the plays he passes upon, to see just what is improper and what proper; or, if he were a person infallible in his judgment as to what is moral, there might be, possibly, some reason or excuse for his existence.

"But where is such a man? Decency should be the test, for it takes only ordinary qualifications, commonplace intelligence, to detect that. When a play is indecent, let the police come in and shut it up. But where morality is concerned, it is another question. Who can tell what is moral or otherwise? No man has the right to assume such a position. Why, the very mention of the plays the Lord Chamberlain condemns is sufficient to condemn him. Just think that such things as the 'Oedipus,' Shelly's 'Cenci,' Maeterlinck's 'Monna Vanna' and Ibsen's 'Ghosts' are forbidden on the English stage, and that these are only a few from a long list of noble dramas. Isn't it preposterous? But I think a change is coming, and I am hopeful that it will not be long before we, in England, will be rid of that incubus of dramatic art—the censor."

"Won't you tell me something about your early life, and how you got into play writing?"

"Well, I seemed to drift into writing naturally. I think I was about fourteen when I did my first play—a masterpiece that, of course, never had a chance to become a success—and curiously, I had never seen inside a theatre when the feat was accomplished. In fact, I was forbidden the theatre as positively as I was cards and dancing, my parents having been strict Calvinists. But, do you know, I would not have my early training changed for anything in the world. It was fine discipline, and then" —this with a twinkle—"think what material I gained, and how satisfactorily I have been able to 'get back' at some of the customs I was forced to bow to. My first success was the 'Silver King' in 1882, and since then I have been getting along pretty well."

Mr. Jones is accompanied on his American trip by his daughter, Miss Winifred Arthur Jones (Mrs. Leslie Faber), a lovely young woman, who has created a favorable impression on the English stage, and whose first American appearances were made in "Lydia Gilmore."

WARREN WILMER BROWN.



Photo Moffett
MARGARET MORELAND
Leading woman with Nat. C. Goodwin in a vaudeville sketch

Sanatogen makes good the Nerve Loss



NERVE loss—what peril to health and happiness lies in those two words!

They mean the failure of that balance between hunger and replenishment that preserves the health.

When the system is perfectly well, the nerves get their proper nourishment from the daily food. But illness, worry, the severe activities of modern life, often drain the nerves of more strength than is restored to them in the ordinary way—the balance is destroyed, and troubles begin. *Nerve loss* becomes an acute condition.

Sanatogen makes good the loss

It does this by carrying in concentrated form the elements of food specifically required by the nerves. It *feeds* the nerves with their *own food*. It *revitalizes* the enfeebled sources of energy. It *builds up* the famished centres and thus directly and *naturally* aids in giving back vital force to the system.

Sanatogen's splendid service is recognized by over 15,000 practicing physicians who have written in praise of its *reconstructive* power. World-famous men and women, who have tested Sanatogen, enthusiastically declare that it does "make good." *Their testimony is convincing.*

Give YOUR nerves the benefit of this priceless help.

Henry Arthur Jones
The well-known dramatist writes:
"Sanatogen seems to be a very valuable food and nerve tonic. I have, several times taken a course of it when I've been run-down and always with excellent results."

David Belasco
The eminent dramatic author, writes:
"It gives me pleasure to let you know the wonderfully beneficial results I have experienced from the use of your Sanatogen. It has a most invigorating effect upon the nerves and I heartily recommend it to all who, like myself, are obliged to overwork. After my personal experience I can readily vouch for its recuperative qualities."

Sir Gilbert Parker, M.P.
The eminent novelist-statesman, writes from London:
"Sanatogen is to my mind a true food-tonic, feeding the nerves, increasing the energy and giving fresh vigor to the overworked body and mind."

Arnold Bennett
The famous novelist, writes:
"The tonic effect of Sanatogen on me is simply wonderful."

Amelia E. Barr
The well-known authoress, writes:
"I send my sincere gratitude for the marvellous help I have derived from the use of Sanatogen. When I commenced it seven weeks ago, I was in an extremity of nervous weakness brought on by long continued mental work, accentuated by the shock of a bad fall backward. Slowly at first, but surely, it steadied and strengthened me, so that now I have almost my usual good health."

This Remarkable Book FREE

We ask you earnestly to get acquainted with Sanatogen. Investigate our claims first, if you like, and we are only too glad to have you do so. Ask your doctor about it, and in any case write at once for our book, "Our Nerves of Tomorrow," written in an absorbingly interesting style, beautifully illustrated and containing facts and information of vital interest to you. This book also contains evidence of the value of Sanatogen which is as remarkable as it is conclusive.

Sanatogen is sold in three sizes, $1.00, $1.90, $3.60

Get Sanatogen from your druggist—if not obtainable from him, sent upon receipt of price.

The Bauer Chemical Co.
24-F Irving Place New York



Chiclets

REALLY DELIGHTFUL

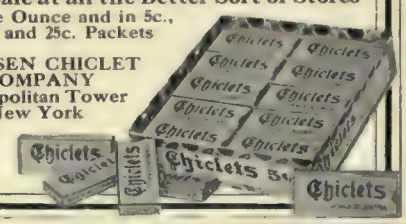
The Dainty Mint Covered Candy Coated Chewing Gum

Chiclets are the refinement of chewing gum for people of refinement. Served at swagger luncheons, teas, dinners, card parties. The only chewing gum that ever received the unqualified sanction of best society. It's the peppermint—the *true* mint.

Look for the Bird Cards in the packages. You can secure a beautiful Bird Album free.

For Sale at all the Better Sort of Stores
5c. the Ounce and in 5c., 10c. and 25c. Packets

SEN-SEN CHICLET COMPANY
Metropolitan Tower
New York



TO KEEP the hair and scalp in a normal healthy condition medical authorities advise that men should shampoo once a week; women once a fortnight, with

Packer's Tar Soap

(Pure as the Pines)

In case of dandruff, or premature loss of the hair, the frequency of shampooing depends of course on the needs of each person. The systematic use of Packer's Tar Soap has been found the most satisfactory and dependable means of keeping the scalp active and healthy.

Send for our booklet of practical information, "How to Care for the Hair and Scalp." Mailed free on request.

The Packer Mfg. Co., Suite 87v, 81 Fulton St., N.Y.

MURRAY & LANMAN'S Florida Water

"THE UNIVERSAL PERFUME"



Has a marked individuality quite its own, and should not be classed with cheap perfumes which usurp the name but can nowise approach it in quality or permanence. These facts stand after a century's test. For the bath, after shaving, and for general toilet purposes it is the one thing to use, if you are seeking the genuine and the best.

ACCEPT NO SUBSTITUTE!
SOLD BY ALL LEADING DRUGGISTS

Sample mailed on receipt of six cents to defray mailing charge

LANMAN & KEMP, 135 WATER STREET NEW YORK

PEARS' SOAP

A shining countenance is produced by ordinary soaps.

The use of Pears' reflects beauty and refinement. Pears' leaves the skin soft, white and natural.

Matchless for the Complexion



What Is Lovelier

than the soft, tender cheek with that youthful glow and brightness which persuade the eyes like the first flowers of Spring?—Then use ELCAYA, Nature's true aid to beauty, the one toilet cream known the world over for its distinct quality and purity.

CRÊME ELCAYA

"Makes the Skin Like Velvet"

renews the complexion, gives it that *clean, refined, inviting* look after the harsh, dull Winter. ELCAYA will please *you* for it delights *every* "Well-Groomed" American Woman. Let it be *your* choice too—purity and quality mean just as much to *you* as to any one else—ask for ELCAYA and don't hesitate to *refuse* substitutes.

All Dealers, Nation-Wide, Sell ELCAYA

CRÊME ELCAYA. CERAT ELCAYA
SAVON ELCAYA. POUDRE ELCAYA

Sample for 2c. *Send Dealer's Name*

James C. Crane, Sole Agent, 108D Fulton St., N. Y.

THE EMPIRE STATE ENGRAVING COMPANY

190 WILLIAM STREET, NEW YORK

TELEPHONE: 3880 BEEKMAN

LABLACHE
FACE POWDER

SPRING BLOSSOMS—

with their freshness and fragrance—may be compared with woman's rarest gift—a beautiful complexion. That velvety smoothness of skin is retained by users of LABLACHE, that wonderfully adherent yet invisible boon to women who know. The same dependable toilet requisite for over 40 yrs.

Refuse Substitutes

They may be dangerous. Flesh, White, Pink or Cream, 50c. a box of druggists or by mail. *Send 10c. for a sample box.*

BEN. LEVY CO.,
French Perfumers, Dept. 26,
125 Kingston Street, Boston, Mass.





Discouraged About Your Complexion?

Cosmetics only make it worse and do not hide the pimples, freckles, blackheads or red spots on face or nose.

Dr. James P. Campbell's Safe Arsenic Complexion Wafers will purify your blood, cleanse and beautify the skin, and give you a fresh and spotless complexion.

Use these absolutely safe and harmless wafers for 30 days and then let your mirror praise the most wonderful beautifier of the complexion and figure known to the medical profession. Used by Beautiful Women for 27 years.

$1.00 per Box. (Full 30 day treatment.)

We guarantee as freshly packed and of full strength, only when boxes have Blue Wrapper, bearing our printed guarantee. Sold by all reliable druggists or sent by mail prepaid in plain cover from

RICHARD FINK CO., Dept. 51, 415 Broadway, New York City

Write for free booklet and testimonials to-day.

BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES

A remedy of superior merit for Coughs, Hoarseness and irritation of throat, giving wonderful relief in Lung Troubles, Bronchitis and Asthma. Free from opiates or any harmful ingredient. Sold only in boxes. **Sample mailed free.**

JOHN I. BROWN & SON, Boston, Mass.

PLAYS

Large List of New Professional and Amateur Plays, Vaudeville Sketches, Stage Monologues, New Minstrel Material, Jokes, Hand-Books. **Operettas, Musical Pieces, Special Entertainments, Recitations, Dialogues, Speakers, Tableaux, Games, Drills, Wigs, Beards, Grease Paints and Other Make-up Goods. Catalogue Free. T. S. DENISON & CO., Dept. 33, Chicago.**

ACTING ALVIENE SCHOOL OF STAGE ARTS

Dramatic Arts, Musical Comedy and Stage Dancing

Now twentieth year at Grand Opera House Bldg., Cor. 23d St. and 8th Ave., New York. Our Students Stock Company and Theatre assure practical training. New York Appearances and Engagements. Such celebrities as Miss Laurette Taylor, Gertrude Hoffmann, Ethel Levy, Pauline Chase, Harry Pilcer, Julia Opp, Anna Laughlin, Joseph Santly, Barney Gilmore, Mlle. Dazie, etc., taught by Mr. Alviene. For information and illustrated booklet of "How Three Thousand Succeeded," address the SECRETARY, Suite 10 as above.



Made to order—to exactly match the color scheme of any room

"You select the color—we'll make the rug." Any width—seamless up to 16 feet. Any length. Any color tone—soft and subdued, or bright and striking. Original, individual, artistic, dignified. Pure wool or camel's hair, expertly woven at short notice. Write for color card. Order through your furnisher.

Thread & Thrum Workshop
Auburn, New York

PLAYS OF YESTERDAY

(*Continued from page* 134)

catches him by the throat.)

KATE (*on her knees*): "Oh, mercy! mercy! It is all a mistake!"

GAUNT (*spurning her*): "Don't touch me—woman! (*Dashes Leonard to the ground.*) Now, beautiful wanton, love, if you can love, the thing you have seen me trample on." (*Tramples on Leonard.*)

KATE: "Mercy!"

GAUNT: "Not in this world or the next! (*About to strike.*) God! I must go or kill! Live, and be cursed forever!" (*Slow music. Griffith rushes off. Leonard insensible on ground. Kate faints.*)

And would you believe it, at the end of the play Kate is going to marry Griffith Gaunt? Is anyone willing to bet that he will be at her?

"The Child Stealer" was an old "thriller." The scene shown is where the hero is let down by a trap, sprung to kill him, and the comedian, also a sailor, dives after and rescues him. Mr. Gordon Edwards, stage manager at the Academy of Music, has played both parts, but affirms that having the "trap" suddenly go from under one's feet and be precipitated into the dark takes some nerve.

"The Black Crook" was the first of the Amazonian March plays done by Pauline Markham and her British blondes. "Humpty Dumpty" was made famous by George L. Fox and Tony Denier.

"The Sea of Ice" was a "thriller" in which the Russian hero and heroine meet with extraordinary adventures while escaping on the ice floes from the Czar's cossacks.

"The Colleen Bawn" is generally estimated to be Dion Boucicault's best play. In the scene shown there is no lack of action. Myles Na Coppaleen is what they call in the South a "moonshiner." He swings across from rock to rock to reach his distillery. Enter Danny Mann and Eily O'Connor. Danny wants a certain paper Eily has concealed in her bosom, which she refuses to yield to him, whereupon he pushes her off into the lake below—a tremendously sensational scene. Myles, seeing something moving on the other side, fires at what he supposes to be an otter. Mann falls and rolls from rock into the water. Myles discovers Eily in the water and rescues his sweetheart. Eily is pushed into the water, Dan falls into it and Myles jumps into it. What a splash! In the original cast at Laura Keene's Theatre, March 27, 1860, were Boucicault himself as Myles, Laura Keene as Eily and Madame Pomisi as Mrs. Cregan. Others were Chas. Wheatleigh, Chas. Fischer and Gustavus Levick.

Of all these old plays not one lives, except occasionally a stock company manager puts it on to avoid paying royalty in what he knows is to be a week of bad business. And how crude and primitive are the wood cuts! Those were not the days of flash-lights, nor art-posters. But in their time they filled theatres, pleased the public, made famous the actors and, let us hope, enriched the managers and authors.

HARRY P. MAWSON.

Mrs. Annie Yeamans Dead

Mrs. Annie Yeamans, one of the oldest and best known actresses on the American stage, died on March 3d last. She was born on the Isle of Man in 1835, and made her first stage appearance in Australia. When she was eighteen she married Edward Yeamans, the clown. In 1865 they came to America and Mrs. Yeamans joined a stock company in Brooklyn, where she attracted the attention of Augustin Daly, who engaged her for the Grand Opera House, New York. Shortly afterwards she joined forces with Harrigan and Hart, appearing in the Irish-American rôles for which she was famous.



A Modern Master, Betty

(Continued from page 118)

third acts, I know that I was utterly oblivious of it—he became beautiful then. His voice and articulation, perhaps also his pronunciation, were not all one might desire—but this is becoming captious. Beside Mr. Warfield's forced laugh and tiresome twitching of the lower lip, the sincere, spontaneous impersonation by Master Helton was indeed a rare delight.

The future of this "infant Roscius" may not, however, be very clearly foreshadowed by his present phenomenal success. John Howard Payne and Thomas Burke won remarkable triumphs as boy players, but in man's estate they were not actors at all, the former became known as a playwright (and is now remembered for one song), and the latter as a violinist.

Master Betty, the English prodigy, made his début on the stage at the age of twelve. His brief career as a boy actor is unparalled in the history of the theatre. Parliament, it is recorded, adjourned, to see him play Hamlet at Drury Lane. No higher compliment than that, Laurence Hutton once said, "could have been paid by England to mortal man." But in maturity Betty was accounted a very inferior player. And when he died, at the age of eighty-three, he had been comparatively forgotten for almost half a century.

When Miss Leclercq appeared at the French Theatre on Fourteenth Street, in Tom Taylor's "Sheep in Wolf's Clothing," the part of Sibyl was taken by "little Minnie Maddern," then but four and a half years old. "Her knowledge of stage-business," wrote Hutton, "her general carriage, and the careful delivery of her lines throughout the play were remarkable for a child of her years; and hers was considered one of the most satisfactory representations in the piece." A few years later, at Booth's Theatre, she surprised New York again, when she personated Arthur in "King John."

With the careers of Mrs. Fiske and Josef Hofmann before us, we may perhaps now, indulge ourselves with the prospect of possessing another Mansfield within a score or so of years.

ARTHUR SWAN.

GREAT BEAR SPRING WATER
50 cts. per case—6 glass-stoppered bottles

Victor Records

SIROTA—Four New Records by the World's Greatest Cantor—BENEDICTION BY THE PRIESTS; MAY IT BE ACCEPTABLE; AND BECAUSE OF OUR SINS; LIKE A SHEPHERD.

This famous Cantor, who has no equal among singers of his profession, is a Rabbi of the Temple of Warsaw, Poland, the largest and most magnificent of all Jewish houses of worship. Managers have for years sought to induce this tenor with the marvelous voice to make a concert tour, but aside from the annual concerts he gives at St. Petersburg and Moscow by imperial command, he has never sung in public except in the Temple.

Sirota's present tour calls for a limited number of concerts in the largest cities only, and at his first appearance in New York thousands were turned away, unable to gain admission.

The Victor records of Cantor Sirota have made his voice familiar to Jewish circles in America, and many others not of the Hebrew race possess some of these wonderful reproductions in their collections. Some of these Hebrew songs of worship, with their mingled melody and wailing, seem to express the heart cry of a race which has been persecuted since the days of the Pharaohs, while others breathe a steadfast faith in the God who has preserved and prospered them through it all.

THREE NEW CARUSO RECORDS—Canta pe' me, *Neapolitan Song*, Bovio-de Curtis; Bohème, (*Marcello's Air, Act II,*) Leoncavallo; Elisir d'amore, Donizetti.

The new Caruso records are delightful ones—another beautiful Neapolitan song; a second air from Leoncavallo's *Bohème*, which will be eagerly welcomed by those who have heard the *Bohème* air from Act III; and the lovely romanza, *Una furtiva lagrima*, which has always been the most famous of the Caruso records, his exquisite singing of this beautiful number being something to be long remembered. It is now issued for the first time with orchestral accompaniment.

Arthur Nikisch, who will conduct the London Symphony Orchestra on a concert tour of the United States, beginning April 8 next, is insured for $200,000 against accident or death by his American managers during a period of thirty days.



AMERICAN TELEPHONE & TELEGRAPH CO. AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES — LOCAL AND LONG DISTANCE TELEPHONE — BELL SYSTEM

The Pony Express

A Pioneer of the Bell System

FIFTY years ago the Pony Express became the most efficient messenger service ever known.

Pony riders carried messages from Missouri to California, nearly two thousand miles across mountains and deserts, through blizzards and sand storms, constantly in danger of attack by hostile Indians.

Fresh horses were supplied at short intervals, and the messages, relayed from rider to rider, were delivered in the record-breaking time of seven and one-half days.

Railroad and telegraph took the place of the Pony Express, carrying messages across this western territory. Today the telephone lines of the Bell System have done more, for they have bound together ranch and mine and camp and village.

This network of telephone lines, following the trails of the Indians, connects with the telegraph to carry messages throughout the world.

By means of Universal Bell Service the most remote settler is no longer isolated, but has become a constantly informed citizen of the American Commonwealth.

AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY
AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES

One Policy *One System* *Universal Service*

FOR YOU

"There's Life on the Ocean Wave"

THE SEA TRIP

Along the Atlantic and Gulf Coasts

New York to New Orleans

On luxuriously appointed 10,600 ton

Southern Pacific Steamships

give Health, Comfort and Pleasure

$40 one way $70 round trip

Berth and Meals Included

L. H. Nutting, G. P. A.

366 Broadway, New York



Since the decision rendered by the United States Supreme Court, it has been decided by the Monks hereafter to bottle

CHARTREUSE

(LIQUEUR PÈRES CHARTREUX)

both being identically the same article, under a combination label representing the old and the new labels, and in the old style of bottle bearing the Monks' familiar insignia, as shown in this advertisement.

According to the decision of the U. S. Supreme Court, handed down by Mr. Justice Hughes on May 29th, 1911, no one but the Carthusian Monks (Pères Chartreux) is entitled to use the word CHARTREUSE as the name or designation of a Liqueur, so their victory in the suit against the Cusenier Company, representing M. Henri Lecouturier, the Liquidator appointed by the French Courts, and his successors, the Compagnie Fermiere de la Grande Chartreuse, is complete.

The Carthusian Monks (Pères Chartreux), and they alone, have the formula or recipe of the secret process employed in the manufacture of the genuine Chartreuse, and have never parted with it. There is no genuine Chartreuse save that made by them at Tarragona, Spain.

At first-class Wine Merchants, Grocers, Hotels, Cafés.
Bätjer & Co., 45 Broadway, New York, N. Y.
Sole Agents for United States.



FATIMA
TURKISH
BLEND
CIGARETTES

There may be other fish in the brook, but there is only *one* cigarette.

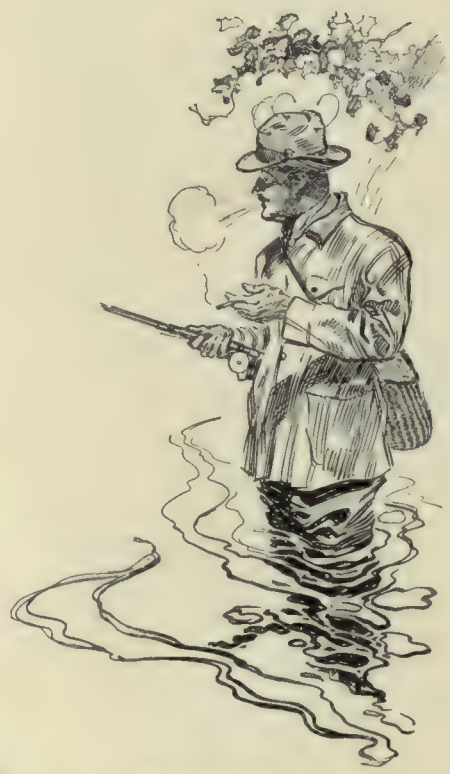
Fatima Cigarettes maintain their superiority by their splendid flavor – a flavor due to careful blending of mellow tobacco.

An inexpensive package makes possible ten additional cigarettes.

With each package of Fatima you get a pennant coupon, 25 of which secure a handsome felt college pennant (12x32) – selection of 100.

20 for 15 Cents





"Distinctively Individual"

TRADE MARK

REDUCING SALVE

For the Reduction of Superfluous Flesh

Dr. E. N. Cogswell, while making certain experiments made this latest scientific discovery which will be welcomed by all those burdened with excess fat.

REDUCING SALVE necessitates no change in one's diet or daily routine of living, and is guaranteed absolutely harmless.

Directions—Rub thoroughly with tips of fingers into those parts to be reduced. Allow to remain for twenty or thirty minutes then wash off with hot water.

REDUCING SALVE has never been known to fail. Price **$2.00** per jar. Will be glad to give any information you may desire on this subject.

Address, DR. E. N. COGSWELL, 418 Fifth Ave., New York City.
Surgeon Chiropody and Expert Manicuring

GERALDINE FARRAR

(*Continued from page 122*)

way?' she insisted.

"'Why, yes, why not?'

"So that afternoon the intendant came and I sang for him. As soon as I had finished he offered me an engagement. I was flabbergasted, thinking for a moment he was joking, for I could not believe that I was ready for the Royal Opera in Berlin. We all went home to talk it over, and my mother said that it would be a fine experience, no matter how it came out; so I accepted, and it was decided that I should make my début in "Faust."

"At that time I hardly knew a word of German, was scared to death every time I went out for fear I would get lost and nèver get home again, because I could not make people understand where I lived when I spoke the street and number, so how was I to sing in a German Opera house? But the intendant said that I could make my début in Italian, and have a reasonable time, say two years, to perfect myself in the language. I knew well that I was only fitted for the French and Italian operas, and the intendant was to let me sing only the things I was suited to, which is not always the case. You see, I came at a fortunate moment, for the Royal Opera was in a rut and very much in need of a novelty, so it was just possible I might be the one. In any case, the intendant was not to pay me enough to break the Royal Treasury if I failed.

"When I went down to the first rehearsal they thought I was crazy, and I knew they were. Everything on that stage in those days had been worked out to a system that was maddening. You had to stand exactly on one spot, then so many steps to the right, do precisely such a thing at such a moment, and never move so much as an eyelash unless it had been previously passed on by the Royal commission. Well, none of that for me! How was I to know what I should wish to do when the time came? So we had it out then and there, whereupon they threw up their hands, saying that the crazy American would only last one performance, so there was no use bothering. They had stock costumes for the artists, with Marguerite's gowns made big enough, with seams turned in a half a yard so they could be let out or tucked in to suit anybody up to two hundred and fifty pounds. So I went to the intendant, who was by that time frightened to death of me, not knowing what kind of a wild animal he had to deal with, telling him that I must have individual costumes and be permitted to pick them out for myself. He would have promised me anything so long as I did not bite him, and they all waited with fear and trembling for the bomb to explode. That was ten years ago the 15th of last October, when I was eighteen years old. I am still a member of the Royal Opera of Berlin, from which I have to ask leave of absence each year when I wish to come to America.

"The night of my first appearance does not stand out particularly in my recollection. I was too young to have any fear, for it was all a great joke to me, for I never thought I was ready for any such appearance, but if they wanted me to try, I was willing. The night that does stand out was when I made my first appearance at Monte Carlo, not at the card tables, but at the opera. It happened that Caruso was to make his first appearance there on the same night, and I had never heard him sing. The opera was Puccini's 'Bohême,' and at the rehearsals he had only hummed the leads, so I had really no idea what he sounded like. As you know, in that first scene I am sitting in a chair half turned from the audience, with a darkened stage, when he begins his aria. As he began to pour out that gorgeous flood of tone I simply lost all sense of where I was. Bit by bit I turned until my back was squarely to the audience, just gazing at him, while that voice of his caught me up and carried me off I knew not where, only to some place I had never been before.

"At last there gradually came over me a horrible sense of silence, as though I was alone in a great wilderness, and I glanced around, when my eye fell on little Vigna, the conductor, who was fairly dancing up and down on the stand, shaking his fist at me. 'Why don't you sing? It's your turn,' he yelled. The orchestra had stopped, everything had stopped. But finally I got my bearings and started in with a feeble little peep, sounding so wee and quavery that it was pitiful. It made me feel sorry for myself. But all of a sudden I woke up to the fact that I was part of the performance, and that if Caruso had sung like that it was distinctly up to me to do something, so I went at it with all there was in me.

KARLTON HACKETT.

ELENA GERHARDT

(Continued from page 119)

Elena Gerhardt that followed.

The triste air of the old town and its impressions, together with her temperament, made sad songs to her the most congenial; joyous ones seemed outside her life. She wept when she was forced to sing them. To-day, when she gives Brahms' "Der Schmied," a woman's song of joyous pride in the strength of her blacksmith lover, whose crashing strokes at the anvil fill the street and square, one knows that she has triumphed over a singleness of mood. But, again, to hear her in the same composer's "Immer Leiser Wird Mein Schlummer," the harrowing tragedy of a woman vainly waiting, when even sleep becomes a thin veil against reality, and dreams bring the fancy that he is there with none to let him in, there springs firm knowledge of the depths that one may pierce, the tender insight that one may develop through calm, ideal surroundings where joy itself never reaches beyond an Indian Summer of mellowness.

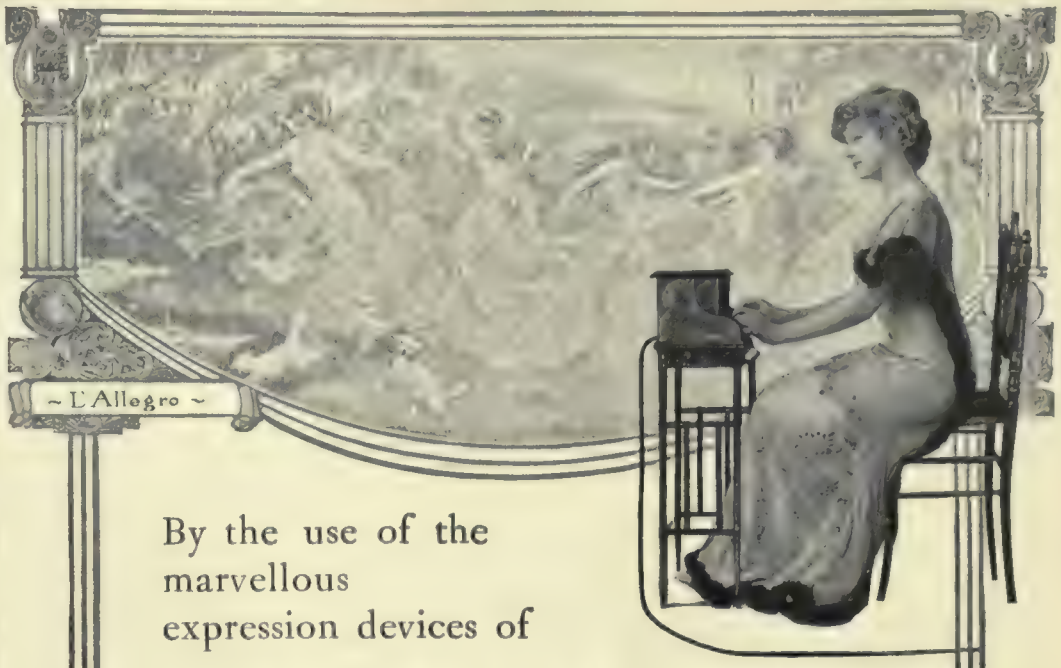
It is a custom at the Leipzig Conservatory that every aspirant named for appearance in a Pupil's Concert must prove his or her ability before the Director, who, in those days, happened to be Arthur Nikisch, the most adored of German conductors. Three songs of Brahms' Elema Gerhardt brought with her, along with the expectant Hedmondt. The girl began without a trace of nervousness, for (and she now smiles when she tells it), "I love so to sing that I thought every one would be pleased to hear me." Nikisch evidently agreed. "You sing so charmingly that I will play your accompaniments myself," was his comment when that first lied ended. To-day he keeps the printed notes of it as a souvenir. All Leipzig took the same artistic interest in her; it looked on the gradual unfolding of her talent as does an ardent lover of orchids on the blossoming of some rare variety. That spirit of enthusiastic sympathy intensified her oneness with surroundings.

Finally, she asked of Nikisch, "Do you think that I can give my own concert?" and he returned as characteristic query, "Who will give it if you do not?" When she asked of him advice in choice of an accompanist, he smiled and said, "Won't you have me?" All that had preceded, the intimate interest of those in her daily life had seemed a natural thing, but now, on the threshold of proving herself professionally, to have the foremost conductor of Germany elevate her to his artistic level through such request, had a profound, unawaited meaning. The singer went home with mixed feelings, uncertain as to whether or not he had spoken in fun, it seemed too big a thing to loom as fact on her horizon. All of ten days and nights it took her to get up courage to put her doubts to rest by going again to see him. Of extraneous details of the visit Elena Gerhardt said, "It was a beautiful day, and my cheeks were fiery red." When she stood in the presence of Nikisch, he, seeing her girlish uncertainty, the questioning in her blue eyes, her scarlet cheeks, saved her all words by declaring promptly, "I know why you come, to remind me of my promise. Let me look up a free day?"

By odd, delightful coincidence, November eleventh, her twentieth birthday, was chosen for the début; Wollgandt, concert-meister of the Gewandhaus orchestra, and son-in-law of Nikisch, being selected to assist. All Leipzig was present, for it became a kind of musical christening of one of their very own. None there realized that night, perhaps, that it was the last time that they might call her so, for it meant the opening of the door of flight.

After an appearance with the Gewandhaus orchestra, she sang in Hamburg with the Philharmonic of Berlin, and presently in Berlin itself, where to-day people crowd up to the platform at the concert's close, and call by name to her for this lied or that, favorites which they refuse to go home without once more hearing. Six years ago she went to London, with a result that has brought her back annually for ten weeks each spring and summer, and to sing throughout Great Britain. During King Edward's reign, she sang in private to Queen Alexandra, who came after each group of lieder to speak with her; she has sung before the Dowager Empress of Russia, and the reigning one; Vienna, Moscow, Milan, Paris and Buda Pesth are among the cities she visited long before she came to us. At Buda Pesth it was that enthusiasts, reaching across the foot-lights, held her gown fast, keeping her by force for encores when the regular programme ended.

GREAT BEAR SPRING WATER
50 cts. per case—6 glass-stoppered bottles



By the use of the marvellous expression devices of

The Tel-Electric
Piano Player

you realize the pleasure of personally producing music. You realize it more fully than any other kind of a player-piano because your *hands* alone are employed.

You do not have to pump the TEL-ELECTRIC, and therefore you can concentrate your attention on the regulation of its tempo, expression, pedals and touch. A mere touch of the finger and a turn of the wrist give you complete control over this wonderful player.

You have at your command the whole range of musical composition.

You can play with the technique of a master musician the symphonies of Beethoven and the etudes of Chopin or the selections from the latest operettas.

THE TEL-ELECTRIC is the most artistic and responsive of all player-pianos. Its touch is all but human. Its control may be learned in a few moments.

Exclusive Tel-Electric Features

It can be attached to any grand or upright piano. The expression devices act instantaneously with the touch of your fingers.

Its music rolls are made of metal and are indestructible.

It requires no pumping.

The proper expression is cut into the rolls and even without your assistance it will play any music exactly as the composer indicates.

It does not in any way obstruct the key board of your piano which is always free for hand playing.

Price attached to your piano $350

Send to us for Illustrated Catalog

The Tel-Electric Company

299 Fifth Avenue Tel-Electric Building New York City

Branches Chicago Boston-

Agencies in all large Cities

Have You Observed
the striking change
in the appearance of

THE SMART SET,
A MAGAZINE OF CLEVERNESS

You have only to take one good look at the current issue to recognize that the new SMART SET is unquestionably the best magazine of fiction, poetry, wit and humor ever produced at any time or in any country.

EVERYONE WHO IS INTERESTED IN THE THEATRE WILL BE INTENSELY INTERESTED IN THE NEW SMART SET

FOR MINDS THAT ARE NOT PRIMITIVE

The ANGELUS PLAYER-PIANO

WAGNER

GOUNOD

MOZART

CHOPIN

LISZT

GRIEG

MASSENET

SCHUBERT

The Instrument of Personality

DEBUSSY

MOSKOWSKI

CHAMINADE

NEVIN

DONIZETTI

GLINKA

PUCCINI

SCHUMANN

NO two musicians play the same composition alike. It is doubtful if any piece of music has ever been played twice alike.

Pianissimo, in written music, means play softly—but how softly?

Accelerando, means play rapidly—but how rapidly?

Only the instinct of the individual can decide or govern these questions, and that is wherein the Angelus is wonderful. It enables the player-pianist to infuse his individuality into the composer's style.

With the Phrasing Lever, the Melody Buttons and the guidance of the Artistyle Music Rolls, you can give your *own* interpretation of what the composer wrote exactly as a great musician does by means of his fingers.

Or you may employ the Melodant to pick out the melody of the composition so it sounds clear and distinct above the accompaniment, while you yourself, by reading the Artistyle marking with the Phrasing Lever, give the beautiful tempo effects indicated, thus producing a delightfully artistic rendition.

The Diaphragm Pneumatics, by exactly imitating the human touch, give to the music produced by the Angelus-pianist the last element needed to make it like that of the most skilled hand playing.

The owner of an Angelus has no musical limitations other than his own musical sense. The Angelus is just as dependent upon the player-pianist for its highest possibilities as is the harp or the violin, but—it enables anyone to produce music which is perfect in technique and correct in expression so far as the composer's intentions have been indicated in the written score.

The patented devices and exclusive features which make the Angelus a *new musical instrument* and not a mechanical piano, are found in no other instrument.

Knabe-Angelus
The world-famous Knabe Piano and the Angelus.

Emerson-Angelus
The sweet-toned Emerson Piano and the Angelus.

Angelus-Piano
A splendid piano built expressly for the Angelus.

The Gourlay-Angelus
in Canada

THE WILCOX & WHITE COMPANY
Pioneers in the Player-piano Industry *Agencies all over the world*
MERIDEN, CONN.
233 Regent Street London

AMERICAN ACADEMY OF DRAMATIC ARTS

The next term will open April 3
Connected with Mr. Charles Frohman's Empire Theatre and Companies

Recognized as the Leading Institution for Dramatic Training in America

BOARD OF TRUSTEES
Franklin H. Sargent, President
Daniel Frohman John Drew
Benjamin F. Roeder Augustus Thomas

Founded in 1884

For catalog and information apply to the Secretary
Room 152, Carnegie Hall
New York

The official Programme of the

Metropolitan Opera House, New York

The most exclusive medium which no advertiser can afford to overlook will be published, beginning this season, by

THE THEATRE MAGAZINE CO.

Send for Rates and Particulars 8 to 14 W. 38th St., New York

WEBER AND FIELDS

(*Continued from page* 116)

"Lines and situations," replied Lew Fields.

"Make-up," replied Joe Weber.

"Make-up is good for an entrance. It gets a laugh when you come on, and that's a good beginning," protested the tall partner. "After that you must work."

"But it's a help," insisted the small one. "When I go on the street people say, 'But that can't be Weber. He's a fat man.' It's good business."

"Lew" Fields shook his head. "We never argue," he said.

"Not about the comedy of a situation?"

"We may differ at the beginning, but we always settle it by saying, 'Well, let's try it.'"

"Nor about the music?"

"No."

"Nor about the principals to be engaged?"

"No," said Lew Fields.

"Nor about whether the girls one selects for the chorus are pretty enough?"

"We never bother about the chorus girls. At most they are a back drop," said "Lew" Fields.

"The stage manager chooses them," said "Joe" Weber.

"We never bother about the girls; we have our own girls at home," said the first.

"But we do care whether they are a hard-working chorus," said the second.

"We always agree on everything that is of any importance," said one.

"Ever since we went to see Tony Pastor at seven—because some comedian had told us he went to his office at seven in the morning—and waited until half-past ten."

"Harry Miner, too—we went to see him at seven."

"And waited until eleven."

"Fay Templeton is a great burlesquer. So is Willie Collier and Ada Lewis."

The junior reverted to the subject of burlesque. "And David Warfield is wonderful. Lillian Russell has a great sense of humor. But burlesque involves make-up, and it is a shame to spoil a beautiful picture."

The hands of the clock had swept around to half-past one. The partners got into their overcoats, making ready to depart to their crowded little dressing room downstairs, where the short partner dresses before the lower half of the mirror and the long one stands behind him and, looking into the same looking-glass, makes up over his shoulder, while Miss Russell, Miss Templeton and others are sumptuously quartered.

"Our motto is, 'We'll take what's left,'" said "Lew" Fields.

"No, it's 'Well, let's try it,'" said "Joe" Weber.

"I asked the pair who have created something new in the theatrical world, and whose success has been unparalleled, the secret of that success.

"It's work and keeping up-to-date," "Lew" Fields spoke first.

"It's work and giving them something new." This from "Joe" Weber.

The junior member with two long strides crossed the room and opened the door. The senior stood his ground, but with a gracious bow.

ADA PATTERSON.

GREAT BEAR SPRING WATER
50 cts. per case—6 glass-stoppered bottles

A New Play Bureau

John W. Rumsey, for many years the business manager for Daniel Frohman, has organized a bureau for the representation of American and foreign authors. He will handle plays for authors and managers, acting as agent for both. Mr. Rumsey's personal reputation ensures a standard of business integrity and absolute fairness. The prospectus sent out by Mr. Rumsey reads as follows:

"Provided with substantial capital, this company will make prompt remittances of royalties to authors, and will strive also to create a vantage point of mutual benefit to both author and manager. We shall not represent a play to be good, unless we believe it is so. We shall advise authors without prejudice, and shall endeavor to obtain for them the greatest possible results without jeopardizing the interests of themselves or producers. We hope to render a real service to all parties concerned in the writing and producing of plays. *Prompt* action, *prompt* attention and *prompt* returns, will be our aim and purpose.

JOHN W. RUMSEY, President.

A benefit given by the Twelfth Night Club for the Stony Wold Sanitarium took place at the Lyceum Theatre on Monday afternoon, March 18 last.

THE NEW PLAYS

(Continued from page 108)

life is thus easily conveyed. We see her exchanging vows with her youthful, platonic lover, whose sincerity, however, is denied by his slangyness, vagueness of expression and obvious playing of a part. The husband has a platonic love affair, he, too, imagining himself to be harmlessly in love with a younger person. The younger people, of course, finally come together.

Mrs. Fiske in this last act saves herself beautifully. Her performance is a delicious expression of sentimentality brought to its senses. She is not altogether willing to throw over her part, and it is a brave struggle she makes before yielding to common sense.

The performance and the production were all that could be required for a play so exacting in these particulars. The old Gardener, as played by Ernest Stallard, furnished fitting comedy.

FULTON. "THE TYPHOON." Play in three acts by Menyhert Lengyel. Produced March 11.

Here is a play worth seeing, a drama with the genuine thrill, a cyclonic tragedy that stirs you to your very depths, a play so powerful, so absorbing and interesting that at the end the spectator, like the unhappy Tokeramo, the Japanese hero, is left in a condition bordering on mental collapse. No one should fail to go to see this remarkable play, which, for sheer novelty, strength of situations, interest of dialogue, cleverness of acting, stands out above almost every other production of the present season.

Tokeramo, a choice product of the Japanese government, played by Walker Whiteside, is refined and aristocratic in appearance. Upon his learning and zeal depend the success of one of a most important undertaking. Exactly what that scheme is is indefinite, but it seems to concern the translation of a philosophical work by a German professor, who has just completed it after forty years of toil, and as lent the manuscript to one of this *coterie* of Japanese. The professor's manuscript is not returned when called for, but it is kept so that it might be translated by Tokeramo. In the meanwhile he falls in love with Illona, a young woman of Berlin of easy morals. She is playing a game with him. To gratify her vanity she has set out to draw from the impassive young aristocrat a declaration of passion. Alone in the room with him, she does master him, and after he has passionately embraced her, and forgotten his duty to Japan, she taunts him with her victory and real purpose, whereupon in a burst of primitive savagery, he chokes her to death.

Quickly he summons his Japanese friends and tells them all. He is willing to die for his crime, but it is determined by the wise old leader that Tokeramo, whose work is still unfinished, is too important to Japan to be permitted to suffer. They have no feeling in the matter other than that of patriotism. A substitute is called for. All eagerly respond, and a volunteer is selected. Tokeramo escapes trial, and is found at his desk dead from over-exhaustion through work. He had died a martyr to the cause.

Mr. Walker Whiteside played a very unusual part uncommonly well. It required constant repression, with such outbursts of passion and ferocity and feeling as were not inconsistent with the character. He did it with very great artistic discretion. Malcolm Williams, as a dissolute artist, who was jilted by the faithless Illona, and, in consequence became a moral wreck, gave a splendid performance. Henry Bergman, as the wise old leader, emphasized the character in appearance and manner.

NEW AMSTERDAM. "OLIVER TWIST." Play in five acts, founded on Charles Dickens' story by J. Comyns Carr. Produced February 26.

Mr. Comyns Carr's version of "Oliver Twist" gets as far as possible away from the crude arrangements of scenes which served to bring into fame many actors of real genius of a generation or two ago. The spirit of this version is not that of the old one. It cannot be said that the characters are not as true to Dickens. The play is certainly less brutal, and many of the old familiar scenes, and some of them not at all offensive, have been dropped. The play is now more domestic, and is very busy with all that concerns Oliver's parentage and the effort to get him secure in the harbor of home. It is true we have Fagin's den, the scene of his school for young thieves, Nancy and her pathetic relations to Bill Sikes, many scenes of the old version, and all the characters, with others added, but the tone of the play is distinctly different. Dickens is hard to dramatize, and it cannot be said that Mr. Comyns Carr has done much more than give an agreeable series of pictures.

WHITTALL

· THE MARK OF QUALITY ·



By the Most Primitive and Tedious of Methods

has the Oriental masterpiece, with all its beauty of fabric, color and design, been produced for centuries.

¶ The Oriental rug has ever made a strong appeal to the truly artistic—but owing to this tiresome method of production the cost of the genuine Oriental has always been too great for the majority. Realizing this the manufacturers of

Whittall Rugs

have evolved its prototype here in America. They have taken advantage of all that is best in Oriental rug making, as well as of every modern method and fine machinery, and have produced a fabric with all the charm and beauty of a rare old Persian or Turkish example at one-tenth the cost, and made under the most sanitary conditions.

¶ The wools are the same, but washed and treated with much greater skill; the yarn, spun by machinery, is infinitely more even and firm; the dyeing is thoroughly dependable, being done by scientific methods under the supervision of dye-masters who guard their secrets as jealously as any Oriental of old; the weaving as close as that of the best Oriental; designs copied from the finest specimens of Oriental art in exquisitely soft colorings—the finished product a marvel of beauty and durability.

¶ There is a Whittall Rug in quality, design and coloring to harmonize perfectly with every decorative scheme—the lustrous Anglo-Persian with its mirror-like sheen—the luxurious high-pile Arabic—as well as three other grades of Wiltons and two of Brussels.

¶ *The name "WHITTALL" is woven in the back of every rug and yard of carpet as your guarantee of its peerless quality.*

Our booklet **"Oriental Art in American Rugs"** will help you know just the rug to use in the particular place you have in mind.

M. J. WHITTALL

DEPT. O.

WORCESTER · MASS

ESTABLISHED · 1880

The Files of the Theatre Magazine are Invaluable to Collectors

BIND YOUR NUMBERS OF THE

Theatre Magazine

READERS who have preserved their copies and return them to us in good condition, by express, prepaid, will receive a complete copy, together with title page, table of contents, on payment of $3.00.

The Eleventh Year (1911) is bound in TWO VOLUMES

VOGUE

Spring Millinery Number

The Spring Millinery Number of Vogue is now ready for you—presenting the final and approved models in Paris hats for the Spring and Summer of 1912 Now on sale at all news-stands—25 cents a copy

CHOOSING your new hats is a simple matter if you provide yourself with a copy of Vogue's Spring Millinery Number. For weeks our staff correspondents and artists have haunted the showrooms of the great Paris milliners, besides making sketches and notes wherever the fashionable world of Paris is on review. Aboard the fastest greyhounds of the Cunard this great store of invaluable fashion news has been rushed across the ocean to be given you in the Spring Millinery Number of Vogue.

IN the Spring Millinery Number you will find the characteristic touch of each Paris designer—the verve and charm of Carlier; the supreme originality of Paul Poiret; the ever fascinating conceptions of Suzanne Talbot; the witchery of Georgette and Alphonsine. The result is a number of Vogue that gleams like a great shop window set in the heart of Paris—a window in which each notable designer has placed his most successful creations—a window in which you can see all that is newest and best in the millinery of the moment.

—And after the Millinery Number

will come a series of special issues everyone of which will keenly interest the women who wishes to dress well and to know the fashions weeks before they are generally adopted:

Spring Millinery	**April 1**	**Travel**	**July 1**
Spring Fashions	**April 15**	**Hot Weather Fashions**	**July 15**
Brides'	**May 1**	**Vacation**	**August 1**
European	**May 15**	**Children's**	**August 15**
Summer Homes	**June 1**	**Autumn Millinery**	**Sept. 1**
Outing Fashions	**June 15**	**Forecast of Autumn Fashions**	**Sept. 15**

Get these copies from your newsdealer—better order in advance, as VOGUE always sells out quickly—or send this coupon with $2.00 direct to VOGUE and receive the copies at your address wherever you may be. Your expenditure of $2.00 may save you $200.00—VOGUE subscribers have saved as much as $400.00 and $500.00 by avoiding costly errors in the choice of their hats and gowns.

Use the Coupon and Insure Distinction in Your Dress.

COUPON

VOGUE, 443 FOURTH AVE., NEW YORK:
For the enclosed $2 (Canadian address, $2.63; Foreign, $2.75), send me the next twelve issues of *Vogue*, beginning with the April 1st number.

Name .....

Street .....

City .....

State .....

Th. 4

Mr. Nat Goodwin, as Fagin, excited interest in his venture at once. That the comedian could successfully undertake a character part of the kind was not doubted. It was only a question of how well he could do it. He played it with grim humor where required, and with denotements of character, with a wide range of expression, that were remarkable. His last scene, the one closing the play, was inartistic and a matter of authorship, but it was carried out with painstaking skill by Mr. Goodwin, who made it artistic and effective in detail, but the artistic fault in the conception of the scene, as a scene, was fatal. The action was over. Fagin groaned on his couch, tortured by visions of his evil life, and when he rises in his delirium to affect his escape, he is met at the door by a figure in black —Death. Miss Marie Doro, as Oliver, was the gentle figure that Dickens had in mind. Miss Collier, as Nancy Sikes, was pathetic enough, even degraded, the slave of a cruel master, but she contributed to the better tone of the play by her subdued acting. Mr. Lyn Harding was also less brutal than the Sikes we have known, but he was brutal enough, giving the impression of his nature without turbulence. Mr. Fuller Mellish gave a delightful performance of Mr. Grimwig.

DALY'S. "MONSIEUR BEAUCAIRE." Romantic comedy in four acts by Booth Tarkington and E. G. Sutherland. Produced March 11.

Monsieur Beaucaire as a story started Booth Tarkington flourishingly off on his literary career. Made into a play by the author and Evelyn Greenleaf Sutherland, it served the late Richard Mansfield to his popular and pecuniary profit. In England it did still more for Lewis Waller, for his faithful public liked it so much that he was compelled to act the royal prince of the House of Orleans some eight hundred odd times. That the local public might have a further line on his histrionic skill than that which he evidenced as Boris, the renegade monk in "The Garden of Allah, Mr. Waller has made a revival of the Georgian comedy and staged it with elaborate richness at Daly's Theatre.

The cast is a long one, competent throughout. Frank Woolfe makes a saturnine Duke of Winterset, and his friend and ally, Capt. Badger, the professional duellist, is well handled by Rupert Julian. The bumptious tediousness of Beau Nash is nicely sketched by Henry Carvill, and a very finished picture of Mr. Bicksett, a first cousin of Mr. Benjamin Backbite, is contributed by Herbert Ayling. Henry Stanford is gallant and dashing as the Duke's English guardian, while his faithful servitor, Francois, and the Marquis de Mirpoix are doubled by Vincent Sternroyd, who is as sympathetically faithful in the one rôle as he is finished and artistic in the other. To play Lady Mary Carlyle, the toast of Bath, Miss Grace Lane comes all the way from England.

CASINO. "BARON TRENCK." Comic opera in two acts; music by Felix Albini; English version by Henry Blossom; lyrics by Frederick F. Schrader. Produced March 11.

"Baron Trenck" is one of Nature's noblemen, provided one has the point of view that considers bluster and conceit necessary to the condition. After all, the main qualification necessary to become an operetta hero is the ability to wear a dainty moustache, in combination with a brave uniform upon a manly bosom. Baron Trenck, having become notorious through his escapades, is ordered by his Queen to marry within the year. Trenck saves the Countess Lydia, who is traveling *incognito*, and falls in love with her. She returns to the Court, having been ordered by the Queen to wed the aged and decrepit French ambassador, whom she naturally does not love. Trenck has not married in the meanwhile, because he has found but one whom he can love; and he has lost her. A lottery is held at Court for the ladies, and Trenck is put up as prize, the conditions being that he shall marry the one who draws the winning number. Lydia draws it, so the Queen releases her from her obligation to wed the ambassador, and the lovers are happily united. The music is vastly more pleasing than the rather dull libretto. The principals are generally capable, and the girls are pretty, as well as animated. The title rôle is taken by Fritz Sturmfels, who is still a little too foreign in his speech, too jerky and mechanical in his acting, and a little too insincere to touch American audiences. Little John Slavin, as Nikola, is a genuine comedian, and makes his part entertaining if its importance is not fully justified. Blanche Duffield as Countess Lydia has distinction and a very sweet voice, with plenty of power masterfully controlled; she is lovable, too, and the audience is not slow to appreciate it.

DALY'S. "THE FATTED CALF." Comedy in three acts by Arthur Hopkins. Produced February 19.



LET us help you with the interior of your home. Whether it be of the most elegant and sumptuous type, or of moderate cost we are peculiarly equipped to serve you.

Our service, in our most successful work, begins with co-operation in the early planning; includes the designing and supervising of the plasters, floors and wood trim, and the complete handling of the surface decorations, hangings, fabrics, rugs and furniture.

We offer you this service in whole or in part. We believe it of the highest character available in this country.

Especially do we emphasize TOBEY HAND FURNITURE which is intended to express our ideals of what fine furniture should be.

The illustration is a reproduction of a photograph of the living room in a residence, the complete interior of which was recently executed by this Company

THE TOBEY FURNITURE COMPANY

NEW YORK—Eleven West Thirty-Second Street
CHICAGO—Wabash Avenue and Washington Street

A Popular Edition of this Famous Book
One Volume in 8vo. Bound in Paper
PRICE, 50 CENTS
LOVE IN FRIENDSHIP
(A Nameless Sentiment)
With a Preface in Fragments from STENDHAL
Translated from the French by HENRY PÈNE DU BOIS

This is the romance in letters of a man and a woman, extremely intelligent and accustomed to analyzing themselves, as Stendhal and Paul Bourget would have them do. They achieved this improbable aim of sentimentalist love in friendship. The details of their experience are told here so sincerely, so naïvely that it is evident the letters are published here as they were written, and they were not written for publication. They are full of intimate details of family life among great artists, of indiscretion about methods of literary work and musical composition. There has not been so much interest in an individual work since the time of Marie Bashkirsheff's confessions, which were not as intelligent as these.

Francisque Sarcey, in *Le Figaro,* said:

"Here is a book which is talked of a great deal. I think it is not talked of enough, for it is one of the prettiest dramas of real life ever related to the public. Must I say that well-informed people affirm the letters of the man, true or almost true, hardly arranged, were written by Guy de Maupassant?

"I do not think it is wrong to be so indiscreet. One must admire the feminine delicacy with which the letters were reinforced, if one may use this expression. I like the book, and it seems to me it will have a place in the collection, so voluminous already, of modern ways of love."

MEYER BROS. CO., Publishers **26 West 33d Street, New York**

Diamond Tires



You could shut your eyes and pick one tire out of a thousand Diamond Tires and you'd get a perfect tire.

Any tire that bears the name "Diamond" in raised letters on its side is a safe tire to buy. *The name "Diamond" is your assurance* that the tire that bears it is worthy to uphold the Diamond prestige for greatest mileage and most satisfactory service.

While Diamond Tires are made to fit every size and style of rim, and with several styles of treads, there is *only one quality—the highest*—the same in every Diamond Tire.

You don't have to be on your guard when you buy Diamond Tires. The most extended experience in judging tires would not give you any advantage over the man who simply makes sure that the name "Diamond" is on every tire he buys.

In addition to dependable dealers everywhere, there are FIFTY-FOUR Diamond Service Stations. Diamond Service means more than merely selling tires—it means taking care of Diamond Tire users.

The Diamond Rubber Company
AKRON, OHIO

We Could build them Cheaper, *But we Won't*
We Would build them Better, *But we Can't*



Use "A.B.A." Cheques At All Hotels

Hotel people all over the world will be glad to accept your "A. B. A." Cheques in payment of bills. They know that these cheques are ***safe,*** are ***good for full value,*** and ***identify*** the stranger presenting them.

Do not ask the hotel man to accept your unknown draft or check; it is not fair to him and may be embarrassing for you.

You can also use "A.B.A." Cheques to pay United States Customs Duties; they are the only travelers' cheques acceptable for this purpose, under the law.

AMERICAN BANKERS ASSOCIATION TRAVELERS' CHEQUES

William J. Burns National Detective Agency, Inc., protects "A.B.A." Cheques against forgers and other crooks. In case of loss, the purchaser should notify one of the branches of that Agency, a list of which is supplied with the cheques. Every device for safety is used in the paper and engraving of "A.B.A." Cheques.

They are issued in $10, $20, $50 and $100, with corresponding fixed values in the moneys of the principal nations.

Write to Bankers Trust Company, Wall Street, New York, for information as to where the cheques may be obtained in your vicinity, and interesting booklet "The Best Way to Carry Money."

BUY THEM FROM YOUR OWN BANKER
OR IF HE CANNOT SUPPLY THEM APPLY TO
BANKERS TRUST COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.

District Subscription Managers Wanted

In every locality where we have not yet appointed a district manager to look after our subscription interests, we offer a splendid opportunity to the right sort of person. We want a hustling, energetic man or woman who will put out our advertising booklets, collect renewals of expiring subscriptions, but most of all push out after new business. The work need not occupy more than your spare time, and if you possess the right sort of energy you will find it not only very interesting and pleasant but also exceptionally remunerative. Our district managers handle both of our magazines, *L'Art de la Mode* and *The Theatre Magazine.* If you have some time that you would like to turn into good money

YOU CANNOT AFFORD TO OVERLOOK THIS PROPOSITION

Send your application at once to
THE SUBSCRIPTION MANAGER

THE THEATRE MAGAZINE : 14 W. 38th ST., NEW YORK

GREAT BEAR SPRING WATER
50 cts. per case—6 glass-stoppered bottles

LYCEUM THEATRE. "PRESERVING MR. PANMURE." Comedy in four acts by Arthur Pinero. Produced February 27.

So expert is he in craftsmanship, so skilled in character delineation, and so deft in the composition of witty vital dialogue, that Sir Arthur Pinero, even when not at his best, is always entertaining. Mr. Panmure is an oily materialist. He is also a hypocrite, and once a week, at his saintly wife's request, delivers a sermonette to the house guests and the servants. Josepha Quarendon, governess to his very precocious child, helps him out in this task when his ideas refuse to flow, and out of gratitude, as he expresses it, kisses her. Indignant, for she loves the wife, who is a friend as well as an employer, Josepha seeks advice from Mrs. Hebblethwaite, Mrs. Panmure's aunt, stating a suppositious case. Mrs. Hebblethwaite suspects that Josepha is the real principal, and, as the pretty and attractive governess is a great favorite with the men, each woman in the household suspects her husband or lover, and the search for the truth, which follows, gives Mr. Panmure some awkward moments.

1000 COPIES FREE
to popularize
"MR. WILSON'S PUZZLE"
A live and fascinating story built around a subject of business which must be of interest to all people of property and responsibility. Write for free copy to
WINN & KENNEDY—Dept. K.
135 Broadway, NEW YORK CITY

Ibsen used paretic decay as a dramatic theme, and, in the vernacular of the day, got away with it. Avery Hopkins has taken a less advanced stage of neurotic debility as a theatrical subject, and has not put it across. As "The Fatted Calf," produced at Daly's, lasted less than a week, it is simply a waste of time and space to devote detailed critical attention to the piece. To prove a woman's hallucinations, based upon a very feeble neurasthenic possibility, are false, and that her brother comes up to the eugenic standards that his fiancée has set up do not make for either inspiriting drama or uproarious farce. That is about all there is to "The Fatted Calf."

BIJOU. "THE TRUTH WAGON." Play in three acts by Hayden Talbot. Produced February 26.

"The Truth Wagon" is a Morosco production, and comes to us, with its author, Hayden Talbot, from the West. Los Angeles has of late become a center of theatrical activity, Mr. Oliver Morosco taking the initiative, at his theatre, with many new and untried plays. He has sent us a few failures, but they have always had in them something of detached, but marked value even in such plays. In other words, he is a stage-manager who understands values and effects. "The Truth Wagon" is a good example of his work. It entertains at all costs. On the programme it is called "a laugh vehicle." This does not indicate a very high purpose, but it is a practical one. Its action revolves around politics, and the young newspaper man who has undertaken to tell the truth in his newspaper, on all occasions, encounters in several spirited scenes the Boss, who smilingly expects to dispose of him with a suggestion or two, and defeats him all along the line. Mr. Max Figman, as the young newspaper editor, plays his part in the comedy spirit, and perhaps does the best work of his career. According to the nature of the piece, there are many character bits in it, Sammy, the office boy, played by Georgie Mack, being notably true to an almost impossible type.

ASTOR. "THE GREYHOUND." Melodrama in four acts by Paul Armstrong and Wilson Mizner. Produced February 29.

This is lurid melodrama with a vengeance, a play of the old school, with unspeakable villains, self-sacrificing heroines, haughty adventuresses, and smart detectives, who turn up from nowhere in the nick of time. Yet venerable as it may be, there are enough laughs in the pièce to reconcile the theatregoer merely in search of entertainment, to the rusty mechanism of the plot. The "greyhound" is a crook who, in order to replenish his empty pockets, deserts his girl-wife, believing her a suicide, and sails for Europe on the "Mauretania" where, in company with other cronies, he mingles with the fashionable first-class passengers, bent on fleecing whom he can. By means of a forged letter he ingratiates himself with a wealthy woman traveling with her daughter, and very neatly induces her to part with a check for $50,000. The manœuvres of the gang on shipboard furnish good comedy. Their crooked poker games and other swindles are, however, continually balked by a Sherlock Holmes brand of detective who, having at one time loved Fellman's abandoned wife, who did not die after all, smuggles her on the "Mauretania," and at the crucial moment confronts her with the crook who, horror-stricken at this uncanny resurrection from the dead, jumps overboard.

Henry Kolker, Elita Proctor Otis, Douglas J. Wood, and other favorites, all present amusing and not too exaggerated types of New York's underworld.

LIBERTY. "THE RAINBOW." Comedy in three acts by A. E. Thomas. Produced March 11.

Henry Miller's production of "The Rainbow" deserves the greatest possible public recognition, for it not only satisfies and entertains, but it is a sheer advance in the presentation and development of the native American drama.

Its fable is that of a divorced man and woman brought together again by their mutual love for the daughter, a girl of sixteen, who, until the opening of the play, had not been seen by the father since she was a very little child. How the purity and sweetness of her nature reveal the shallow and sordid nature of his "bachelor" life, and how he strives to shield her from the degrading influence of his selfish and material surroundings are sketched with sure, firm and convincing detail leading up to a scene which part the father and the girl, the latter thinking it only temporary, while the father realizes it is a permanent separation.

This is a situation of splendid emotional poignancy, and it is grasped with wonderful feeling and reserve by Mr. Miller, who plays the leading rôle of Neil Sumner with admirable refinement, poise and pleasing dignity.



Why we call our Shaft Drive the "Chainless" Shaft Drive

THE word "Chainless" is used to distinguish our true Direct Shaft Drive from so-called "Shaft Drives" in appearance only, but with *concealed* chain or gear reductions housed between the motor and shaft, *underneath* the car.

Chains loosen, rattle, wear out and waste power. There are no chains **anywhere** on the Detroit Electric. The "Chainless" Shaft Drive is noiseless, smooth running, economical of power. No jerking, no constant adjusting of chains. Our "Chainless" Shaft Drive is in its third successful season.

Other noteworthy features offered in the Detroit Electric, so superior that the choice of an electric resolves itself into the mere selection of one of our nine beautiful designs, are:-

Horizontal controller lever, allowing full seat room; Four extra powerful brakes (2 sets) acting on rear wheels; Aluminum Fenders "Closed-in"; Aluminum Body Panels which add to life of car and beauty of finish as they do not check or warp; divided front window, adjustable from one inch to full depth without disturbing occupants; **exclusive** rights to use Edison nickel and steel battery in electric pleasure cars.

Illustrated catalog sent upon request.

Anderson Electric Car Co., 413 Clay Avenue, Detroit, U. S. A.

Branches:

Buffalo, Brooklyn, Cleveland — New York, Broadway at 80th Street — Chicago, 2416 Michigan Avenue (Also Branch at Evanston, Ill.) — Kansas City, Minneapolis, St. Louis

Selling representatives in all leading cities

The American Playwright

Published and Edited by WILLIAM T. PRICE

15 Cents a Copy **$1.50 a Year**

THE AMERICAN PLAYWRIGHT, a monthly publication, with its first issue dated January 15, 1912, will be devoted to the technical discussion of plays and playwriting. It will give such full information as is desired and needed by students of the drama. It will be a complete record of plays produced in New York and of all published plays and books and articles worth the while relating to the technical side of the stage. Its reviews of current plays will be analytical, directed at their causes of failure or success. Its various departments will be designed to help, in a practical way, those who accept playwriting as an art. It will aim to gain the confidence, respect and cooperation of all who love truth, who realize the responsibilities of authorship and production, and who abhor sordidness, whether in private or professional life. It will be impressed with the earnest purpose to be helpful, and to validate the principles set forth in my book, "The Analysis of Play Construction and Dramatic Principle." In its special character it will be unlike any other periodical that has to do with the stage. I shall try to make it indispensable to the student.

W. T. PRICE, 1440 Broadway, N. Y. City

TEST FOR YOURSELF

Mix the best cocktail you know how—test it side by side with a

Club Cocktail

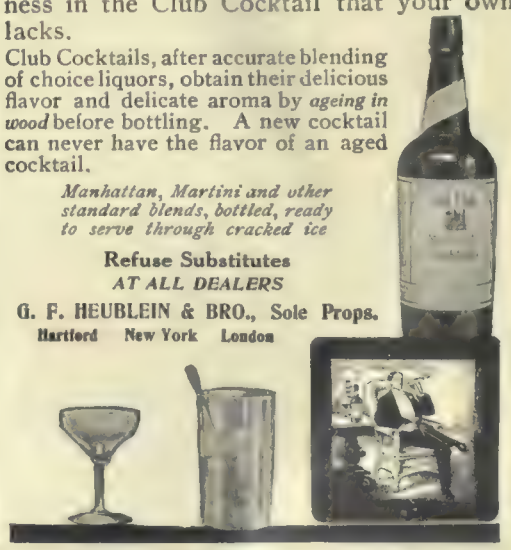
No matter how good a Cocktail you make you will notice a smoothness and mellowness in the Club Cocktail that your own lacks.

Club Cocktails, after accurate blending of choice liquors, obtain their delicious flavor and delicate aroma by *ageing in wood* before bottling. A new cocktail can never have the flavor of an aged cocktail.

Manhattan, Martini and other standard blends, bottled, ready to serve through cracked ice

Refuse Substitutes
AT ALL DEALERS

G. F. HEUBLEIN & BRO., Sole Props.
Hartford New York London



BONWIT TELLER & CO.



"The Store Beautiful"

ANNOUNCE a complete showing of the correct Modes for Spring, now on display in the various departments of this establishment.

A brilliant assemblage of foreign models, masterpieces of Parisian ateliers.

Adaptations of exclusive character, from our own workrooms.

Beautiful surroundings, courteous treatment and the appreciable saving in cost make shopping at this store a pleasure.

OUT-OF-TOWN PATRONS are kept advised of the authentic modes by attractive brochures issued from time to time. Your name will be registered and you will receive the booklets if you request them.

ADDRESS DEPARTMENT O.

FIFTH AVENUE AT 38th STREET
NEW YORK

Students in Interesting Plays

The performances given by the students of the American Academy of Dramatic Arts are always interesting. On Thursday afternoon, March 14 last, at the Empire Theatre, Mr. Franklin Sargent's clever young players presented among other pieces "The Legacy," a drama in three acts by Arthur Schnitzler, translated from the German by Mary L. Stephenson.

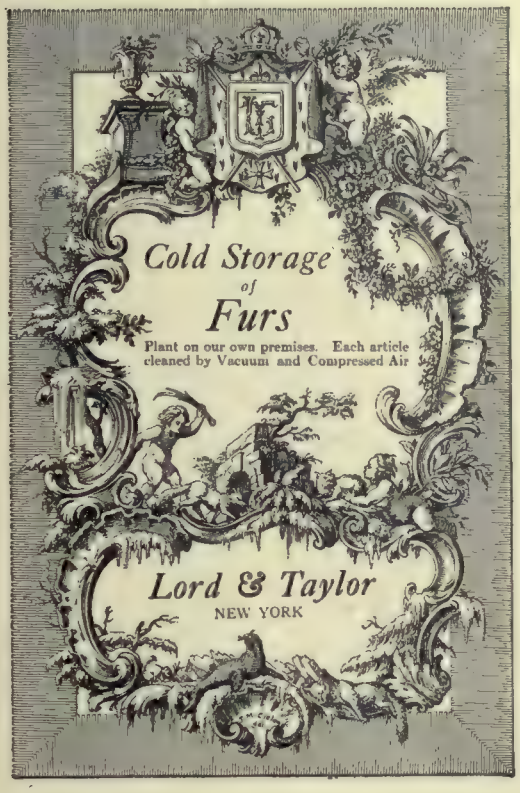
The Academy is in a dilemma when it comes to plays in which to exhibit its students. In the first place, new pieces may lack dramatic qualities necessary to good acting, while the audience in condemning them, is more than likely to misjudge the actors. On the other hand, when previously acted plays are used, audiences devote most of their time to comparing interpretations. Schnitzler's drama was preceded by a one-act piece called "Dorinda Dares," by Eleanor Maud Crane. It is a pretty little thing, romantic, and in a picturesque setting of the year 1790. Ellen Kracer as Dorinda gave a very pleasing performance. As an English lord, Guthrie McClintic was excellent, and is to be watched as an actor with a future. Marguerite Batterson found Kitty a trifle nervous, and expected somewhat too much of her, but rendered her very well indeed.

Chief interest in the afternoon, of course, centered in Arthur Schnitzler's play "The Legacy," performed for the first time in this country on this occasion. We are indebted to Europe for most of the morbidly pathological plays. Germany has given us many of them, and the latest from there has prolonged the record. Schnitzler can write better plays than "The Legacy." It may be an example of his early work, because translators frequently bestow their energies, irrespective of merit, upon anything bearing the name of a well-known author. In any case, when Arthur Schnitzler becomes known to the American public as a whole, we hope it will be as a dramatist healthy in imagination and spirit.

A tragedy bursts into the life of Adolph Lossati, Professor of Economics, when his son Hugo, brought in dying after a painful accident, confesses that he has a mistress and a child, and makes his father and mother promise to take care of both. After Hugo's death, Toni Weber, the woman, and Franzl, her child, are brought to the house. As a consequence, friends avoid the Professor and his family; and Dr. Schmidt, who is to marry a daughter of the Professor, demands that the woman be sent away where her sinister influence may not taint his fiancée. The child dies, and Toni loses her last claim on the Professor's sympathy. She is told that she will receive material support, but that she must go away. She finds that even her friends wish her to go. So she runs off, leaving the Professor and his satellites to make their self-satisfied impression of snobbish hypocrisy, and the audience to imagine very vaguely that she may find happiness with Gustav, who is a life-long friend of Hugo, and who has expressed sympathy, but never shown love. The main trouble with the play is that it is unbalanced. It does not show things in true proportions. What would endow it with living and dramatic qualities is merely sketched in. The author has not given us a play, but a story and an essay. Scenes drag to interminable length by tiresome repetition of facts that were accepted at first sight or mention. Yet the play is an undomesticated power. A brushing up here and there would make it tense with drama. The ending is not satisfactory, because it does not complete the play, and leaves a feeling that the remaining characters who at various times showed redeemable traits, are beneath contempt for not living up to them. Produced in its present form for its own merits, the play would inevitably fail. F. Seril Peck improved with his part as the father, and in the closing scenes was truly excellent. Ellen Kraeer as the mother, gave a beautiful and sincere performance. Small as the part of Gustav was, Frederic Bond, Jr., is distinctly remembered for his living and likable characterization of it. Mary Peticolas as the Doctor's fiancée, sometimes anticipated her strong scenes, but was unmistakable in her sincerity. Maurice Sylbert drew a strong impression of the Doctor, while, at times, he showed a tendency to become theatrical. Elizabeth Eyre made a dignified and sympathetic aunt to Hugo. Maude Eddy was pathetic, but occasionally too much repressed as Toni, the legacy. It was all done very creditably.

Books Received

THE WILDERNESS. An American Play. Adapted by Floyd Jenkins and Richard Putnam Darrow. New York: Broadway Publishing Co.





GOOD WHITE TEETH ALL AROUND IF YOU USE
SOZODONT
LIQUID, POWDER AND PASTE



CONCERNING Personality *in* FURNITURE

WHEN picturing the ideal Country House Dining-Room one peoples it, almost by instinct, with the Furniture of England under the Georges.

There is a personality which inhabits a Chair of Chippendale's or Sheraton's design as surely as it does a canvas by Velasquez or Vandyke, and it is this agreeable personality that we have succeeded in retaining in our Reproductions of Georgian Furniture.

Our Furniture is to be had only at our Galleries in New York. We have no branches.

Neither do we issue illustrated catalogues; but we are at all times glad to render any assistance we can to those who will furnish us an indication of their needs.

Our book, "The House and Its Plenishing," copiously illustrated with etchings, will be found helpfully suggestive in the extreme.

The Grand Rapids Furniture Company
INCORPORATED

34 and 36 West Thirty-second Street
New York



DINH GILLY

Baritone, Metropolitan Opera House, refers as follows to the

Haines Bros. Piano

Messrs. HAINES BROS., January 9th, 1912.
New York City.

Gentlemen:—

The wonderful evenness of scale of the Haines Bros. Piano—its responsiveness to the most delicate touch and the beauty of its singing tones, combined with the richness of its lower register are an inspiration and a joy.

Yours very truly,

Dinh Gilly

HAINES BROS. 437 FIFTH AVENUE NEW YORK

Division—American Piano Co.

OUR FASHION DEPARTMENT



Photo by Schneider

A GRACEFUL EVENING GOWN IN CHARMEUSE AND BEADED CHIFFON

A CHAT ON NEW FANCIES IN MODES

JUST now contrast is a strong style-point in toilettes, and this is carried out in various ways. We are all acquainted with the contrasts in materials and color, as set forth in the present trimming vogue, but the idea is developed along most strikingly original lines. The other evening I noticed a pretty gown having one sleeve considerably shorter than the other, and then you remember that pretty pale chiffon gown of Julia Sanderson's in "The Siren," which has one sleeve of crystal embroidery to harmonize with the underskirt, while the other is of chiffon to match the overdress.

In "Rue de la Paix," a French play that displays smart gowning, the contrasts are strikingly developed, prominent among which is a gown of velvet that has the one sleeve and the corresponding side of the bodice in blue silk. Several of the costumes combine three varying materials and colors in one gown. For instance, Mme. Jeanne Iribe appears in a toilette with a skirt of black liberty, the bodice of which shows a broad band of emerald green across the front, and the unique little jacket, which, by the way, illustrates the coming vogue of frills, is of white crêpe de chine.

In this same play is seen the use of roses as a trimming, which promises to become a strong vogue. In this instance they form a double garland about the long tunic, the two being caught together at intervals by larger roses. The normal waist is also encircled by a belt of roses. This trimming idea is beautifully carried out in the little dancing dress of Ina Claire, in "The Quaker Girl." The dainty chiffon dress has a satin petticoat edged with pink roses, and the lace flounces of the chiffon overdress, as well as the short front panel, have clusters of the tiny roses set at intervals.

With the wearing of pretty silk costumes and dainty lingerie dresses, the sash is coming strongly into evidence. One can hardly go to a theatre nowadays, where the gowns are a feature, and not see a sash. They are worn wherever individual fancy dictates. For instance, the popular French actress, Mlle. Gaby Marcy, who is noted for her attractive girdles, is wearing a huge sash at the front of the waist. It has large loops, very similar to the obi bow, and long, wide ends finished off at the lower edge with squares of lace to match the tunic.

Those of you who have seen Julia Dean, in "Bought and Paid For," no doubt admired her handsome brocade evening gown. For the benefit of those who have not seen the attractive costume I will say that it has an underskirt of metallic lace over which falls a tunic of rich brocade edged with fringe. It has the bodice extension, the drapery of which is caught together at the side by a bunch of satin flowers, and the waist is of the metallic lace. With this costume the popular actress wears a beautiful evening coat, also in brocade.



Photo by Manuel
A STRIKING CREATION BY MARTIAL ET ARMAND IN BLACK AND WHITE SATIN

The increasing use of these heavy fabrics for evening gowns is distinctly noticeable at fashionable society functions, as well as upon the stage, all of which makes it quite probable that next season will see a universal use of rich brocades and handsome velvets in gowns, while in wraps the present veiled effects will be superseded by such materials as velvet, plush, brocade and charmeuse.

A debutante, sitting beside me at the theatre the other evening, held in her hand an exquisite cluster of pink roses tied with a heavy silk cord. Suddenly she pulled at the center, when the roses parted and a lovely fan in Dresden silk appeared to view. I overheard her explaining to her escort that it was a favor she had received at a recent dinner, and she remarked: "All of them were perfectly lovely! There were bouquets of roses, lilies-of-the-valley and violets, both in the lavender and white, and the fans were of Dresden or Pompadour silks, in shades harmonizing with the flowers."

At this theatre I also saw something new in bandeaux. They were simply a wide band of silver tricoline finished off with a large rhinestone buckle. The delicate, scintillating fabric was most effective, and whether used alone or veiled over a delicate shade of ribbon or maline, it formed a very pretty headdress.

How interesting it is to notice the novel ways in which aigrettes are worn in the coiffure nowadays. Mlle. Louise Bignon, who is now appearing in Paris in "Sans-Gêne," has a fluffy aigrette sweeping over her neck, while Mlle. Maud Gipsey, of "Rue de la Paix," has one so adjusted that it seems to be protruding from her left ear. Sometimes they are worn erect at the front of the head; in fact, it matters little how or where they are adjusted, but aigrettes are certainly the favorite hair ornament just now.

I also saw the loveliest handbag, and it was something very new, too. It was composed entirely of spangles in a beautiful shade of purple. The spangles were arranged in a close design, and the



"The Crowning Attribute of Lovely Women is Cleanliness"

A woman's personal satisfaction in looking charming and dainty is doubled when she knows everything about her is exquisitely clean.



Naiad Dress Shields

are thoroughly hygienic and healthful to the most delicate skin; are absolutely free from rubber, with its disagreeable odor; can be easily and quickly STERILIZED by immersing in boiling water for a few seconds only. They are preferred by well-gowned women of refined taste

At stores or sample pair on receipt of 25c. Every pair guaranteed.

A handsome colored reproduction of this beautiful Coles Philips drawing on heavy paper, 10 x 12, sent for 10c. No advertising.

The C. E. CONOVER CO., Mfrs. 101 Franklin St., NEW YORK

Lane Bryant

19 West 38th Street, near Fifth Avenue, **New York**

Maternity Dresses and Negligees



30

One-piece dresses in most attractive variety, made of crepe de chine, charmeuse, taffeta, foulard, pongee, voile, serge and linen.

Morning and tub dresses in swiss, gingham and linen.

Charming rest robes and tea gowns. Matinees and dressing sacques with skirts.

Coats and three piece suits.

32 Handsome wrap of chiffon cloth, hand embroidered at hem **$34.75**

1073 Charming Maternity dress of crepe meteor with chiffon collar **$49.75**



1073

Our Maternity Dresses differ in no whit from the most fashionable models designed for ordinary wear except in the addition of the self adjusting feature which makes them expand to fit at all stages. Our designs are especially adapted to balance the figure through changing proportions. Even before and long after the need for such a dress exists, one of our creations will be found an appreciable addition to the wardrobe.

Send for new fashion catalog "T" just published

WASHINGTON HEIGHTS BRANCH - Broadway and 163d St., New York

The

Burgesser Tailored and Semi-Dress Hats

for

SPRING and SUMMER



combine the quality and style that characterize all models bearing this trade mark.

For sale at all leading dealers throughout the United States and Canada



Designed and Introduced by

A. D. Burgesser & Co.



149-151 Fifth Ave. New York

A. D. BURGESSER & CO. IMPORTERS AND MANUFACTURERS NEW YORK TRADE MARK

effects of the lights and shadows were charming. It had a gold frame, and the clasp was composed of an amethyst surrounded by diamonds. The bag was of the flat variety, and when opened showed the new square effect. Incidentally it also disclosed to view a delicate lavender silk lining. A gold cordelière finished the exquisite bag that I admired so much all evening.

There is no telling where the vogue of artificial flowers will crop out next. One of the girls at the matinée the other day, flourished a hatpin formed of narrow Valenciennes lace, in which were imbedded tiny satin roses and forget-me-nots. When placed into position the little rosette looked very dainty among the white plumes of her hat.

Mentioning hatpins reminds me, did you know that the very small designs are now correct wear, and that good dressers will not require more than two pins to hold the chapeaux?

Oh, and I must tell you about the girl who somewhat startled a few people at the same matinée. She wore a collarless V-cut waist, and about her neck lay the cutest little snake imaginable. In the small V reposed the head of the serpent, and from the half open mouth protruded a tiny red tongue. Of course, it was a necklace, and it was composed of tiny seed beads. The girl laughingly informed a questioner, "It is lots of fun to wear it. You can get one just like it on Fifth Avenue, but be sure to select a green one, as they are the most realistic." And they certainly are!

Have you noticed the increasing prevalence of the feather fans? I saw a beauty the other evening. It was composed of natural marabout tipped with white, and you can probably imagine the charming effect.

Now that furs are being discarded all sorts of beautiful substitutes are being seen, and one I saw the other evening is really worth while telling you about. It formed a collar, but it was merely a wide bias band of that lovely soft glacé chiffon taffeta, both sides of which were edged with matching ostrich in which the blending of the pinks and blues was charming. Broad flowing ends of the silk finished off the front. I have seen the same style in all white, and I am told a prominent Fifth Avenue shop is showing an assortment of these collars in both street and evening shades, so there is no reason why you cannot have one.

Mentioning Fifth Avenue shops makes me wonder whether you have noticed the lovely negligées exhibited there in a certain little French room? Of course, the prominent colors are the pink and wistaria, the two shades that the Parisiennes are now favoring.

Among the lovely, dainty garments one was especially attractive, and, as it is something decidedly novel, I must tell you about it. It is of pink chiffon made up along the fashionable narrow lines, and has the favorite low, left side closing, which is concealed by a chou of the material.

All around the edge of the garment, as well as the kimono sleeves, there is a fringe of pink ostrich, headed by a tiny double hemstitched ruching, and I assure you it is a negligée worth having. You can get it in the wistaria shade as well as the pink.

A few days ago I noticed a good example of contrast in the development of a garment. It was in an evening wrap of coral satin. The right side of the garment had a 9-inch band of Princess lace extending from the front closing to the lower edge of the back. In passing over the shoulder it formed part of the three-quarter length kimono sleeve.

The left sleeve was the usual wrap sleeve finished at the edge with a triple shirred puff to correspond with the trimming that adorned the entire edge of the garment.

The fulness was gathered in along the front edge of the left side, while on the right side it was arranged in several pleats that met the end of the lace banding, the joinings being covered by a handsome frog in moss metallic braid. The exquisite wrap was lined with delicate pink chiffon.



Photo by Schneider
A LOVELY EVENING GOWN IN WHITE SATIN, CHIFFON AND LACE

Facts Worth Knowing

We will gladly answer any inquiry, giving names of shops where these articles are shown or sold, providing a stamped envelope is enclosed.

Apple blossoms make such a pretty decoration, and it is now possible to have this at all seasons of the year. Artificial flowers are now quite the proper thing, and, therefore, the hostess need not hesitate to use this form of decoration which is supplied by crêpe paper. Large pink apple blossoms and single green leaves cover the entire surface. These are to be cut out and simply pasted upon branches to simulate blossoms and foliage, which is easily accomplished. And very natural and pretty does a branch look! A trellis decoration in these blossoms is most effective. The paper is 15 cents a fold, which makes about 400 flowers, sufficient for a good-sized branch. In the city, where trees are not available, branches can be purchased at any florist.

Direct from England—the country famous for her linen—comes something original in the way of handkerchiefs. Made of an entirely new fabric as delicately fine as a cobweb, as soft as thistledown, and still of most durable quality, one is truly astonished to learn that they sell for 20 cents apiece. These new fabric handkerchiefs come in pure white with fine hemstitch finish and every imaginable combination of crossbar, plain and bordered effects.

J. & J. Slater

THE 1912 Spring and Summer models reveal a peculiar grace in design with a marked leaning to increased foot-comfort.

"Duchess"

Made in black russia and patent leather—short tongue with covered buckles. Inch and seven-eighths heels.





Men's Oxfords

Made in patent leather, tan russia, black russia, black kid and white buck-skin.

New illustrated price list "A Package of Shoes" with book of instructions and measurement blank mailed on request.

Broadway at 25th Street, New York



Most Costly Perfume Sold in America

The true fragrance of fresh-cut **lilacs.** An odor of exquisite refinement—lasting, illusive, undiluted with spirits. Better worth its price to a woman of taste than any of the alcoholic perfumes of commerce.

Seven odors can now be had at your dealer's—Lilac, Rose, Violet, Lily of the Valley, Narcissus, Heliotrope and Wistaria, in dainty cut-glass Phial and dropper as illustrated. Price, $1.50 to $7.50, with the exception of Violet which is $1.75 and up. Inquire for

Dralle's Illusion

(Dralle, Hamburg)

Imported by GEO. BORGFELDT & CO., New York



Rexall "93" HAIR TONIC

Two Sizes, 50c. and $1.00

Keeps scalp and hair clean - promotes hair health

Your Money Back if it Doesn't

Sold and guaranteed by only one Druggist in a place. Look for *The Rexall Stores*

They are the Druggists in over 5000 [illegible]

REMEMBER THE PLAYS YOU SEE

THE success with which The Theatre Record was received last season has been an important factor in the publishing of our new volume, the

PLAY DIARY

A Handsome Book of eighty pages, size 10x14. Beautifully bound as a scrap book, in silk cloth, gold lettering, title page and table of contents. Japanese vellum is used throughout the entire volume. Printed headings on each page. :: :: :: ::

Price, $3.00 Postpaid

Four pages are reserved for each play, thus insuring to the collector all the necessary space for the program, pictures of the plays and players, and one page to write his own criticism if so desired.

THE THEATRE MAGAZINE CO. 26 WEST 33D ST. N.Y.



Were You Fitted with the Latest Redfern at the Spring Openings?

It gives poise and distinction to your figure and is without comparison from the view-point of style.

Redfern Corsets

stand for the best there is in corsets regardless of the price you pay. The design, boning and material of a REDFERN from the lowest price to the highest is the equal of the highest priced "custom-made."

To the woman who pays from $10 to $30 for her corset we say that it is unnecessary to pay such prices, when she can get the best there is for half the price.

Wherever REDFERN Corsets are sold they are fitted, and they are sold at all department stores and high class shops.

When you are fitted to a REDFERN you see at once its fashionable lines and *feel* its comfortable adaptability.

$3.50 to $15.00 Per Pair

If you cannot readily find them, write us for Catalog and we will supply you through some merchant—your own if you wish.

"Security" Rubber Button Hose Supporters Attached

THE WARNER BROTHERS COMPANY

New York Chicago San Francisco

The colored bordered effects are particularly interesting, as dainty colored kerchiefs to match the season's gowns are to be the mode.

Every new and exclusive shade may be found in this assortment, and they are guaranteed by the manufacturers to be absolutely color-fast by an offer of six handkerchiefs free for every one that loses color in the laundry, which is indeed a very liberal offer.

It seems hardly believable that one can find such smart suits, gowns and blouses in great variety at such reasonable prices as prevail at a smart shop on Fifth Avenue. For example, I saw a stunning little two-tone taffeta tailor-made, effectively trimmed with tiny self-puffings and showing the new scalloped front opening with deep collar and cuffs of handsome lace for $29.50. The lace alone is well worth $5. This suit comes in many colors. A perfectly stunning suit, with the sweep of line and style of the custom tailored garments, sells as low as $24.50. This suit is shown in new iridescent whip-cord, lined with peau de cygne.

A cossack crash linen suit, after a Francis model, is shown here, the skirt and coat both effectively trimmed with drawn-work border, showing threads of red, blue or black. Price, $42.50. A smart suit in Terry cloth, with cunning jacket effectively trimmed and a very new tunic skirt, sells for $55.

An elegantly simple coat suit of faille silk sells for $45, while whip-cord serges, etc., all lifted far above the commonplace by originality of lines, oddly placed seams and dexterous handling of the fashionable stripes, range in price from $20 up.

A charming afternoon frock of navy blue chiffon taffeta, with distinctive little sleeves and lace and chiffon trimmed bodice, sells for $29. Another attractive gown was shown in taupe, with distinctive style, in the side-fastened tunic skirt, the bodice trimmed elaborately with heavy lace overdraped with chiffon. This sells for $32.50.

Exquisite hand-made lingerie frocks are also to be found here at most reasonable prices. One model, elaborately trimmed with fine lace and pretty fulness introduced without destroying the straight silhouette, was priced at $25. A dainty white marquisette gown, with insets of tiny tucks and baby Irish lace on the skirt, the bodice elaborately cross-tucked and ornamented with Irish lace and sash, costs but $18.50.



Photo by Talbot

MME. LABRIER WEARING A HAT OF WHITE STRAW. THE HIGH WHITE FEATHER FANCY IS HELD BY A BOW OF BLUE VELVET. MODEL BY IDA MARGUERITTE

Numerous simple tailor-made linen frocks sell for $12.50, and cover or auto coats in profusion at equally reasonable prices.

Among the many varieties of talcum powder constantly making a bid for favor, none stand higher than one which a generation of mothers has endorsed. Its absolute purity and dainty fragrance alone would recommend it above other powders; added to this it has excellent healing qualities which render it most soothing and effective in irritations and chafings. Used after the bath it will be found to absorb moisture, and constant use will make the skin beautifully soft and velvety. Two varieties will

The World's Greatest
SILK STORE
Fourth Avenue at 24th Street
New York

Evening Silks at Manufacturer's Prices

OUR Evening Silks respond to every whispered hint of Fashion. They have caught every color and shade born to artist's palette. Every modish evening silk is here in an irresistible array.

Here are dainty silks for the coming-out gown of the demure debutante. Here are rich and rare silks for the more matronly taste. And here are gorgeous, colorful silks for every evening event of society—the opera, dinner and ball. And here, of course, are wedding satins for the bride.

SILKS that hold the mystery of the Orient. Flower covered silks—each flower a masterpiece of art. Clinging silks whose graceful drapery is altogether charming. Silks whose chameleon-like changes of color fairly dazzle the eyes.

Wonderful Hand Printed Silks in Chiffons and Voiles, Crepe Meteor, Crepe Charmeuse, Satin de l'Opera, Satin Empress, Crepe Suede—but they are too numerous to list. Enough to say our evening silks embrace every weave, texture, tissue and coloring known to the silk craft.

When planning these charming conceptions for your formal social affairs, our varied displays and our manufacturer's prices assume an added importance.

TO the woman who is not within shopping distance of New York, we recommend the store in her locality that advertises R & T Silks. It is the store for silks of advanced style and utmost value. If there is no such store there, we will supply you direct.

Mills to Consumer — GENUINE R&T SILKS — *Looms to Wearer*

ROGERS THOMPSON GIVERNAUD CO.
Fourth Avenue at 24th St., New York

GAGE MILLINERY



Send 2 cents for our Booklet of Spring and Summer Styles, showing Gage Trimmed and Tailored Millinery. Address, Dept. "Y3"

GAGE HATS are known throughout the country for style and originality of design. For sale by all leading milliners. Ask your dealer for Gage Hats.

Gage Brothers & Co.—Chicago

MENNEN'S
"FOR MINE"



Mennen's Borated Talcum Powder
keeps my skin in healthy condition
Sample Box for 4c. Stamp
GERHARD MENNEN CO.
Newark, N. J.
Trade Mark

Cushion "EVE"
The Newest
COLLAR SUPPORTER
INVISIBLE
RUST-PROOF
The soldered ends can't catch or scratch—cushion ends easily sewed through
3 on a card 10c
White or black at notion counters
JOSEPH W. SCHLOSS CO
5th Ave. & 21st St., N. Y.



Photo by Talbot
MLLE. RENOUARDT WEARING A CHARMING HAT IN GRAY STRAW FACED WITH BLACK VELVET, AND TRIMMED WITH A BLACK AIGRETTE



Photo by Manuel
MODEL BY LUCIENNE IN FINE STRAW WORN BY MLLE. GREUZE

be found of this talcum, the violet and the borated, either of which come in a delicate flesh tint and readily answers the purpose of a dainty toilette powder. One cannot make a mistake in selecting this talcum powder, which comes neatly put up in packages, with the face of a dear, wholesome baby on the label, and sells at 25 cents.

The same world-famous manufacturer has a soap which possesses anti-septic qualities, and is highly recommended for both the skin and the hair. It is very desirable for shampooing purposes, cleansing the scalp and restoring it to a healthy condition if at all inclined to disease. This soap is said to feed the skin as well as to cleanse it, and has no tendency to promote the growth of down.

There is no embroidery floss which excels that which for the protection of customers is sold under the trade mark name of "Sida." This floss is of wonderful lustre and brightness and of pure dye. It is without doubt the best quality for the development of the new designs in all forms of embroidery, and will be found in every new shade, as well as mixed Persian colors, in fact, seventy shades of the modish colors are available. The Sida floss will be found to work up very quickly and easily, and padding is unnecessary as a rule, by reason of the peculiar quality which brings the designs into a natural relief. Sida floss is adaptable to the decoration of any fabric, and has been used with stunning effect on silk, satins, velvets, cloths, chiffons, voiles, marquisettes, net, etc., also for embroidering the ornamental patterns on the new spring waists. It comes in 50-yard lengths for 25 cents.

Something unique in the way of rouge has just been brought to my notice which is sure to be found satisfactory. It is a dainty bit of fabric chemically treated with rouge of a vegetable compound, which insures its purity. When rubbed on the face this innocent looking bit of fabric produces a soft tint of pink, the artifice of which cannot be detected. The depth of color obtained may be varied according to the gentleness or vigor used in its application. It gives a color which can only be removed with the aid of soap and water. It comes in a tiny box with a mirror and can be easily carried in one's purse. It cost 35 cents.

At the same establishment an effective cream is to be found. It is said to prevent tan or sunburn, also to remove liver spots, moth patches and discoloration of the skin. The use of this cream will fill up the hollows of cheeks and neck, it is claimed.



Photo by Schneider
A PICTURESQUE MODEL IN FINE STRAW AND OSTRICH PLUMES



THE PUREST
THE HEALTHIEST
AND THE MOST PERFECT
OF ALL BEAUTY CREAMS

The Crème Simon

IS BENEFICIAL

ITS principal element is glycerine, which gives to the skin health and softness, and does not make hair grow on the face.

POWDER and SOAP

M. LEVY, Sole U.S. Agent, 3 East 17th St., New York



BEAUTY of the complexion is the noblest attribute of the outer physical woman and its perfection is approached just to the extent as toilet aids of quality are used. My Grecian Preparations are used constantly by New York's discriminating society women—this fact alone attests their efficacy and purity.

GRECIAN CLEANSING CREAM
Removes all dust and other impurities from the pores which causes the skin to become lined and grow old. Relieves that tired sensation of the face—makes the skin fair and youthful. Three sizes, 50c., $1.00, $2.00.

DAPHNE SKIN TONIC
An astringent, which tones up relaxed tissues, gives beauty of contour to sagging parts—normally closes enlarged pores—makes the skin clear, refined, beautiful. Three sizes, 75c, $1.50, $3.00.

JAPONICA LOTION
A liquid powder which does not show on the skin, or readily rub off. Makes the face, neck and arms lovely; gives that natural effect so much desired by all. Pink, Cream or White—two sizes, $1.00, $2.00.

Mail Orders Receive Immediate Attention

Madam Write for These Samples Cleansing Cream, Vaneta Cream, Velvet Cream, Japonica Lotion, Daphne Skin Tonic, Rose Bloom, Liquid Rouge. Cream in jars, lotion in little vials with De Luxe edition of my beautiful book—"Beauty, How Acquired and Retained"—all prepaid, 25c.

Elizabeth Hubbard 505 T. 5th Ave. New York
Tel. 6634 Bryant

WRITE US FOR A
Sample Copy and Rates
of the
Metropolitan Opera House Programme

THE THEATRE MAGAZINE CO.
8 West 38th Street - - - New York City


29

TAILORED COATS

FOR WOMEN AND MISSES

At Special Prices

WOMEN'S SIZES 32 TO 46 BUST	*MISSES' SIZES 14 TO 20 YEARS*

29 — Smart Coat of Imported Vicuna Polo Cloth, in tan, navy, Copenhagen blue, white or pink, new set-in sleeve model, with detachable half belt, collar, revers and cuffs, and lining of white English Serge, (can be worn buttoned to neck or with open revers) self covered buttons. **29.50**

29a—Same model of natural tan pongee silk, lined throughout with soft silk . . . **29.50**

29b—Same model of natural tan linen with black satin collar and cuffs, unlined . **18.50**

Spring and Summer Style Book
NOW READY!
Illustrating the newest and most exclusive models of Women's, Misses', Girls', Young Men's, Boys' and Infants' ready-to-wear apparel, at popular prices. Mailed prepaid out of town upon application. Address Department T.

Franklin Simon & Co.
FIFTH AVENUE, 37th and 38th Streets, NEW YORK



Madam:

You are now ready to buy your Spring outfit and in need of helpful suggestions. You will find in the April issue of

L'ART DE LA MODE
"The Fashion Authority"

a formal presentation of all that is, and will be fashionable this season.

A comprehensive display of the creations of Doucet, Redfern, Callot, Worth, Armand et Martial, Bernard, and adaptations for the American woman.

L'Art de la Mode is sold by your newsdealer or direct from the publishers.

35c a copy $3.50 a year

L'ART de la MODE
"The Fashion Authority"
8-14 West 38th Street NEW YORK, N. Y.

LIFE

Enclosed find One Dollar (Canadian $1.13, Foreign $1.26). Send LIFE for three months to

This trial offer is open only to new subscribers; no subscription renewed at this rate. Order should come to us direct; not through an agent or dealer.

LIFE, 16 West 31, New York.

ONE YEAR $5.00. (CANADIAN $5.52, FOREIGN $8.04.)

Please register letters containing currency.

The Biography *of* Maude Adams

Octavo size, 120 pages, tastefully bound in superior quality silk cloth, charmingly illustrated with fine plates made from 20 valuable photos of Miss Adams, giving the first complete series of all her character portrayals, from



the beginning of her stage career to her famous creation of Peter Pan.

Also a list of the complete casts of some of the earlier New York productions in which Miss Maude Adams took part and where they were produced.

An exclusive and genuine Edition de Luxe, with vividly interesting text.

A most valuable work, a limited edition of which has just been purchased by THE THEATRE MAGAZINE. The book is sold in the open market and retails for $1.50, but we will give away one copy to each new subscriber to THE THEATRE MAGAZINE for one year at the regular price of $3.50, sent direct to our office.

We reserve the right to withdraw this offer immediately after the present edition is exhausted. Send applications accompanied by money-order or check at once.

The Theatre Magazine Co., 8 to 14 W. 38th St., New York

It is non-oily cream and is instantly absorbed into the pores. A 2-oz. jar sells for 50c.

At this season of the year the hair needs a good tonic more than at any other time, for while the condition of the hair is largely influenced by the general health, and by the condition of the scalp, it also suffers from climatic changes. A healthy condition of the scalp guards against these changes and insures the permanence and beauty of the hair.

In a recent interview with an eminent hair specialist I have learned of a tonic which will arrest falling hair and positively remove dandruff, thereby restoring the hair to its natural growth and glossiness. This clever man, who has made a life study of the subject, declares that no one tonic, however great its merit, could be equally good for each and every condition, and, therefore, upon request, he forwards a symptom blank to any one upon application, with a request for a strand of your hair, upon receipt of which he will tell you frankly and without charge just what you need. A very interesting and instructive treatise upon the subject of the hair-cleaning, dyeing, bleaching, etc., is also sent one upon request.

Following the lead of Paris, the fashionable women of New York are now adopting a new cream which has recently been brought out. This delightful toilet preparation is only intended for use in the evening, giving the finishing touch to one's preparation for the bright radiance of the ball-room or the opera. It is a pure white cream which will not rub off the shoulders or neck when the wrap is adjusted, and it lends the alabaster tint which we all wish to possess. It is really a beautifier and leaves no trace of grease or oil. It has a faint and delicate perfume which is most appealing. It is guaranteed under the Food and Drugs Act. A generous tube sells for 35 cents. The same house has also a delightful cleansing dental cream, which beautifies the teeth while preventing decay and discoloration and keeps the mouth and gums in healthy condition. This sells for 25 cents a tube. Their cleansing cream is one of the best on the market and is most highly endorsed by the leading actresses of the day.

A wonderfully clever man he is who invented the permanent hair wave, the use of which not alone saves the hair from the injury caused by the many times curling process, but also the discomfort of knowing when encountering damp weather that one's hair is straight and unbecomingly lank.

An interesting and instructive booklet is mailed upon request.

The Association of American Advertisers has examined and certified to the circulation of this publication. The figures of circulation contained in the Association's report only are guaranteed.

Association of American Advertisers

No. 2325 Whitehall Bldg. N. Y. City

$3.50 a Year THE MAGAZINE FOR PLAYGOERS. VOL. XV. NO. 135

THE THEATRE

(TITLE REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.)



Trade Mark

Trade Mark



"Onyx" Hosiery

Women's Pure Thread Silk Hosiery in black and all colors

Silk

Unequalled for CHARACTER, QUALITY and INTEGRITY

At $1.00, $1.50 and $2.00 per pair

Sold at the quality shops. If your dealer cannot supply you, we will direct you to the nearest dealer or send postpaid. Write to Dept. V.

Lord & Taylor *Wholesale Distributors* *New York*

J. & J. Slater

THIS Season's models combine an exclusive elegance in Style and Design, with a rare degree of comfort.



Walking Oxford

Made to order with patent leather or black russia vamps and white inlaid quarters, or gray vamps and light gray inlaid quarters, tan vamps and light tan inlaid quarters. Inch and seven-eighths heels. Medium sole. Straight tip.

"Piccadilly"

London cut combination, black russia vamps and white calf, gray ooze, and brown ooze quarters, dark tan ooze vamps and light tan ooze quarters.

Inch and three-quarters covered military heels. Covered or cut steel buckles.



New illustrated price list "A Package of Shoes" with book of instructions and measurement blank mailed on request.

Broadway at 25th Street, New York



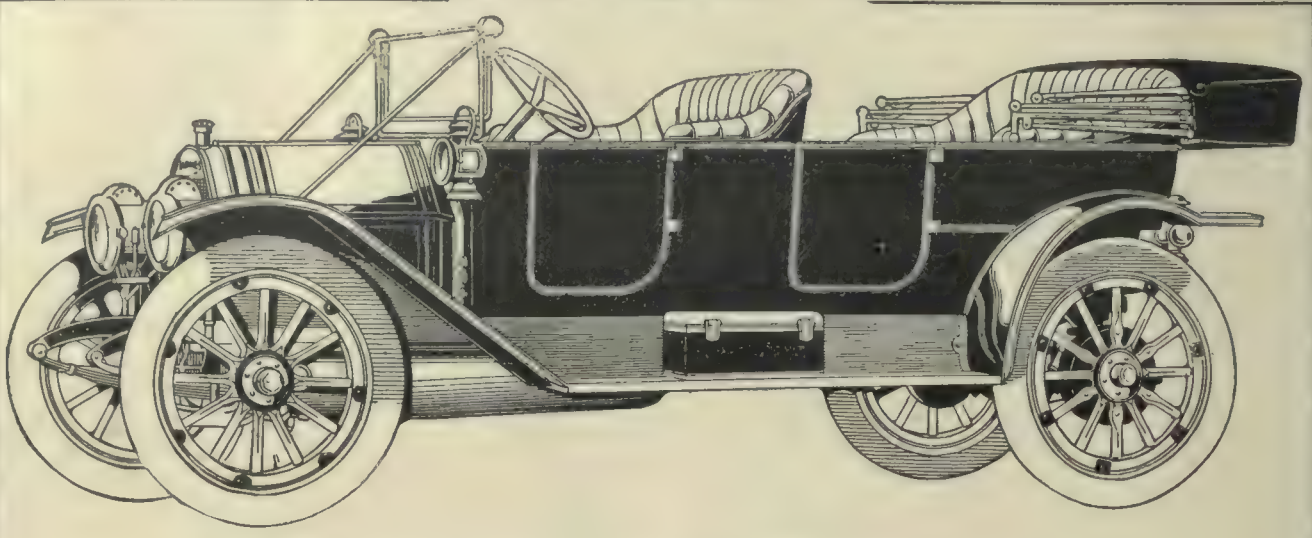


NEW SUBSCRIBERS get Theatre Magazine for one year and these pictures, the two together being only 50c. more than the subscription price to Theatre Magazine.

OLD SUBSCRIBERS can have these pictures on payment of 50c., mailed free to any address. This means that you are clearing $3.00. Our price for these pictures without the magazine being $3.50.

Look at the 6 pictures above. Have you got a den or an office, or have you a friend who has one? Could you get any more beautiful furnishings than these six pictures of extraordinarily beautiful women set in fitting frames? They are an ideal gift. These six favorites of the footlights reproduced in beautiful colors double the attractiveness of a den, office, sitting or living room. We advise you to send your order at once. Remember these pictures separately are $3.50. The subscription to THEATRE MAGAZINE separately is $3.50. That makes $7.00. Order them together and you save $3.00 cash. The two only cost $4.00.

THE THEATRE MAGAZINE
8 West Thirty-Eighth Street, New York



Character and Economy

THE HAYNES appeal is to those motor car purchasers who demand *character* in the car they buy—not merely an engine and wood and steel and upholstery and four wheels, but Character. Motor car character is shown in *proved* correctness of design, *obvious care* in construction, *established* dependability and assured *service* from the manufacturer. It is shown in freedom from inconveniences, freedom from quick deterioration,‘ freedom from mechanical annoyances.

The HAYNES Car

Product of Eighteen Years of Automobile Building

has character. These same qualities which constitute Haynes character are found in a few other motor cars. But in *no* other car selling at *Haynes prices.* Mark that point clearly.

Here in the Haynes is motor car *character*, but we make no added charge for the experience and care and correctness with which the Haynes is built—no charge beyond the fair-square price for such a car, no charge for the prestige of such a car.

So the Haynes offers you character *and* economy. Economy in the purchase price and economy in maintenance.

Haynes Model 21, 5-passenger touring car, illustrated above, is a handsome, roomy car, 40 h. p., 4½ x 5½ motor, 120 inch wheel base, 36 x 4 inch tires, demountable rims, and very complete equipment. Price $2100, f. o. b. Kokomo.

Catalog and name of your Haynes dealer on request. Address

HAYNES AUTOMOBILE COMPANY Dept. T M Kokomo, Ind.

NEW YORK, 1715 Broadway CHICAGO, 1702 Michigan Avenue



Moffett

CONTENTS: MAY, 1912

Edited by ARTHUR HORNBLOW

		PAGE
COVER: Portrait in colors of Elsie Janis in "The Slim Princess"		
CONTENTS ILLUSTRATION: Scene in "The Pink Lady"		
TITLE PAGE: Charles Hawtrey in "Dear Old Charlie"		137
THE NEW PLAYS: "The Right To Be Happy," "The Terrible Meek," "The Flower of the Palace of Han," "The Man From Cooks," "A Winsome Widow," "The Father," "The Wall Street Girl"		138
A CHAT WITH MARGARET ILLINGTON—Illustrated	*Ada Patterson*	141
THE CLOSE OF THE OPERA SEASON—Illustrated		144
REHEARSING THE CIRCUS—Illustrated	*Wendell Phillips Dodge*	146
SCENES IN "THE RIGHT TO BE HAPPY"—Full-page plate		147
THE REAL STORY OF "BUNTY"—Illustrated		150
EDITH WYNNE MATTHISON—Full-page plate		151
YESTERDAY AND TO-DAY	*Robert Grau*	153
HARVARD'S SCHOOL FOR PLAYWRIGHTS	*M. C. Crawford*	154
SCENE IN "MONSIEUR BEAUCAIRE"—Full-page plate		157
AN INTERVIEW WITH THE AUTHOR OF "THE PIGEON"	*André Tridon*	158
EDITH WYNNE MATTHISON—Full-page plate		159
ON TOUR WITH ELLEN TERRY—Illustrated	*Carmen C. Mabie*	161
SCENE IN "THE MIRACLE"—Full-page plate		163
FATHER KNICKERBOCKER'S THEATRE	*Francis J. Oppenheimer*	166
NAT C. GOODWIN—Full-page plate		167
ARABS ON THE AMERICAN STAGE		168
OUR FASHION DEPARTMENT	*Emilie E. Hoffman*	xix

CONTRIBUTORS—The Editor will be glad to receive for consideration articles on dramatic or musical subjects, sketches of famous actors or singers, etc., etc. Postage stamps should in all cases be enclosed to insure the return of contributions found to be unavailable. All manuscripts submitted should be accompanied when possible by photographs. Artists are invited to submit their photographs for reproduction in THE THEATRE. Each photograph should be inscribed on the back with the name of the sender, and if in character with that of the character represented. Contributors should always keep a duplicate copy of articles submitted. The utmost care is taken with manuscripts and photographs, but we decline all responsibility in case of loss.

SUBSCRIPTION: Yearly subscription, in advance, $3 50 Foreign countries, add $1.00 for mail Canada, add 85c Single copies, 35 cents

LONDON: On sale at Daw's Steamship Agency, 17 Green St., Leicester Sq.

BOSTON CHICAGO PHILADELPHIA

PARIS: 99 Rue des Petits Champs

Published Monthly by

THE THEATRE MAGAZINE COMPANY, Telephone, 6486 Murray Hill 8-10-12-14 West 38th Street, New York City

COPYRIGHT 1912 BY THE THEATRE MAGAZINE CO. TRADE MARK REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

ENTERED AT POST OFFICE, NEW YORK, AS SECOND CLASS MAIL MATTER

The fact that both

GIACOMO PUCCINI

the Composer, and

EMMY DESTINN

Creator of the Title
Role "MINNIE" of

"The Girl of the Golden West"

should unite in
proclaiming the

KNABE

The World's Best Piano

emphasizes anew that its superb tonal qualities are an inspiration to the Composer and the one perfect means to sustain the voice of the singer.

In selecting a Knabe Piano your judgment is confirmed by the World's greatest Grand Opera Stars, Composers, Pianists, etc., for the past seventy-five years.

Knabe Pianos may be purchased from any Knabe representative at New York prices with cost of freight and delivery added.

Catalogs and literature upon request.

WM. KNABE & CO.

Division—American Piano Co.

437 Fifth Avenue NEW YORK





Photos Copyright Mishkin

THE THEATRE

VOL. XV MAY, 1912 No. 135

Published by the Theatre Magazine Co., Henry Stern Pres., Louis Meyer, Treas., Paul Meyer, Sec'y; 8-10-12-14 West Thirty-eighth Street, New York City



CHARLES HAWTREY, THE WELL-KNOWN ENGLISH COMEDIAN NOW APPEARING AT MAXINE ELLIOTT'S THEATRE, NEW YORK, IN CHARLES H. BROOKFIELD'S COMEDY, "DEAR OLD CHARLIE"

AT THE PLAYHOUSE

HUDSON THEATRE. "THE RIGHT TO BE HAPPY." Play in three acts by H. Kellett Chambers. Produced on March 26 with the following cast:

Audrey Van Roof.....Grace Morrissey
Alfred Van Roof.....George Le Guere
Janet Van Roof.....Dorothy Donnelly
Mrs. Van Roof.....Louise Galloway
Parker.....Arthur T. Hendon
James Moorehouse.....Edmund Breese
John Forrester.....Leslie Faber

The main theme in this piece is a big one, and the principal female rôle, a social spy in the interests of a commercial trust, offers novel and dramatic opportunities. It is a pity that the author, Mr. H. Kellett Chambers, was not better qualified to handle the opportunities his ingenious brain had devised, for his new play is an uneven piece of craftsmanship. It has moments of big theatric content and episodes of naive inaptitude.

Janet Van Roof is the scion of a decayed Knickerbocker family. To save her embezzling brother from the consequences of his speculations, she enters the employ of James Morehouse of the Rubber Trust, spies out the weaknesses of his business rivals through her social opportunities, and incidentally becomes his mistress. But when she is called upon to unearth John Forrester's secret—he has invented a process that will revolutionize the rubber industry—she falters, as he has intrusted his formula to her keeping, and she has learned to love him. Morehouse's intemperate wife dies, but too busy to tell Janet, he finds himself rejected when he makes his belated proposal for a speedy marriage. Suspecting her love for Forrester, and blocked in his business plans, he insults her in his presence by publishing their relations. But Forrester, who is an idealist, says she is an angel in his eyes, and, as the brother is now thoroughly protected, we are led to believe that Forrester and Janet will eventually be married.

A younger sister, the boy and the selfishly devoted mother are neatly drawn characters, real and human, but Forrester is a conventionally drawn type, of ineffable goodness and altruism, while Janet and Morehouse are contradictory characterizations that defy reason and the probabilities. It would hardly seem necessary that Janet should have fallen under Morehouse's influence, unless she loved him, and that, too, for some hidden attraction in the magnate's character, for at no time does he reveal himself as other than a single, uncouth, masterly man of affairs. Her point of view is equally untenable from either experience or logic, and with these weaknesses in the protagonists the dominant and sympathetic interest falters and repels. As Morehouse, Edmund Breese plays with rugged and dramatic force, while Dorothy Donnelly acts the heroine with a thorough command of external theatrical aids, and a competent and intelligent expression of its psychological necessities. Mother, son and daughter, are capably played by Louise Galloway, Grace Morrissey and George Le Guere, while the subjective Forrester is enacted with refinement and taste by Leslie Faber.

THE LITTLE THEATRE. "THE FLOWER OF THE PALACE OF HAN." Drama in five acts, adapted from the Chinese by Louis Laloy and Charles Rann Kennedy. Produced March 19th, with the following cast:

Tchao-Kiun.....Edith Wynne Matthison
Mao.....Reginald Barlow
A Painter.....A. M. Botsford
The Emperor Yuen-ti.....Frank Reicher
A Soldier.....Albert Easdale
Kahn of the Tartars.....Wilfrid North
Councillor of the Right...Wilfrid North
Councillor of the Left.....Arthur Barry

Popular opinion resents the appraisal of anything that is old. The older the thing is the more universal is the veneration. But critics are usually self-appointed and self-invited, and make a business of going where angels fear to tread. Even a play dating back to the thirteenth or fourteenth century, that receives its first American performance within the month, does not inspire them with dread. Tchao-Kiun is a little Chinese girl, who has been carried away by the Minister of State, as an addition to the harem of the Emperor. Mao, the Minister, hopes to sell this flower of the palace to some one who will pay him a larger price. He has his secretary paint a picture of the girl, which grossly misrepresents her. After seeing this portrait the Emperor has no curiosity concerning her, but one day, while walking in the garden, he comes into her pavilion and finds her. He falls in love with her, and she with him. The Emperor orders the death of the deceitful Minister. But Mao escapes beyond the kingdom into the land of the Tartars. The Kahn of the Tartars has him taken prisoner. In hope of saving his life,



Otto Sarony Co.

EMMY WEHLEN
Now appearing in "A Winsome Widow," at the Moulin Rouge

Mao shows the portrait of Tchao-Kiun, which so impresses the Kahn that he declares war upon the Emperor to possess her. Mao is executed by the Tartars.

Rather than give up the woman he loves, the Emperor renounces his people, his throne, his ancestors and his gods, but Tchao-Kiun refuses to let him sacrifice so much. She will go to the Tartar chief. While crossing into the Kahn's territory with the messengers he has sent for her, she throws herself into a river and is drowned. The Emperor gains strength by the thought of her sacrifice, and makes a vow to rule his kingdom with wisdom and justice.

Probably all this has been very much modernized in its translation from Chinese into French, and from French into English. At any rate, it is very curious to see some familiar melodramatic tricks in this play that has survived after so many centuries. Conspirators plot, and villains do their dirty work, in robes of silk. It is a very simple story in a way, and practically carries itself. That is probably the secret of its survival. It would not stand a great deal of questioning, because there are many improbabilities and undeniably dull moments. It would take very little insight to discover its weaknesses; but all in all, it is not uninteresting. It is a curiosity that is intelligently acted by capable people.

Miss Edith Wynne Matthison was quite effective as the flower of the palace, and her touch of affectation at times may be forgiven in consideration of the material with which she had to work. Reginald Barlow, as the Minister of State, was very wicked, and carried off the honors of the piece by dying a deliciously violent death. Frank Reicher is no Chinese Emperor. He tried very hard to think that he didn't see the flaws of the piece, and did probably more than many another actor would under the same circumstances. Wilfrid North, as the Kahn, looked magnificent, but he jumbled his words.

THE LITTLE THEATRE. "THE TERRIBLE MEEK." Play in one act by Charles Rann Kennedy. Produced on March 19th with this cast:

An Army Captain.....Sidney Valentine A Soldier.....Reginald Barlow
A Peasant Woman..Edith W. Matthison

One had to be good-natured to forgive "The Flower of the Palace of Han," but "The Terrible Meek" was an imposition. It is about as stupid an offering as has been presented of late years by a professional company. When Charles Rann Kennedy wrote "The Servant in the House," he evidenced his belief that the success of the play was due to its religious teachings. The success of that play was due to its sensationalism, and it was more sensational than anything ever presented in the theatres of the East Side. Mr. Kennedy must have realized this element in his success, for while he makes "The Terrible Meek" deal with religious platitudes, he makes his scene revolting to every clean mind, and his finish a shock to an audience, who can scarcely comprehend the audacity of any man in handling a subject so sacred. He takes an unfair advantage of his audience by withholding information to create suspense. It is a device that has been abused more than any other upon the stage. In this case, it is carried to such an extreme that the audience cares little about what the withheld information is.

Out of the darkness comes the voice of a woman sobbing as if her heart will break; a man's voice tries to comfort her, but she repulses him, telling him that he has the "smell of death upon him." It may be a bedroom, or a police court, almost anything but what it is. Our imagination can run as to the identity of the characters. Facts are not established.

When, after a long period, a little patch of moonlight shows us a robed figure seated near a post, and a woman prostrated at the foot of that post, it is with repugnance that we gather that we are at the foot of a gallows upon which a man is hung; we can almost see him dangling in the breeze, while his mother below treats us to such beautiful descriptions of dripping blood, and of the mangled breast, that we feel, more than anything else, like going home to forget it. We presently discover that the robed figure is a captain; this



Otto Sarony Co. BLANCHE RING
Now appearing at George M. Cohan's Theatre in "The Wall Street Girl"

information from a sentry who comes with a lantern, that for some mysterious reason fails to give any light to speak of. A little color is given by a Cockney accent upon the sentry's part. Who are these soldiers? What country do they represent? In what conflict are they engaged? Those facts are not established to the end of the piece. The Captain is conscience-stricken, because it was his order that caused this woman's son to be hung. The only thing that prevents him from converting the sentry to his way of thinking, is that killing is the sentry's business; and the sentry, if under orders, would "shoot God Almighty 'imself if 'e come out of 'eaven."

It would be to no purpose to describe any more of this rubbish; suffice it to say that the Captain begs the mother's forgiveness, receives it, and goes to his death for refusing to obey his General, who has sent him orders, by the sentry, to do some more killing. A transformation now takes place, and for the first time we definitely see who these people are; while the supposed gallows, now seen in entirety, is Christ upon the cross. Two other crosses hold the traditional thieves. The Captain is a Roman soldier; the mother a poor peasant woman, plainly the Virgin Mary, and the sentry a soldier of a nondescript type. We have come to know Charles Rann Kennedy as a man of sincere and deeply religious feeling; but this work, which can be judged only for itself, verges close on the blasphemous. As it stands, it is distinctly stupid, and with about every fault that a play could have, filled with tiresome repetition, preachments and unestablished facts. The underlying idea could be presented in dramatic form; but given so that its entire significance is clear, it would be swept from the stage by popular indignation. It is one of a large class of plays called impossible. For the information of the curious, it may be said that the title comes from the relentless power of those who are dead and gone, to move conscience and to sway destiny.

Miss Edith Wynne Matthison did all she could as the poor peasant mother. Mr. Sidney Valentine was entirely sincere as the Captain, while Mr. Reginald Barlow carried off the honors of this piece as he did the other one, in his characterization of the sentry. "The Terrible Meek" really applies to the audience.

MOULIN ROUGE. "A WINSOME WIDOW." Comedy in three acts, founded on "A Trip to Chinatown," by Charles H. Hoyt; music by Raymond Hubbell. Produced April 11 with the following cast:

Mrs. Gadder.....Fawn Conway	Mrs. Duer.....Natalie Dagwell
Mrs. Noyes.....Katherine Smythe	Mrs. Guyer.....Emmy Wehlen
Mrs. Howell.....Lottie Vernon	Willie Grow.....Kathleen Clifford
Mrs. Flippant.....Marie Baxter	Welland Strong.....Harry Conor
Flirt .....Ethel Kelley	Noah .....Frank Tinney
Slavin .....Harry Kelly	Bryton Early .....Sidney Jarvis
Rashleigh Gay.....Charles J. Ross	Rosie, Jenny.....Dolly Twins
Wilder Daly.....Charles King	Le Petite Daffy. .....Mae West
Ben Gay.....Leon Errol	M. McGinnis.....Jack Clifford
Tony .....Ida Adams	Mlle. Bridgite.....Irene Weston
Isabel .....Elizabeth Brice	Proprietor of Cliff House....C. Mitchell

Under the producing management of Florenz Ziegfield, the New York Theatre is now known as the Moulin Rouge. Its first piece is a musical comedy entitled "A Winsome Widow," which for its story has as basis Charles Hoyt's "A Trip to Chinatown," one of his most successful and characteristic satirical comedies, written in the fulness of his genius and of his command of effective incidents and details. The play itself is, as is natural in the circumstances, not sustained in its original compactness, but the rare spirit of Hoyt is there. Harry Conor, the original Welland Strong, is there, too, with his appliances to test the state of his health at any moment, seeking pleasure in defiance of the admonitions of science. The Hoyt play has a right to the new music and dancing that has come up in the very latest moments of the dance of the world after pleasure. There are novelties introduced that the old piece knew nothing of. The new thing, something used for the very first time as a part of a play on any stage, was the ice palace, in which, on a surface of ice, the entire company in carnival dress and on steel runners held revelry. Miss Kathleen Pope and George Kirner gave a wonderful exhibition of fancy skating, making rhythmical evolutions and accomplishing all the effects of dancing with an ease and grace that seemed to add something new to the art of skating as well as to that of dancing. The curtain having been lowered on the preceding scene in order to employ the time required for the setting of the new one, Mr. Frank Tinney, who had already ingratiated himself with us as the waiter, with a black face, held the audience highly entertained while he hurried matters up by frequent consultations at the wings as to the progress of the work behind the curtain. That the entertainment is better than most of its kind is largely due to the spirit of Hoyt, but Mr. Ziegfield has shown remarkable judgment in the choice of his people as well as considerable refinement in the means employed for the sensual, and not indelicate, gratification of the senses appealed to in comic opera. Miss Emmy Wehlen, as the widow, lacking a little in the warmth that is perhaps required in the professional stage widow, is yet pleasant to look upon, and sings so well that the absence of professional amative aggressiveness is atoned for. The opera has the one defect of superabundance. Notable in any cast would have been Charles Ross, Harry Kelley, Charles King, Leon Erroll, Katherine Brice, May West and the Dolly Twins, in addition to those already mentioned. The dances and songs are of unusual quality, the transformations in costume ingenious and in good taste, while the permutations of the idea of the widow, reflected by the chorus, as in a glass, make an insistence on the supposed enticements of that particular that seems to indicate that, on the stage at least, all widows are invincible, wise, beautiful, and in every way delectable, and for stage purposes inexhaustible.



FRAULEIN GRETE WEISENTHAL
Viennese interpretive dancer now making her American début at the Winter Garden, this city

---

BERKELEY LYCEUM. "THE FATHER." Play in three acts by August Strindberg. Produced April 9 with the following cast:

A Captain of Cavalry....Warner Oland	The Pastor.....Harry Dodd
Laura .....Rosalind Ivan	The Nurse.....Louise Dempsey
Bertha .....Helen Pullman	Nöjd .....Frederic Burt
Dr. Ostermark.....Robt. Kegerreis	The Orderley.....Joseph Boardman, Jr.

Which came first, the hen or the egg? This riddle, propounded long before Strindberg ever thought of writing plays, has been decided so many times one way *(Continued on page xiv)*



Matzene

A NEW PORTRAIT OF MARGARET ILLINGTON, NOW APPEARING WITH GREAT SUCCESS ON THE PACIFIC COAST IN CHARLES KENYON'S DRAMA, "KINDLING"

A Chat with Margaret Illington

MARGARET ILLINGTON has achieved almost the impossible.

In three respects has this young woman, brimming with vitality and of tremendous dynamic power, overlaid with marvelous dramatic control, done what I have known no one else to do. She retired from the stage a strong and promising young actress. In three years she returned to it with such accumulation of new power, with dramatic perceptions so developed, that a seer among managers went back to pay his respects, and, grasping both her hands, said to her: "I never praised you before, for I never cared greatly for your work. Now I say to you that you are the hope of the tragic stage in America!"

She has forced American play-goers to swallow a tremendous moral lesson with their amusement in "Kindling," Charles Kenyon's drama of a young wife in the slums who stole for her unborn child, and whose husband took upon himself the blame.

A band of nineteen writers, representing many complexions of thought, seeing that a gem-like play and a brilliant player were being overlooked by New York theatre-goers, athirst for new sensations and disregarding a most potent sensation at their doorsteps, organized for propaganda of play and player. The organization was effected too late, for the play's stay of three weeks at old Daly's, of classic dramatic memories in New York, was nearing the end, but the writers wrote and circularized and petitioned to such good effect that before she had been in that city a week it was declared, "Chicago has gone Illington crazy," and her success in that city and in her subsequent Pacific Coast tour was enormous. At the time the organization took form not one of the writers knew Miss Illington. Latterly she was the grateful guest at several meetings of her loyal disciples, who named themselves "The Kindling Association."

It was late in the afternoon. The damp dusk had for an hour been pierced by street lamps. In some New York homes fashionable women were finishing their beauty naps. In others they had begun dressing for dinner. But Margaret Illington, with an exacting performance an hour and a half away, and another of the day before still taking its toll of her strength, was as fresh and glowing as a rose in a June dawn. Two women callers were gurgling happily with their hostess over a dwarf Christmas

tree, sent from her country home in Washington. She was sniffing the fragrant bit of evergreen delightedly and laughing at the childishly gaudy tinsel with which it had been decorated before it was sent on its journey to the East. When the callers had made their adieux, the actress sat beside me on the divan in a corner of the cosy drawing-room of her hotel suite. She is a chummy young person, wholly natural and it seemed quite in the ordinary course of events that she should be rattling happily on about former times and friends in common, her hand on my knee, her face radiant as a happy schoolgirl's, until the entrance of her husband restored us to the exigencies of the moment.

"Dearest," she said to the broad-shouldered, fair-haired man with a kindly face and quiet manner, who came in with a vigorous stride, the dampness but none of the murk of the evening clinging to him, "I've been talking about friendly things, and we haven't got to the interview yet. This is my husband," she said, her hand on his shoulder. "Don't you think he's a dear, look?" She regarded him admiringly, the expression of a lasting bridehood in her eyes.



Photo James & Bushnell

VIRGINIA PEARSON
Leading woman for Robert Hilliard in Porter Emerson Browne's play, "A Fool There Was"

We sat down again and, with Mr. E. J. Bowes and myself conscious of the moments galloping on toward the hour for the performance, the talk grew graver. The smiling woman with the happy eyes, in her lace frock with its sky-blue silk tunic, looked like the fortunate sister of the unfortunate Maggie Schultze of "Kindling." I told her this and she said: "Maggie is a simple creature. But, then—so am I."

"But that frock," I objected, surveying its frost-like beauty with the two eyes, appreciation and envy with which women look at clothes lovelier than their own.

"That is for you," she stoutly maintained. "If I were sitting here with my husband I should be wearing a simple gown."

"Then you didn't find Maggie's big shoes and coarse skirt and ill-fitting coat hateful?"

"Not at all. I only thought of the poor girl's agony of soul, not of her outward trappings. It was the inner, not the outward, Maggie that concerned me."

"You didn't mind looking plain?" I asked, much surprised. "Not a bit," she answered, as if clothes were of no consequence. "A woman's vanity—" I began in a kind of apologetic way.

"This woman hasn't any." Mr. Bowes looked with manly approval at his sumptuously handsome wife.

"No, I haven't. I wish I had," she replied. "I really think it is better for a woman to have considerable vanity. It helps her over the hard places of life."

"You make Maggie look like the original of one of the Dutch masterpieces," I reflected. "One of Rubens' women, is it?"

"I don't know, but I do know that I hark back to the Pennsylvania stock, those plain, sturdy people who live around Lebanon, where the famous bretzels are made. Light is my family name, and there are ever so many Lights about Lebanon. My grandfather was a preacher in that neighborhood of the United Brethren Church, a rather local organization. That was on my mother's side. On my father's I had a clerical grandfather. He built the High Street Baptist Church in Cincinnati."

"Oratory and the drama are near allied," we ventured.

"I believe they are," she assented, "and so is writing. The writer on human topics has a great deal in common with the actress. He or she must get down, too, to the vital things of life."

Miss Illington shook her sleek, dark head, poised so attractively on a remarkably full, round throat, at the suggestion of the always interesting and often baffling subject of heredity.

"I don't know," she said. "It would be a fascinating theme if it were not so puzzling. It won't always work out as mathematics do. Whether the presence of preachers in the family accounts for the acting gift I don't know. But I believe that the tremendous feeling that enables one to understand and portray a primitive nature I owe to my dear, dead father. There was a rare sympathy between my father and me, more than existed between mother and myself, though no one has a better mother than I. But father and I saw things alike and understood each other. Most of the joy of life is being understood.

"Once he was very ill, and I hurried back to Bloomington, Ill.,



Hall RUTH MAYCLIFFE
Appearing in "Officer 666" at the Gaiety Theatre



White EMILY ANN WELLMAN
Playing the rôle of Letty in "Elevating a Husband" at the Liberty



White VIVIAN MARTIN
Appearing in "Officer 666" at the Gaiety Theatre

to see him, I feared, for the last time. But when I was taken to his sick room I grasped his dear hands and called, 'Father, come back, I need you!' He did come back, and when he was strong enough to talk he said, 'I heard you calling me. It seemed from a long distance, and I tried to come to you.' I did need him terribly, and in the long illness when my reason was despaired of he took me home. He stayed with me until he saw me happy in my own home. Then I think he felt that his work was done and he left us.

"Dear father! He taught me to be honest with myself. And that honesty clears our vision of strong, simple natures like Maggie Schultz. She was a woman who had a single idea, her home. She loved the child that was coming to her out of the darkness, because it was Heinie's child. Her affection was a terrible thing, that swept aside such slight consideration as ownership of ribbons and jewels. I never thought of her as a local type, but as a universal one. I never saw the wives of the slaughter-house employees in Chicago, big, strong, dumb, pathetic women that I have heard and read about, of course, but I looked down into my own heart to study Maggie. I studied her principally while I was taking long walks. I walk a great deal and do my deepest thinking then. But Eddie helped me in a thousand ways. For instance, I have a long talk with you to-day; I absorb ideas and impressions from you. I do not know it at the time, but next week, or month, or six months from now, they come back to me, and my work takes on some new color or tint from them. But one very definite thing he did was to teach me the vernacular of persons of Maggie's order."

"A real estate man knocks about a great deal and knows all sorts of people." Mr. Bowes took up the thread of conversation. "And I knew how the people who lived around the Barbary Coast talked. Mrs. Bowes' diction is the purest. Henry Miller said it was not English English, nor American English, but real English. She had to be taught vernacular, but in all matters pertaining to the actual drama her instinct is unerring."

"How did you discover 'Kindling'?"

"You tell her, Eddie. My husband discovered it."

"We were touring in a French play that wasn't satisfactory." Mr. Bowes looked pleasantly reminiscent. "A man who had seen our play asked me if I had heard of a play about a young mother who stole ribbons for the baby that was coming, and whose husband went to jail in her place. I told him I hadn't, but the idea fired my imagination. He told me it was written by a young newspaper man named Kenyon. I remembered that I had done some real estate business for his father. I began telephoning him, and finally got him. The play in its rough draft was sent me by messenger, and I received it as we were taking a train at Oakland. I read it on the train. It had been expanded from a twenty-minute one-act play, 'The Greatest of These.' The melodrama was softened; for instance, we cut out the swinging of the axe on the cradle and cutting it to pieces. We sent for a well-known producer and asked his criticisms and directions during rehearsals. We were all willing to learn, my wife most of all, but when he had gone we drifted back into the production as my wife first directed it, and it was in that way you have seen it."



Photo Holmes & Bishop
MISS WINIFRED ARTHUR JONES
Daughter of Henry Arthur Jones, who has created a favorable impression on the English stage. Her first American appearance was made in "Lydia Gilmore"

We talked of "The Thief," the young American actress' year of the Bernstein play in New York, as against the less than three weeks later played by Mme. Simone, the French woman who was in the eye of the author's mind when he wrote it.

"I saw Mme. Simone's performance and liked it," said the original American "Thief." "Granted her conception of it, it was a flawless portrayal. Mme. Simone thought

(*Continued on page xiii*)



SCENE IN ACT I OF MASSENET'S OPERA, "MANON," AT THE METROPOLITAN

Close of the Opera Season

THE big official padlock has been hung at the front door of the Metropolitan Opera House, the song-birds have flown in the directions of the four winds: some home to rest, others to Europe and South America to pick up some more coin of the respective realms. In a word, the opera season of 1911-12 is over. Instead of dawdling to its close, as has been the custom with almost every opera season since time began, the present season has gone to its end with a spurt. Surely no Metropolitan subscriber may complain of lack of novelty and interest this year. During these final four weeks there have been the première of "Mona," the revival of "Manon," and the Metropolitan début of an American singer, Mme. Charles-Cahier.

First to "Mona." As knows all the world that runs and reads, "Mona" was the American opera that won the ten-thousand-dollar prize in competition offered by the directors of the Metropolitan. The libretto is by Brian Hooker, the music by Horatio W. Parker, professor of music at Yale. Both are Americans, but the story of the opera is placed in Southwestern Britain, the end of the first century and during the Roman occupation. It deals with the love of Quintus for Mona. He is the son of the Roman Governor by an English woman, and is known to the natives as Gwynn; she is a princess of Britain. The natives are rising in revolt against Roman rule, and Mona believes herself chosen as their leader—a sort of Druid Joan of Arc. Quintus follows her into the strife and saves her life, but she is so fanatic in her devotion to the cause of the people that she all but delivers him over to them as a traitor. He pleads unavailingly with her not to wage battle, but the fight begins and the Britains are routed and many killed. Quintus again pleads with her for peace, tells her he is the son of the Governor; and she, first believing him a traitor, now thinks him a liar, and kills him. The Romans arrive, she finds that all Quintus has told her is the truth, and she is led away captive.

This skeleton of the story is enough to show that the tale has poetic merit, and the lines themselves have literary value. But—the merit and the value are for the library more than for the opera house. There are few thrilling grand opera moments, and the climaxes are not worked up with dramatic skill.

As for Parker's music, it is scholarly, well conceived, well orchestrated and—lacking in inspiration. It reeks of the midnight oil. and is miles away from the glare of footlights. The orchestral introduction is by far the best, for it really fills the listener with hope for the cause of American opera. But the promises thus expressed in music do not materialize in the opera itself. The latter grows very tedious; its themes do not grip; its lyric portions do not charm. Such big mass writing, as the chorus at the end of the second act, is effective, as is also the march of the Roman soldiers. But Professor Parker has come a cropper in the same way that so many other composers have fallen who do not know their opera house, namely, his recitatives are uninteresting and suggest the oratorio platform far more than the grand opera stage.

"Mona" was sung in English. But it was with difficulty that the audience understood much of the text, although the cast was composed entirely of Americans, with one exception, namely, Reiss. And



Gerlach

GERALDINE FARRAR AS MANON

it was just Reiss' diction that was clearest of all.

The production was excellent. The three scenes were built by Paquerau, of Paris; the costumes were handsome, and no end of labor had been devoted to rehearsing. Homer was admirable in the title rôle, Martin sang Quintus less happily, for the music seemed not to lie right for him; Griswold was excellent as the Roman Governor; Reiss was capital as a changeling, and Witherspoon did some excellent character acting in the rôle of a brusque Briton. Hertz conducted the score with all possible pains, and let escape no opportunities to make this opera as successful as possible.

The première, first performance on any stage, occurred Thursday evening, March 14th. Composer and librettist were called before the curtain many times, as were conductor and singers, and the auditorium was crowded to its capacity. So the cause of American opera, sung in English, was started toward its goal or fate with full acclaim. Here is a complete cast of the première:

Mona, Louise Homer; Enya, Rita Fornia; Arth, Herbert Witherspoon; Gloom, William Hinshaw; Nial, Albert Reiss; Caradoc, Lambert Murphy; the Roman Governor of Britain, Putnam Griswold; Quintus, Riccardo Martin; an Old Man, Basil Ruysdael.

Next in importance was the revival of Massenet's "Manon," heard for the first time in two years. It is safe to say that never has a Metropolitan audience heard so interesting a presentation of the familiar French work. Toscanini conducted it, and he turned some of this appealing, though saccharine, music into sounds of dramatic climaxes; he loosed all the lyric sweetness of the work, and he made it appear less fragmentary. This little man of the baton is a wizard, be the opera French, Italian or German.

And it was finely sung, Caruso, as Des Grieux, singing with beauty of tone as seldom heard here, even from this golden throat. Geraldine Farrar was extraordinarily fine in the title part, and Gilly was a satisfying Lescaut. The big public responded to this revival most liberally, and it proved one of the most satisfying performances of the season.



MADAME CHARLES-CAHIER
American contralto who made her New York opera début at the Metropolitan recently

Now to the American contralto, Mme. Charles-Cahier, who sang but twice. She is a native of Tennessee, has sung in opera in Nice and Vienna, and made her New York opera début as Azucena in "Il Trovatore." She fell below Metropolitan standards, although she is an intelligent artist, and her acting is dramatic and temperamental. The voice has a tremolo that mars it, and its volume seemed insufficient for this big house. Her full, upper tones were strident, but the singing of mezzo voce passages was quite pleasing. But she lacks a certain, convincing greatness so necessary for the Metropolitan.

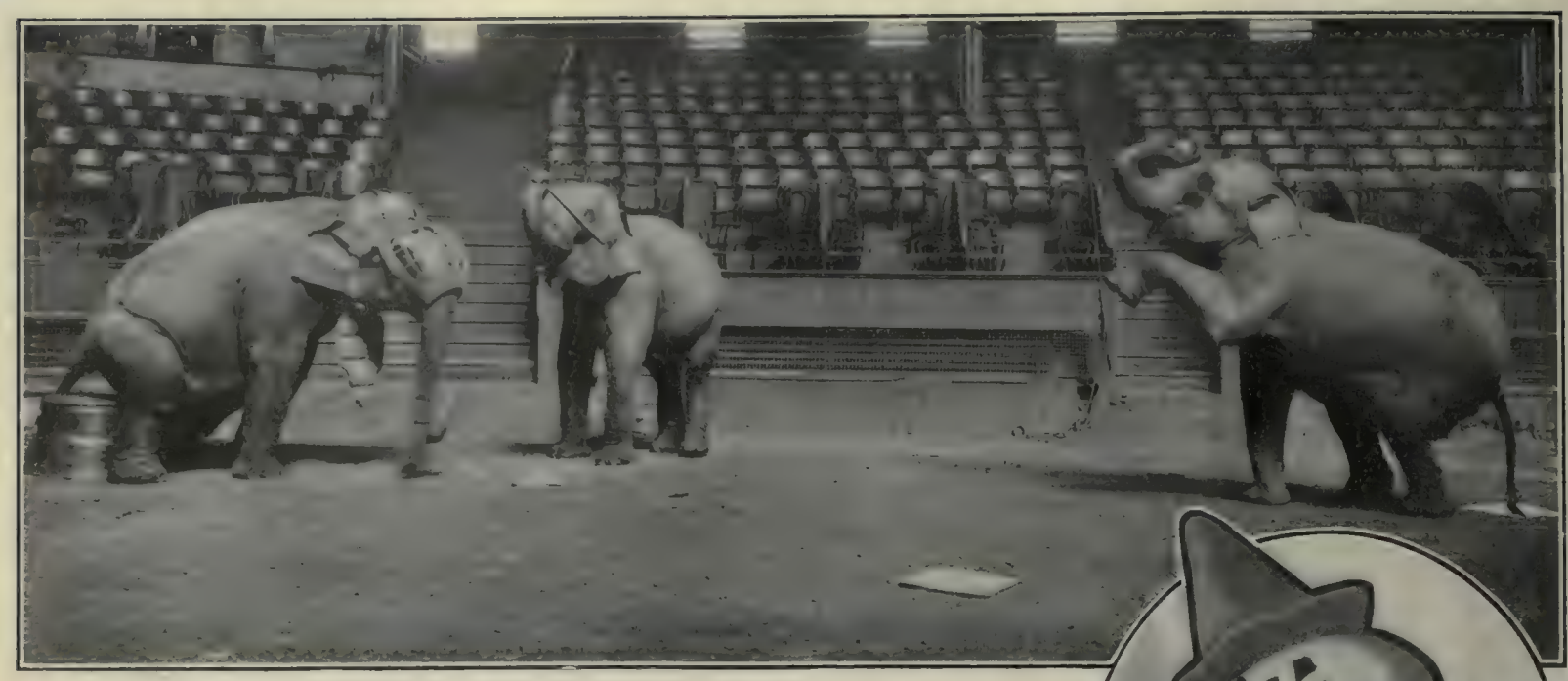
Then there was the season's first "Die Meistersinger," which was a joy to hear. Destinn was a wonderful Eva, Weil sang Sachs very well, though he was hardly jovial enough in its conception. Goritz' Beckmesser was again a marvel of humor, and Jörn was a lyric Walther. Toscanini made the work sing and sparkle with life and melody.

The Philadelphia-Chicago Company concluded their series of performances by repeating their success, "The Jewels of the Madonna," and also giving the season's only "Thaïs," with Mary Garden again in the title rôle, Renaud, as Athanael, and Dalmores, as Nicias. Campanini conducted, and the opera was well received, although the performance itself was scarcely up to the standards of the artists who appeared in it.

So much for the opera season—the most artistic and successful ever given at the Metropolitan.

As for concerts, there has been an unusually interesting list of offerings. The most important

(*Continued on page xii*)



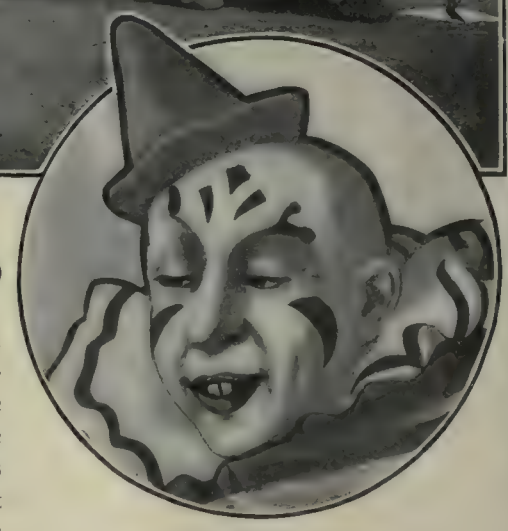
TEACHING THE ELEPHANTS TO PLAY BASEBALL

REHEARSING THE CIRCUS

REHEARSING The Greatest Show on Earth—"the grandest and biggest, most lavish, stupendous amusement of unbelievable magnitude, whose triumphs reach the four corners of the earth; with its many new and amazing features never before seen anywhere in the world, etc., etc." in the flamboyant language of the press agent—is no small job. Finding the South Pole is not nearly so great a task as raising the centre pole and bringing order out of chaos in the conglomeration that is carried about in the train of red wagons. With the circus every day is moving day, with its attendant manifold details and hustle and bustle of the circus man to put his house in order.

And its wonders are not so much in the show the audience sees, strange though this may be, as in the working details that lie hidden just beyond the public's view. It is given to no layman and to but few circus people to realize the scope of a circus organization. No other human institution is so generally known and so little understood. And no other thing so vast in dimensions springs so quickly into existence in a community or is so slow of growth. Contrary to popular notion about its being put up by the rub of a lamp, it is built slowly and with the greatest conceivable care.

All winter the trainers have been busy teaching the elephants and the other animal performers new tricks, and rehearsing them in the old ones. To teach an elephant to dance a hornpipe, to play a barrel-organ, to play baseball, to beat a drum, to play upon a brass trombone, and, the hardest task of all, to make him stand on his front feet, while his rear extremities point in the direction of ten o'clock, are achievements which require patient hours, and many of them; and these are given ungrudgingly by the trainers during the long winter months while the circus is at rest—and what is called "rest" with a circus is really a continuation under different circumstances of the "strenuous life" of the showman.



With the first signs of spring comes the flapping of the circus tent. After a winter of training at Bridgeport, Barnum and Bailey's Show comes to New York for its annual opening at the Madison Square Garden—this year for the last time, much to be regretted, since commercialism, in downing civic pride, has doomed the Garden, which for many years has been the scene of gala circus first nights. Here the real rehearsals begin. First, as *en tour,* the "lot" is "layed out." That is, the location of the rings and the course of the track are made with tape lines. Then a gang of circus laborers are set to work spading up the track, levelling it, and in dumping and spreading the tanbark. The tanbark, however, is not put on until the day before the opening, because of the mess occasioned by the carpenters and others at work on the building of the show. Simultaneously with the road builders the circus structural workers begin to hang the rigging, and then the aerial apparatus—trapezes and other mid-air "props," stretch nets. etc.—these under the direction of the people who are going to use them. As soon as this work is done, the performers test their aerial apparatus, with



MAY WIRTH, AUSTRALIAN BARE-BACK RIDER, ON HER CREAM STALLION

Scenes in H. Kellett Chambers' Play "The Right to be Happy"



Photos White

Edmund Breese Dorothy Donnelly
Act I. "I want to have that paper"



Dorothy Donnelly Leslie Faber
Act. II. "I knew that I could trust you"



Dorothy Donnelly Edmund Breese Leslie Faber
Act III. "She was mine. You can have her now"

its bewildering wires and ropes, to make sure that everything is all right and safe. In the meantime the three rings are being made, stages built, the menagerie and side-shows laid out, and already the track rehearsals have begun with chariot and other races.

To the visitor looking on, hemmed in by a tangle of ropes and other appurtenances of the show which litter the arena, it is all a hopeless looking jumble. How a smooth, orderly, finished performance could ever be brought out of it seems a question unanswerable. To add to the topsy-turviness of things this year at the far end of the Garden some three hundred men were hammering and pounding away on the building of a mammoth double stage for the grand new spectacle "Cleopatra," which, for the first time in the history of the circus, does away with the time-honored, old-fashioned tournament or pageant — the grand parade that always opened each performance of the circus.

Standing to one side, with hat pushed back on his head, is Alf. T. Ringling, the Circus King, directing a thousand and one details connected with the circus. Over in the first ring is "Bud" Gorman, the equestrian director, who, in a theatre, would be the stage director. Encircling the ring is a fine, large, cream stallion, on whose broad back a captivatingly pretty Australian girl of seventeen years is turning from twenty to thirty somersaults backward and forward. She is May Wirth, who was born in a red wagon of her parents' "wagon show," in far-away Australia. Miss Wirth is the newest circus rider marvel — a star bareback er. Her act and that of "The Great Wirth Family" is one of the crowning features of this year's show.

In the third ring a young woman in street dress sits in a handsome trap, putting a trick *haute école* horse through his paces. At the tap of a whip the beautiful animal kneels down, lies down in the shafts, dances or paws the air, while half a dozen grimy canvasmen plunge in and out of the ring rehearsing their part of the performance, which consists in rolling out the great carpets which cover the tanbark of the rings, and rolling them up again at the sound of a whistle from the boss. The clever horse never notices them as they run in and out under his nose. His work is to stand, or lie, or pose, as his mistress commands, and he attends strictly to business. Other canvasmen in other parts of the arena are busily engaged in rehearsing, also setting up nets under the flying trapeze, and handling a scores of "props" with astonishing and bewildering deftness.



JANE GROVER
Seen in Chicago recently as the Countess in "The Pink Lady Co."

On the stage next to the ring a company of twenty-one Japanese Strong Men are going through their extraordinary gymnastic and balancing stunts, juggling little tots who go up to the top of the tottering poles held by their father, who is all the time looking all about them. To one side of the stage the head of the "family" is carefully examining the poles and ladders used by these acrobatic wizards, and in a corner a human pyramid is in the building by others of the troupe. Above their heads an aerial acrobat of the sensational Siegrist Troupe, after testing the fastenings of his lofty apparatus, dives out into space in a most wonderful wizard-whirling aeroplane way, only to spin high over the three rings and two stages to the opposite side, and there seizes hold of a bar as you hold your breath and clinch your fists.

Another member of this troupe of human aerial torpedos is busily engaged in testing some more apparatus strung high up under the "big top" — for, even Madison Square Garden, to the circus man, is the "big top." In his mouth is a corncob pipe, and his clothing is protected by a pair of white overalls. He climbs around the swinging platform, throws his weight on knots and braces, and smokes as calmly as though he were on the ground thirty feet below, instead of clambering upon an unsteady affair of ropes and bars.

A team of bareback riders hold the next ring—a man and a woman limbering up for the big show. The woman does not have on the fluffy gauze skirts, the gleaming tights, or the rose in her hair, which have from time immemorial been the salient parts of a circus equestrienne's make-up. She wears a bloomer suit of flannel, black stockings and cloth sandals. The great lumbering white horse gallops amiably around the ring while the riders dance upon his broad back, rush at him from convenient angles and spring upon him, stand upon their hands, and otherwise have fun with him. And, standing in the centre of the ring, in a revolving poise, cracking the whip is Ringmaster John Ducander, wearing the largest moustache in captivity.

Miss Wirth having left the first ring, Berzac's Marvelous Mules bound into it, and stubbornly rehearse their stubborn act. All the while "Bud" Gorman is moving around and about the arena with a scenario in his hand assigning entrances and exits, and pulling the acts together. Then a whistle blows, and the track is cleared. An



White

HERBERT AYLING
Well-known character actor at present appearing as Mr. Bicksett in "Monsieur Beaucaire" at Daly's Theatre

instant later eight horses, two abreast, are led out into the arena for the initial rehearsal of the tandem race, with women riders. Quickly, like a zephyr, eight women leap upon the horses' backs, one foot on each, and stand erect awaiting the crack of the whip to start. One of these, a little black-haired child wearing a red shirtwaist, short black skirt reaching above the knees, and felt dancer's slippers, who hardly appears to be over fifteen or sixteen years old, is standing on the back of a pair of blacks that haven't been on the tanbark all winter, and are impatiently digging their hoofs into it in their eagerness to be off. She is little Lucile King. Though littler'n a minute, she has more nerve in her little body than ten men and a couple of lions to boot.

The whip cracks, and the race is on. It is a real race—those circus people may live in the land of "Make Believe," but they do try to win those races. Around the arena they tear, each woman standing erect and lashing her horses like mad. Twice they flash around, and then the child's foot slips. Before she can recover her balance she has fallen between the two rearing steeds, her left leg thrown over the inner horse's neck. The other women, though with fear for the child in their hearts, do not stop—that isn't part of the game! Instead, they lash their horses harder.

With rare presence of mind the child checks up her horses as best she can, and in a jiffy, too, and, drawing herself up, throws her body forward across the off horse's back. Few divine her purpose—but the equestriennes all know. With a great heave she throws her body clear of the horses and on to the tanbark, clutching tightly to the reins and holding on, though dragged along the ground, until the horses come to a stop.

"No, I'm not hurt," she exclaims, "and I'm going to ride 'em, too!"

"Why did you change horses, and fall from the off horse?" she was asked.

"They were turning, and if I'd have fallen from the first they'd have stepped on me that way," she replied, carelessly, as she hastily remounted, the while gritting her teeth in plucky determination. And she did ride them, too—and for three triple stretches!

The track being left clear of flying steeds, out tumble into the arena an army, fifty strong, of clowns that look like anything but their kind, in their sweaters and overalls and without their motley make-up. The first part of the clown's rehearsal consists in pacing off the track and timing their walk. This they always do the first thing when they get under the "big top" for rehearsal. You may not think it, but many of their "acts"—stunts—are worked out with mathematical precision, and they always have to know just how many steps it will be necessary to take this way or that, and how many tumbles and rolls in the tanbark will give the proper "atmosphere" to their tricks.

But, clowns out of motley are not particularly inspiring. They would never be picked out of the big crowd of circus people as the men who light firecrackers under one another, chase a football around the ring, and roll in the sawdust for the delectation of the crowd.

Through the maze of men and horses, performing seals, and a pair of pigs, which a stolid little German is rehearsing in a new act in the centre ring, down by the performer's entrance at the far end of the Garden—pardon, "Big Top"—Mr. Alf T. Ringling, with scenario in his hand, is rehearsing a Roman mob, consisting of an army drafted from Bowery lodging houses, for the opening scene in the new great spectacle, "Cleopatra," on the huge double stage, built to hold 1,250 persons, 650 horses, a ballet of 300, a chorus of 300, 50 electricians, 50 stage hands, and 40 property men! Shades of Reinhardt and "Oedipus Rex"!

Unable to secure a *new* "thriller" for the circus this year, the ever alert Ringling Brothers have started out to outdo Professor Max Reinhardt in the production of a wordless play. Just as "Sumurun" was preceded by a spoken prologue, "Cleopatra" has a spoken "starter-off." And, it is not easy to drill an actor to say his lines so that they will "get over" in the "Big Top," or Madison Square Garden! It took Mr. Ringling *(Continued on page xi)*



Photo Moffett

MARIE DORO

Now appearing at the Empire Theatre as Oliver in "Oliver Twist"



Photo Foley, N. Y.

SANDERSON MOFFAT
Who originated the rôle of Weelum in New York

KATIE MOFFAT
Who originated the rôle of Bunty

The Real Story of "Bunty"

ONE of the most astonishing successes of the present theatrical season has been "Bunty Pulls the Strings," the Scotch play which has been presented continuously at the Comedy Theatre, this city, since October 10, 1911. The total earnings of the play in England and America, up to the present date, amount to $1,162,000. It came to New York with the endorsement of great popularity in London, where, by the way, it is still being presented, but none of our local theatrical wiseacres anticipated any such sensation as awaited the play here. A good-natured satire on Scotch life and manners, the play caught on instantly. Not because Mr. Moffat's comedy is a great piece of theatrical workmanship, because it is not. Not because the players are artists of superlative excellence, for they are not. It owes its success to its wholesome, homely truth and the skillful, natural methods by which the characters are naturalized and made breathing human entities. It is a *genre* picture of Scottish life. While it does not hold the Scotch up to ridicule, its humor is all at the expense of inherent Scotch traits, and its plot reflects little credit upon Scotch sanctimony. If the same umbrage were taken at "Bunty" that the Irish took at "The Play Boy," we might have seen a few riots in the little theatre on Forty-first Street.



GRAHAM MOFFAT
Author of "Bunty Pulls the Strings"

That "Bunty" is true to life is easily proven, for its author, Graham Moffat, admits that all the characters were taken from life almost intact, and that it is his own mother who was the model for the fascinating Bunty. And when you come to examine the matter carefully, you find that Bunty is in a way a family affair. The following facts in this connection are interesting:

Mrs. William Moffat was the model of her son, Graham Moffat, for Bunty; Sanderson Moffat, a brother of Graham, originated the "Weelum" in New York, where he is still playing it at the Comedy Theatre; Graham Moffat, his brother, wrote "Bunty" and played Tammas in the original Haymarket Theatre company; Watson Hume Moffat, a younger brother, originated the rôle of "Weelum" at the Haymarket Theatre, and is still playing there; Katie Moffat, a sister of Sanderson, originated the rôle of Bunty at the Haymarket Theatre and is still playing it there; Sister Nellie, now one of the best-known milliners in all Scotland, is the original of the character Teenie.



MRS. WILLIAM MOFFAT
The original model for the character of Bunty

The action of this charming little comedy takes place at Lintiehaugh, a few miles from Interleithen, where Mrs. Moffat's father had a big factory, and where she and her children spent all the time they could when not in Glasgow. The actual scene is that of Blane Valley Church, near Graham Moffat's Scottish home in Dumbartonshire.

The real story of "Bunty," how it came to be written, and its faithful picture of a noble woman's bringing up of her children on such slender means that she herself said she had to look on both sides of a penny before she spent it, is here set forth by Sanderson Moffat, the Weelum of the Comedy Theatre "Bunty" company. One of the most interesting phases of the actual story was the forced acceptance by Mrs. Moffat (whose husband was as staunch a Scotch Presbyterian as ever attended the Kirk, and whose training had been most strict and diametrically opposed to the stage) of the theatrical in her life. Though she had always regarded the stage and its associations as the most cunning snares of the devil, all of her children but one are on the stage, and she herself is now a constant theatre-goer.

"Yes," said Sanderson Moffat, or "Sandy," as his friends all call him, "my mother was my brother Graham's model for "Bunty," and though she is 73 years old now, she is as straight as a poker and every bit as much a manager as ever she was. My father was an elocutionist and lecturer, and one of the best-known men in Scotland. We lived in Glasgow in good circumstances until my father died, which was in the year of the Tay Bridge disaster in 1879, when a whole train went through a hole in the bridge and not a soul on it escaped. It was a sensational catastrophe, and is as much a reckoning time with us as the year of the blizzard or the panic with you in this country.

"My father, by the way, had a very narrow escape that night. He was on the very train which went through the bridge, which is the longest in the world, almost three miles long. He got off at the station, just before the train went on the trestle, to talk to a friend, and the train went off without him. It caused my mother



Photo White

EDITH WYNNE MATTHISON
As Tchao-Kiun in "The Flower of the Palace of Han," at the Little Theatre



Photo Strauss-Peyton

MISS GAIL KANE

Leading woman in Augustus Thomas' new play, "When It Comes Home," now running in Chicago.

a terrible night when she heard of the train going through the bridge, for she expected him on that train. And it was only six months later that he died in his bed, leaving her with a family of small children to bring up on a very meagre income. Graham was eight, Nell six, I was four, Watson two, and Katie a bairn in arms.

"The way she managed to keep us all in clothes and food was wonderful; her resource was infinite and her economy an awesome thing. And she brought us up in the austere atmosphere of the rigorous Scotch fear of God, as interpreted by the Calvinists. The picture shown in the first act of "Bunty" is no exaggeration. It was accounted a terrible sin to whistle, or even laugh, on Sunday. All the shades were drawn, and we were not permitted to look out of the window even, for fear of losing forever our hope of future happiness. Sundays were terrible days to us, I can tell you.

"As soon as we got to be fifteen or sixteen, mother secured positions for us with men who knew father. Graham became a clerk in the office of a liquor merchant; I was placed in the office of a calico printer, and Watson went into a coal master's office. Nell was apprenticed to a man milliner. But apparently none of us were cut out for business except Nell, who now has a millinery establishment in Dundee, and employs thirty-six assistants. It is one of the best known in Scotland. Graham took her for his model of the character of Teenie in the play. My mother lives with her in a beautiful home in Wormit-on-Tay, a fashionable suburb of Dundee.

"Graham stayed in the liquor merchant's office till he was twenty-two, and then some one was promoted to a position he thought he should have had, and he left. My father had trained him carefully in elocution, and he had done much private and church work of this kind while employed in the office. Now he took it up seriously, and took little Katie with him. They gave entertainments before church gatherings and in public halls, and soon Graham began to write sketches which he and Katie played, and he was very successful. Before he wrote 'Bunty' he had produced several plays, the best known of which are 'A Scrape of the Pen,' 'Till the Bells Ring' and 'The Concealed Bed,' the latter of which is coming to this country soon.

"Then he conceived the idea of dramatizing the home life of a humble Scotch family, and he took for his models his own home and his mother as the central character, with the changes necessary to give action and heart interest to the play. I want it clearly understood that Tammas has no prototype in our family, and is not patterned after my father or my mother's father. In the original company which produced 'Bunty' at the Haymarket Theatre, my brother Watson played Weelum, Graham played Tammas, and Katie played Bunty. It has been playing there since last June.

"Watson was a good-looking boy, and had a great love for the theatre; in fact, we sneaked away to the theatre every time we got a chance and a few shillings for a gallery seat. He was late one morning at the coal master's office, and was fired. He made application at once to the manager of a dramatic company, which was playing 'The Lady of the Lake,' and was given a walking-on part and allowed to understudy the rôle of the bridegroom, who grabs the fiery cross from the messenger right after the marriage. This fiery cross was a big, top-heavy thing, and the man who was playing the rôle, and had to catch it when it was thrown at him, had a hard time of it, and missed it several times, so the stage manager said, 'Let this boy try it,' and Watson caught it perfectly, and got the rôle. He made a good bridegroom, for he was not stout as he is now.

"I was already on the stage, and ran away to do it, for it was very distasteful to my mother. She told me that I was a sure mark for the devil, and was on the straight road to perdition. One morning the manager of the calico printing office found a playbook under my ledger. I had been playing parts with an amateur dramatic company, and was familiar with about twenty rôles. The manager picked up the playbook as though it were a viper, and read me a terrible

(*Continued on page viii*)

Yesterday and To-day

By ROBERT GRAU

THE rapidity with which the vocations of actor and manager—once most precarious callings—have grown of late years to be one of the most remunerative of any, is perhaps the most surprising development of the astonishing growth of the theatrical business in this country.

Forty years ago there were not over a half dozen theatre managers in this country who had reached the dignity which comes from the possession of a New York office for the conduct of their business affairs. In those days it was customary for the most important of the providers for the stage to parade the pavement on what was known as "the rialto"—then at Union Square. In their hands they would carry date books; and the most celebrated stars, players and distinguished musicians of the day would congregate here and arrange the business details for their respective tours. This mode of procedure prevailed with little modification until the early '80's, when two young men took it into their heads to operate a booking bureau, which had for its object the systematizing of the theatrical business. These two men were Marc Klaw, who had been the dramatic critic of the Louisville *Commercial,* and Abraham L. Erlanger, who came hither from the box-office of a Cleveland theatre. These two men had purchased the good will and office fixtures from H. S. Taylor, who was the first to conduct a system of theatre booking facilities on East 14th Street.

Previous to the advent of Klaw and Erlanger, the most primitive methods were in vogue. It was the era of the "fly-by-night" manager, many companies being organized practically on "a shoestring," without resources other than an abundance of "nerve." Salaries were paid in dribs and drabs, and tales of stranded Thespians walking home on railroad ties were so common as to occasion no comment. A manager, with more than one company was a *rara avis,* though even in this period the theatrical world had its "Napoleons," these being Jarrett and Palmer, Harry Miner, Brooks and Dickson, J. H. Haverly and Henry E. Abbey; the two last of whom died penniless.

In grand opera conditions were likewise of the most precarious description. The Academy of Music was for almost a generation the scene of turbulence, the sheriff often being an active factor. One impresario, Max Maretzek, was wont to say that the ultimate destination of his kind was either the county jail or the poor-house! And how true this statement was is best illustrated by the known fact that the late Maurice Grau was the first impresario to die leaving enough for his funeral expenses!

Time, however, has played merry pranks in the field of the theatre. Changed conditions, when they did come, came with a vigorous impetus. Klaw and Erlanger, in a single decade, became not only millionaires, but the majority of the theatres of this country passed under their control for booking purposes, while their personal equity in these houses amounted to more than three millions of dollars. Simultaneously with their meteoric rise, a dozen men closely affiliated with them became rich and potent; among the number being Nixon and Zimmerman, of Philadelphia; William Harris, who began as a black-faced song-and-dance man; his son, H. B. Harris; Joseph Brooks, Al Hayman, Jacob Litt and Samuel Harris.

Charles Frohman, while he is the most important and prolific of producers, and controls more metropolitan theatres than any single interest, is not a man of great wealth, but he has been a more important factor in bringing our stage to its present high-water mark of extraordinary prosperity than any other American manager.

Fifteen years ago a mere boy, then employed in a subordinate capacity about the theatres of Syracuse, N. Y., secured the right



Moffett, Chicago

MARGUERITE ST. JOHN

Now appearing as Lady Beaconsfield in Louis N. Parker's play, "Disraeli"

to present a popular play in certain territory. Success came to him at the outset, and his operations grew until one day, little more than a decade ago, he came to New York, still a boy, and he amazed his colleagues by leasing the Herald Square Theatre. That boy was the late Sam S. Shubert! In the few years that he was permitted to live and operate in theatredom, Sam Shubert displayed an aptitude for theatrical management which destined him to become a central figure in the amusement world. He also was the first of his calling to assert a spirit of independence in the business policy of his houses, a policy which was to the best interests of the stage, since it encouraged healthy competition, weakened the grip of the so-called theatrical trust, and restored freedom to the American stage.

(*Continued on page vi*)

Harvard University's School for Playwrights



Pach PROFESSOR GEORGE P. BAKER

WHEN the John Craig prize, offered annually for the best play written by a Radcliffe or Harvard student in one of Professor Baker's college courses on the technique of playwriting, was this year, for the second time, awarded to a student at the girls' college, fear was expressed by one Boston critic lest the drama, as taught by this inspiring teacher, should become unduly "feminized." It was evidently overlooked by this piquant paragrapher that Edward Sheldon, the most virile of all our American playwrights, was also a product of "English '47," and that it was probably only because the Craig prize had not been established in his time that Mrs. Fiske, and not the Castle Square Theatre, obtained the first rights to "Salvation Nell."

In a curtain speech, made by Mrs. Fiske soon after she had accepted this remarkable play, she said gracefully and truthfully of the author: "He cannot write an insincere line." The actress might as well have added: "And all which he has given to the public is instinct with life, and is written not only with vigor, but with immense facility in the handling of suspense and crisis." Truth to tell, Mr. Sheldon emphatically refutes any charge that "feminism" is inculcated in the Baker course. Moreover, Edward Knoblauch, whose powerful and fascinating "Kismet" so long held the attention of London, and is now attracting similarly enthusiastic audiences in New York, is one of those who was early led to a knowledge of theatrical traditions by Professor Baker. He shared with Percy MacKaye, Louis Evan Shipman, Beulah Dix and Josephine Peabody (who won the Stratford prize), the inspiration of Professor Baker's courses in the historical study of the drama.



EDWARD SHELDON
Author of "Salvation Nell," etc.

Out of one of these courses it was—work known at Harvard and Radcliffe as "English '39," and concerned with the study and discussion of the drama from 1642 to the present day—that there grew the unique opportunity actually to write plays now embodied in "English '47." A thesis at the end of the year was a regular part of the work in the historical course, and several students suggested to Mr. Baker that it might be better practice for them to write a play as the product of what they had been learning through the year, than to write a thesis about plays. The idea seemed a good one, and though it was not adopted in exactly that form, out of the suggestion thus made sprang the course in the Technique of the Drama which, tried out at Radcliffe before given at all at the men's college, formed the nucleus of the work as now presented at both institutions. That students, who had the germ of the dramatic creator in them, might be helped by this course to self-expression, was early demonstrated. Mr. Arliss accepted a play written at this time by one of the Radcliffe girls, and Sothern, also, took a play by her, which only a succession of unforeseen mishaps prevented from proving a great success.



JOSEPHINE P. PEABODY
Winner of the Stratford-on-Avon prize play contest

Hermann Hagedorn, whose one-act plays have won for him considerable recognition, has also had the benefit of Mr. Baker's historical work, and has discussed with the Cambridge professor much of his dramatic writing. Mr. Baker is particularly enthusiastic at the present time about a little blank-verse play of Hagedorn's called "Five in the Morning," published in Mr. Hagedorn's volume, "The Troop of the Guards." Two other men, whose work Mr. Baker very warmly commends, are Edwin Ranck, whose "Night Riders" was recently presented by the Harvard Dramatic Club, and David Carb, now a teacher at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, whose stimulating piece, "The Things We Create," was put on by Miss Grace George in Cincinnati not long ago, and is promised a New York production.

"Two or three others among the young people who have studied with me may place their plays at any moment," confided the professor, as seated in his Cambridge study, which is literally crammed with pictures, books and manuscripts, all of which are related in some way to the drama, he talked of the work which is being accomplished through his courses. "As you will easily understand, some of those who are doing things slowly may prove to have done what is best worth while. Really, this work of mine has been pushed ahead rather faster than I ever expected or, perhaps, desired, by the abilities and immediate success of Mr. Sheldon. For, while I am glad to help these young people to find themselves promptly, I naturally shrink from being expected to turn out working playwrights every year, as has chanced to happen of late. That is much too much to ask, you know. To instil in a single student, however able, a sense of the great difference between a string of episodes and a really cumulative plot, is a large order for one year; naturally, it is much larger when multiplied by 18, the number now in each of my college courses. The scenario of a student may be first-rate when he leaves the conference during which we have discussed it; but there is always grave danger that it will have spread out into more episodes instead of becoming more compact as to plotting by the time he and I next meet. There are not so many plays which combine, as admirably as Galsworthy's 'Strife' does for instance, the quality of the dramatist with the principles of playwriting!



PERCY MACKAYE
Author of "The Scarecrow," etc.

"And with all due respect to the judges who cooperate with me in the selection of the prize plays, a thing we have unanimously judged good may some day fail. It happens that the public has upheld us in our estimate of 'The End of the Bridge' and 'The Product of the Mill,' but this does not, by any means, eliminate the possibility of our passing favorably sometime on a

play which, when it comes to be produced, will not 'measure up.' The fact is that one can never tell what real strength and real weakness a play may develop until one has seen it on the stage. The great need, therefore, which we now have here is of a small but well equipped theatre to be used in preliminary private productions as a workshop and laboratory by these students of dramatic technique, so that they can see the practical bearings and the necessity of the principles which are laid down in the course by word of mouth."



AGNES CRIMMINS
Author of "She Knows Better Now," produced by May Irwin

Professor Baker is deeply interested in the production of plays of several sorts at Harvard, and in this he has the assistance of Mr. Francis Powell, for a number of years identified with Mr. Sothern and Miss Marlowe, and later with Madame Nazimova, in the capacity of stage manager. There are now no less than six societies producing plays at Harvard—two of these are devoted exclusively to musical comedy, two to the production of plays in French and German, and two to the production of English plays. The English play clubs are the Harvard Dramatic Club, founded in 1907-8, producing original modern plays, and the Delta Upsilon Fraternity, founded in 1884, reviving the Elizabethan comedies. The Harvard Dramatic Club presents one three- or four-act play each autumn, and three one-act plays each spring. Founded by Edward Sheldon, David Carb, Allen Davis and Doane Gardiner, its aim was to give the best dramatic work of Harvard and Radcliffe initial production, the merits of the plays being decided by a committee composed of Professor Baker, Mr. H. T. Parker, dramatic critic of the Boston *Transcript*, and, until recently, Mr. Winthrop Ames, who has been succeeded by Mr. Sheldon



ELIZABETH A. McFADDEN
Author of "The Product of the Mill"

As to the acting of the plays, the greatest difficulty in presenting plays successfully by college organizations is the necessity of using men in both the men's and women's parts. This is obviated at the Harvard Dramatic Club productions by the casting of the women's parts among the young ladies of Radcliffe College. Occasionally a part is assigned to one of the successful Boston amateurs. This was done with notable success in the case of Mrs. Thorndyke Howe, whose performance in the "Medea" was an artistic achievement. Having a large number of university men and women to choose from, the director is able to cast the plays with unusual success, and the performances, as a rule, are of a high order, approximating at times the finish of a professional performance. This is particularly noticeable in the pictorial side of the production, the personal care of the director being given to its details. The scenery, costumes and properties are made and painted from designs furnished by Mr. Powell, and here is found an approach, at least, to the unity of production touched upon by Gordon Craig in his recent volume, "The Art of the Theatre." Appropriate music is furnished by an orchestra recruited from the Musical Department of the University, and used in such a way as to be in harmony with the requirements of the play.

The mechanical side of the production is unique. The stage crew is selected and thoroughly trained to do the work required of them silently and quickly. Special rehearsals of scenery and properties are held, at which a systematic plan for the striking of the scenes and properties is arranged. Each piece of scenery and every property is assigned to an individual, and for that they are held individually responsible. The scenes are then struck and reset, until the work proceeds with the regularity of clock work.

As a result, on an opening night the waits are surprisingly short, and noise is unknown. Inasmuch as successful work in the stage department is one of the requirements of admission to the club, there is, of course, great enthusiasm, and a large supply of stage hands from which to draw. Hence it is no unusual thing to see the athletic scion of some prominent family hustling "properties" and scenery with the skill of a professional and doing it well, with all the skill and directness of a trained mind and body.



FLORENCE LINCOLN
Author of "The End of the Bridge"



Dadmun Co., Boston

"You have forgotten the chief product of your mill. It is this!"
DRAMATIC MOMENT IN ELIZABETH APTHORP McFADDEN'S PLAY, "THE PRODUCT OF THE MILL"

So far as the methods of work and production are concerned, the Elizabethan revivals of the Delta Upsilon Fraternity are virtually the same as those of the Dramatic Club. Their type of play, however, demands, of course, different treatment in the acting, and there the Elizabethan custom of having all parts, male and female, played by men, prevails. The plays have come to be given with careful attention to the purity of the text and scrupulous accuracy to historic detail. To the Delta Upsilon belongs the honor of having probably produced more Elizabethan plays than any other college society, or perhaps any other dramatic organization in the world. Their performance last year of Heywood's "Fair Maid of the West" was most interesting because of the hold which it took upon a modern audience.



Photo Moffett

ANN MURDOCK

Popular young actress lately seen in "Excuse Me," now appearing in a stock company out West

Three at least of Mr. Baker's recent students have been able, within a year, to get their plays professionally produced. Just about this time a year ago the John Craig prize, in dramatic composition, open to "English '47" students at Harvard and Radcliffe, was awarded to Miss Florence Lincoln, a special student at the latter institution. The prize brings to its winner $250 in money, and the assurance of production at the Castle Square Theatre in Boston for one week certainly, and for as many weeks thereafter as the success of the play warrants. Generous terms in royalties are made by Mr. Craig, and he also agrees to give his valuable aid towards placing the play with other managers. The whole prize is for $500, of which sum the second $250 goes to the Harvard University library for the purchase of books on the history of the English stage.

Miss Lincoln's play, the first to win out in this competition, had to do with a physician; a mentally unbalanced woman; a delightful boy, Peter, who acted as the physician's office boy; and a hearty man-of-the-world, one of the physician's friends, who proves to be Peter's father. Though there was one very great improbability in the play's plot—that a physician, who is a nerve specialist, would marry one of his patients out of mere sentimental regard for the affection that patient's father long cherished for his (the physician's) deceased mother—yet the Peter, as played by Miss Henriette McDanniel, was so charming that the play won a very great success in Boston, and, after running for ten weeks at the Castle Square Theatre, was purchased by Henry Miller, who has already brought it out in San Francisco.

Miss Lincoln is still studying with Mr. Baker at Radcliffe, but she has also settled down to playwriting as a profession. In a little talk concerning her work and the formative influences which have helped her in it, she said recently: "To me Normal School has been almost of more service than college. I regard the contact which I there had with girls from comparatively poor homes as of immense value to me. And the psychology course taught me a great deal. I never knew before that you can take the cover off your brain, as it were, and look into it. During my period of experimental teaching I learned to trace cause and effect in the action of children. I am certain that it was to my Normal School work that Peter owes his charm. Rather curiously, I never wanted to go to college when I was at the age most girls decide upon a college course. Going to college always seemed to me to be getting away from the every-day world, and I shrank from that. Yet when I had finished at the Normal School, and my teachers there pointed out to me that, since I was interested in study, and wanted to educate myself further, college was the natural place for me to go, I put my silly little prejudice behind me and entered Radcliffe. Of course, I am now immensely glad that I did so, because it is through my work there with Professor Baker that I have been able to reach the thing which I have decided to make my profession. I'm working all the time now at playwriting—though not with any star in mind—and I hope I shall be able to do something good, something with meaning in it; for, of course, when all is said there was nothing substantial to "The End of the Bridge."

Thus modestly did this clever and attractive Boston girl dismiss the work which Mr. Craig and Mr. Miller thought worthy of fine professional production—an estimate which Boston folk warmly endorsed by crowding the Castle Square Theatre twice a day for nine weeks last winter.

This year's prize play, by Elizabeth McFadden, another special student at Radcliffe, is, however, very different—for it is a sociological drama, and has to do with child labor in the cotton mills of Georgia. The title of the piece expresses its thesis: "The Product of the Mill" is the stunted, joyless life of children, whose childhood has been prematurely crushed out of them by long hours of work and by harsh conditions of labor. Constructionally the piece is admirably simple and direct. The author has withstood many temptations to sub-plotting and to "talk" about the tremendous evil at which

(*Continued on page vii*)



Photo White

LEWIS WALLER AND HENRY STANFORD IN "MONSIEUR BEAUCAIRE" AT DALY'S THEATRE

An Interview with the Author of "The Pigeon"

IT was on the day following the première of "The Pigeon" at the Little Theatre. The British author and the interviewer sat in a discreetly lighted reception room in a leading New York hotel. The orchestra was fiddling away soft strains from "Madama Butterfly." To the prejudiced ones who read in Galsworthy's writings the reformer's zealousness, or the preacher's insistence, if not the economist's love for diagrams, this setting would have appeared incongruous. Galsworthy, however, is so kind, so quiet, so courteous, so direct and so human, that on that day and on the next day (for great men should always be interviewed twice), there was a sense of perfect fitness in the discreetly lighted reception room and that industrious orchestra fiddling away Suzuki's prayer.



Hoppe, London

JOHN GALSWORTHY
Author of "Strife," "Justice," "The Pigeon," etc.

Galsworthy is not the type of a man that can be interviewed in his bedroom with carpet slippers on his feet. It would be quite as incongruous to imagine him strutting along Peacock alley. His scorn of conventionalities is only matched by his knowledge of them. Having, once for all time, decided to be kind, he respects them for the sake of the physical and intellectual privacy they afford. Neither tall nor short, grey-haired, with a promise of inconspicuous baldness some day, neither pale nor ruddy, neither plain nor good looking, wearing clothes which are neither careless nor stylish, the author of "Strife" is anonymous in appearance. Of mannerisms he has none, or almost none. When looking for some one he presses a monocle into service. After locating the object of his search he replaces the monocle by a pair of common eyeglasses. Then the glasses also disappear, and he looks at you with unspectacled eyes.

He welcomes visitors with the air of a gentleman receiving a social call from a sympathetic friend, avoiding carefully the patronizing kindness of the great one towards the humble representative of the press, and the overcordial eagerness of the practical artist who oils liberally the bearing of a publicity engine. He answers all questions, sometimes prefacing his answers, when they are disobliging, with the remark that he does not wish to be quoted. The writer spared his host inquiries as to his impressions of America and the beauty of American women, although, no doubt, he would have answered even that with courtesy and cleverness.

"Little theatres," Galsworthy said, "will probably be built in every large city, and will prove a successful venture. They will in no way compete with the larger playhouses. For there are two publics—the public that delights in the subtle and the public that revels in the obvious. On one side are those whose brain is reached through their ears first; on the other side, those whose brain is reached through their eyes first."

"Highbrows and lowbrows?"

"No, merely two different kinds of intellect. One more attracted by action, the other more given to speculation."

Galsworthy cares little for comparisons. He realizes that there always are three sides to every question. This is why he believes that little theatres will render attendance at playhouses more pleasurable to the various classes of people who represent the various sides of the question.

"To those who like spectacles, literary plays are a bore and *vice versa*. The growth of the "little theatre" idea will probably broaden the chasm which separates those two kinds of audiences, neither of which should be characterized as belonging to a lower or a higher mental type. It will also accentuate the difference between the two classes of plays. Intellectual plays will be more intellectual, spectacular plays more spectacular. One of the most desirable things in art is the keeping apart of *genres*. The mixing up of all varieties is merely an unconscious attempt at appealing to the largest possible number, regardless of artistic results."

"I devotedly wish," he went on, "for the day when realism will be absolutely realistic and when, on the other hand, an author's fancy will be allowed absolute free play. The instinct for materialistic reality and the instinct for pure dream must be satisfied separately, not at the expense of each other. What will bring about this new development I cannot tell; perhaps some unknown, untried type of theatre."

Galsworthy confessed to having delivered two or three political speeches. One of them was unfortunately unearthed and reprinted by an ill-advised publisher. The novelist, absolutely out of his element, almost forgot his English on that occasion. He told the working women that they "had raised the greatest statue to Fortitude that had ever been raised in history." How many caught the meaning of that may never be known. He also stated that "The sleeping dog, Justice, is beginning to open his eyes." He prophesied that "Before the minimum wage could be established the Machine of Labor would be jolted first in one part, then in another," and he wound up by advising the English working women to "Link themselves with the women of America, France and Germany!"

Gentleness and moderation do very well in a discreetly lighted parlor when expressing themselves to an accompaniment of soft strings. On street corners, when red fire is burned, those qualities are likely to appear ineffective. Galsworthy is now perfectly aware of all that. He is not likely to burn his fingers again. The novelist has, of course, his little pet schemes for the betterment of this world, but he fortunately lacks the approved stock phrases that whip up indifferent bystanders into riotous deeds.

The author thinks that "Workingmen and women will, in a near future, come to some international understanding, and that nations will have to make some national or international arrangements for the public control or exploitation of coal mines,



Photo Alice Boughton

EDITH WYNNE MATTHISON AS THE PEASANT WOMAN IN "THE TERRIBLE MEEK"



Photo Bangs

MISS IVY TROUTMAN
Leading woman in James Montgomery's play, "Ready Money"

railroads and bakeries." This sounded distinctly socialistic, but when told that socialists claimed him on the strength of plays like "Strife," "Justice" or "The Silver Box," he answered:

"I believe I am generally called a socialist. This is a mistake. I am neither a socialist nor an individualist. The true path most obviously lies in the middle. The English and American communities have undoubtedly become extravagantly individualistic, and are only now beginning, almost too late, to try and pull their horns in. By one who is not a politician either by profession or nature, but simply an indifferent writer, who generally sees both sides of things, and tries to see them as they are, and to achieve true proportions in his pictures, extravagance and excrescences naturally tend to get pilloried. Cruelty, meanness and injustice, conscious or unconscious, are the extravagances and abuses of the sense of property, and to hate them is the extent of my socialism.

"I do not belong to any political party. An artist must not be hampered in the expression of his thoughts and feelings by any party considerations. An artist's only business is art. And the only mission of art is art. Critics should not ask the question, 'What did the author try to show in such and such a novel, in such and such a play?' I never tried to show anything, to prove anything, to demonstrate anything, to refute anything.

"Now and then a scene, an image will obsess my mind until I rid myself of it by translating it into black and white. It may happen that when my work is finished, it actually demonstrates or refutes something. So much the better if it does, at least from the point of view of those who wish the problem to be presented as I presented it. Personally, I am totally indifferent to the conclusion to be drawn from my premises.

"If you have a thesis to propound, there is the newspaper, there is the pulpit, there is the platform at your disposal; if all three fail you, write a pamphlet. The problem play and the problem novel are, however, most unsatisfactory mongrel types. Artistic inspiration interferes with the correct presentation of the problem. The correct presentation of the problem interferes with the artist's inspiration."

Who are your favorite writers at the present day?

"John Masefield, Thomas Hardy and Joseph Conrad."

Thomas Hardy, Joseph Conrad, yes, but why John Masefield? From the tone of Galsworthy's voice I felt that he was especially partial to Masefield. Not Masefield the poet; not Masefield, the author of the "Street of To-day," of "Multitude and Solitude," but Masefield, the playwright. Of Masefield's plays he fancies most "The Tragedy of Nan"—pure, unadulterated gloom, in which Nan, the daughter of a man who was hanged for stealing a sheep, is tortured by her aunt and her cousin Jennie, falls in love with Dick, loses him to Jennie, learns that her father was hanged by mistake, then forces Jennie to eat pie made from a sick lamb, then stabs Dick, and, after much Melisandian ravings with a Golaudlike old fiddler, goes to throw herself into the sea. What chord does this touch in Galsworthy: in Galsworthy, the kind, indulgent cynic? For Masefield's play is crude, his characterization terribly primitive, his story patchy and melodramatic, his villains unpardonably villainous, and Nan unpardonably declamatory. All these defects Galsworthy is willing to overlook for the sake of a scene in the third act, wherein Nan and the old fiddler describe, in alternate Maeterlinckian speech, the wonders of a rising tide in a moonlit night.

A mention of Maeterlinck's name only brought to Galsworthy's lips one severe judgment: "There is too much of the indoor stamp to what he writes. He does not feel, he does not suffer."

And thus does the very modern Galsworthy bring us back to Musset's theory. It is not the poet's dazzling sword-play which is the thing, but the drop of blood at the point of the sword.

This is why, of all the books he has written, Galsworthy prefers "The Man of Property," and this is why in that particular book he prefers one scene in which little June, who has just lost her lover, comes home broken-hearted but silent, while Old Jolyon, apparently dead to all emotions save those connected with the correct conduct of a dinner or the

(*Continued on page viii*)



Copyright Ridley Tenterden
Ellen Terry in the garden of her country home, England



In the Grecian draperies she wore during her recent lecture tour



Copyright Ridley Tenterden
Ellen Terry and her young husband (Mr. James Carew)

On Tour with Ellen Terry

AS I have never seen Ellen Terry on the stage, my point of view, that of a friend and traveling companion, is different from that of most of her admirers. On account of the illness of her young English friend, I was asked at an hour's notice to accompany her for a few weeks on her lecture tour a year ago. My duties, rather vaguely defined, seemed to consist of listening when Miss Terry felt like talking, talking when she wanted to listen, smoothing out the inconveniences of travel and, as far as possible, making her time agreeable—altogether, a delightful occupation for anyone.

It was while I was waiting to meet her before her second lecture in New York, that I heard her celebrated voice for the first time: "This dreadful steam heat! Indeed, it is not turned off. How do you do, my dear friend? Really, you know, your steam heat in America is—devilish!" She laughed and turned to be introduced. First, however, she jerked off, with a characteristic quick gesture, the spectacles which she wears most of the time, but with which she never appears before an audience.

In the wings of the Hudson Theatre, I was then impressed with what never ceased to impress me during the weeks I was with her, the magnificent personality and remarkable energy of this woman of sixty-three. Her voice, her head, her throat, her heart, everything connected with her are so big. She then wore the Grecian draperies, grey that day, whose flowing lines and heavy folds gave her more than ever the appearance of a superb statue.

Bertha, her capable and devoted little German maid or "keeper," as Miss Terry calls her, was begging her to go before the curtain. It was already after three o'clock. Laughingly, the actress protested: "Hush, Bertha, let me have just a minute, can't you? You hurry me to death." Turning to me, she said jokingly: "Bertha is always very strict with me, as you will see."

"But, Madame," insisted the girl, "if you don't begin, we'll never get the Boston train. You know I cannot pack number seven until you dress for the street. Oh, Madame, you have the wrong book! That is your first lecture, I'll bring you the second from number six."

A word here to explain these mystic numbers. I was soon to learn that they referred to our luggage, our principal topic of conversation and anxiety. There were seven pieces, not including the green velvet curtain and theatre basket that had to be personally conducted into each baggage car, and a special cab hired to carry them behind us wherever we went, or Miss Terry would lose entirely her peace of mind. Each bag or suit-case was numbered, and had its own key, and was supposed to contain a certain class of articles. The fact that the three of us packed and unpacked constantly, and that therefore no article was ever where it belonged, and that the key of number seven fitted number five was puzzling, but never disturbed Bertha's faith in her system. The seven did not include a small green bag bulging and open, with pencils, a powder puff and a knife, suspended by strings, which Miss Terry never let out of her hand. It did not, as I at first supposed, contain jewels, but papers, letters, a comb, or whatever in one of our rushes happened to be left out of numbers one to seven. Bernard Shaw gave this bag to Miss Terry and, as she said, if she once let someone carry it, she would break her habit of always holding it herself, and therefore always be in danger of losing it. The fact that she was always losing things out of it did not appear to matter.

Her arms laden with flowers, which she insisted on carrying herself, and the porters groaning under our heavy luggage, we stepped on the rear platform of the already moving



Copyright Window & Grove
ELLEN TERRY AS IMOGEN

train to Boston. I was soon to learn that this was to be our usual method of leaving a city. Half an hour before time to leave the hotel I would say, "Now, Miss Terry, hadn't you better get your things together? Oh, Miss Terry, you mustn't wash your hair now, you couldn't possibly dry it in time. No, I am telling you the truth about the time the train goes." She was always suspicious of our veracity on that subject. As it chanced, we never missed a train, neither did we ever have a moment to spare.

Once on the train, our luggage counted and disposed of to make passing by possible, our next move was to beguile the porter into shutting off the heat and opening all the windows. Whenever possible we took the drawing-room because of the temperature and the privacy. Miss Terry's modesty is, however, so unusual that she seldom realizes that she is recognized everywhere. Often she would say, "I wonder where I have met that woman, she is looking at me as if she knew me." One night in Boston the porter at the station, answering her question about trains, called her by name. She seemed amazed. "How do you suppose he knew me?" she exclaimed. "He must have seen my name on the luggage." I assured her that her name was nowhere visible, and that he must have recognized her voice. She was as pleased as a child, and called him back and told him that he looked like Joseph Jefferson.

Her naivete is so remarkable that she never realizes the attraction which her name has for us ordinary persons. One stormy night on arriving in the city exhausted from her lecture and the trip, she insisted on driving around until we found a hospital where she might leave her flowers. It meant a disagreeable hour in a closed carriage, Miss Terry, as usual, gasping for breath, her head out in the rain most of the time. At the hospital I told the doorman to say that the flowers were from Miss Ellen Terry. "You foolish child," she scolded, "what do you suppose those poor suffering people care who sent them?"



Copyright Mishkin
OTTO GORITZ IN HUMPERDINCK'S OPERA, "KONINGSKINDER," AT THE METROPOLITAN OPERA HOUSE

We often wonder that such a celebrity, one who has been always humored, does not become more or less of a tyrant. Miss Terry has none of this attitude, her moods are uneven, but never selfishly so. For instance, just before a reading her spirits droop, she is nervous and loses her self-confidence. She is certain no one will be pleased, that the poor people who paid to hear her will be disappointed, and so on. At this time she is occasionally petulant, but is immediately apologetic and sweet, and tells us that she is a horrid old woman, and she would not blame us if we would not talk to her any more at all. The enthusiasm of her audience acts like a tonic, and she comes off the stage with the buoyancy of a young star, is ready and willing to meet everyone, and talk in her most fascinating and vivacious manner for hours, or until Bertha or a train interferes.

At a late supper after a lecture, or upon our return to the hotel, was the time I loved her best. We would send the sensible and demurring Bertha off to sleep, Miss Terry would sit Turkish fashion on the bed (I could not endure this position ten minutes and I am nearly forty years younger), and show me pictures of herself in favorite rôles, her two grandchildren ("Teddy's babies"), her cottages (she has seven, six are occupied by old servants and friends), and corners of her garden. She would tell me of hours spent with Queen Victoria, Rossetti, Henry Ward Beecher and his wife, and all the other famous people she has known. The loveliest photograph she showed me was of herself as Imogen, with the wreath of flowers in her soft hair, an expression of tender sadness in her wistful eyes, her exquisite fingers on her lips in tender farewell to her lover. In this she wears the brilliant and beautiful costume designed for her by Burne-Jones, of which he said to an English lady: "I have accomplished the impossible, I have made a woman of fifty look like a girl of eighteen."

The more I saw of Miss Terry the more I realized how possible this was, and how little art was needed to efface any impression of age. Her hair, though gray, has a blond and youthful sheen, and every gesture has the enthusiasm and grace that suggests eternal youth. All of this charm is to me embodied in this photograph; I admired it so much that she has since sent it to me. Her sense of humor is exquisite, and what we in America consider most un-English. One night she burlesqued her own reading of the "Quality of Mercy" speech, as a court wit once did to amuse the Queen. She considers her knowledge of Shakespeare and old English speech not only essential to culture, but useful in everyday life. One day she and her young husband were walking in the country in the south of England when, much to their horror, a small drove of cattle came plunging down the road, led by a fierce old beast which made straight at them. The drover shouted, "Bung 'er among 'er een!" The young husband was quite at sea, but Miss Terry, thanks, she says, to her knowledge of Elizabethan English, at once "banged her between her eyes," with the result that the cantankerous cow and her companions turned immediately off into the fields.

People wondered why Miss Terry came over here for a tiresome and extended lecture tour at her age. As she often admitted herself, she hated this traveling around without her company, with none of the accessories of scenery, private cars, etc., and she strongly disliked the lecturing itself. In many ways it was more wearing than playing one part, for often she would read to illustrate her subject of "Shakespeare's Women" the most difficult scenes from four or five plays in one evening. Her reason for this tour was the same which prompts most of us to an effort—the need of money. This may surprise some, for, of course, she has made many fortunes in the past forty years, but one has only to know her to see that dollars slip through her fingers like sand. She gives, gives, gives. At one time there were nearly one hundred people dependent upon her for their whole, or partial, support: one woman for only a shilling a day. The poor creature was dragging along the street when Miss Terry saw her. When asked for how much or how little she could live and keep decent, she told her one shilling a day. From then, through the remaining years of her life, she received that amount from Miss Terry. Think of the mind, or rather the heart, that never passes by an opportunity to help a fellow-being, and not be moved only on the impulse, but keep it up for years!

One day in Hartford she bought some little books to send to some old ladies at home. She had forgotten their names, but the never-failing Bertha supplied them. "They live near one of my



From the *Illustrated London News*

SCENE IN "THE MIRACLE," THE GREAT WORDLESS SPECTACLE WHICH HAS DRAWN THOUSANDS TO OLYMPIA, IN LONDON

The nun, returned from the temptations and follies of the world, paying adoration to the miraculous image of the Madonna, which came to life and took her place while she was in the lure of the Spielmann



Photos Moffett

ANN TASKER
Seen in "The Spring Maid," at the Liberty

EVELEEN DUNMORE
Seen in "The Rose of Panama," at Daly's

ANN LAUGHLIN
Seen recently in vaudeville

cottages," she said. "Dear me," exclaimed the actress, "I shouldn't have bought that cottage! It was shockingly extravagant. Cottages," she went on, "are my greatest indiscretion, I just can't resist them—and this was such a duck of a little house, wasn't it Bertha? Besides, my old Nellie needed a home. These dear old maids next door watch for me to drive by and wave their hands, bless 'em! They call me their beautiful lady."

"Do you motor much in England?" I asked.

"Heavens! no, child; where should I get the money to keep a car? But we drive. Oh! if you could see my sweet, fat, pony and cart. Rainy days Jimmy and I put on our ulsters and drive all over the country. He loves it the way I do. Do you know, the first time I ever met my husband, at a rehearsal of 'Captain Brassbound,' Bernard Shaw said: 'Ellen, you will marry that man!' I laughed at him. When Jimmy asked me six months later, I laughed at him and told him it was a silly joke. When he assured me that he was earnest I said: 'Wait until we are in America (it was just before my last tour in this country). If, as I fear, the dear people over there decide I am too old, and should stay at home where I belong, we'll say no more about it. If they should receive me with any degree of enthusiasm—well—perhaps we'll talk about it again.' As it chanced, they were very nice to me over here, and Jimmy and I were married — six weeks before even my daughter Edie, who was with me then, knew it. One evening at the Bellevue Hotel in Boston, we were dining alone together, when a reporter burst into the room: 'Miss Terry,' he exclaimed, 'will you deny your engagement to Mr. Carew?' Jimmy and I looked at each other and laughed. 'Most certainly,' I replied, 'we are not engaged.' We had already been married some time."



Matzene

MISS ELEANOR GORDON
Now playing Kut-al-Kulub in "Kismet," at the Knickerbocker Theatre

Miss Terry's ideas on matrimony are very positive. She advised me by all means to marry.

"But," I said, "You wouldn't marry just for the sake of marrying, would you?"

"Well," she answered, putting her head on one side and squinting up her nose, "I don't know—if you don't marry, you're sure to be miserable, and if you do, you have a chance, at least, for happiness."

"But," I insisted, "there is always the great risk of getting the wrong man."

"There is always a right one," she answered, "and when he comes along, you be Mrs. Right as quickly as you can!" That fancy seemed to please her, and, after that, in the whimsical way she has of calling her friends whatever she considers appropriate, I was always "Mrs. Right."

Her devotion to her only son, Gordon Craig, is unusual. She watches eagerly for his daily letter, and calls him her "lover." She is "proud as Punch" of his success, and talks of his doings by the hour, but to her he is still the precocious child. He shows her influence in her knowledge of, and insistence on, proper lighting and backgrounds for her stage even when she lectures. It was interesting to note the total disregard of this by Madame Maeterlinck. In her lectures in Boston, a few weeks ago, she spoke from a stage entirely stripped of any attempt at a setting. The effect of the bare boards, a kitchen table covered with a red cloth and severe reading lamp, in conjunction with her mediæval costume of trailing purple velvet and gold cap, was startling. When she began to speak, however, one forgot there was such a thing as a stage in existence, such was the fascination of her voice and personality. Personal vanity is not one of Miss Terry's vices, but she never appears before the public until the green velvet curtain is draped to her satisfaction, the table cover of brocade at just the right angle, and the lights arranged that she may see, and be seen, to the best advantage.

But to return to Miss Terry's son—she loves to dwell on his childhood, and the years she was off the stage, the happiest time of her life, she says, even though it was then that she had the difficult struggle to live and support her babies, about which she speaks in her reminiscences. At one time, she told me, they lived in one room, and on bread and milk, for weeks. For a while it seemed that even the milk supply would run low. She accepted a five-pound note as a loan from a friend. "Fortunately," she said, "we did not have to use it, but when I returned it to him I did not tell him it was the same note. He liked to believe he had helped us."

When at home, Miss Terry and her young husband live in one of her cottages in the south of England. She has many visitors, reads a great deal, and, like all cultivated Englishwomen, takes an active interest in all the public questions of the day. She is an enthusiastic suffragist and reformer. "Anything to help women," she says, "I am always on their side." But, most of all, she enjoys her home and garden. "Jimmy married me for the salads I can make," she tells with pride. We spent many hours shopping for the cottages. She is not exempt from this feminine trait. In every new town we shopped; whether the shops were attractive or not, there was always something to catch her eye and empty her pocketbook. Rag rugs, pottery, pans, and other unportable articles she considered appropriate to her home, we bought. It was only by the combined efforts of Bertha and myself that we prevented her from buying a huge mirror of great weight, and lugging it home to hang in a corner near her fireplace.



Arnold Genthe, N. Y.

KITTY CHEATHAM

The American *diseuse* whose charming art, shown at several song recitals this season, has endeared her to a large public

Most of the year she spends out-of-doors, driving and working in her garden. Here she wears what she calls a Japanese smock, a sort of loose, shapeless garment that on anyone less graceful would be hideous. Miss Terry, unlike many artists, is oblivious to her appearance off the stage. She excuses herself by saying that she has earned the right to be comfortable in her old age (that impossible word in connection with this charming, youthful personality). Peculiar as some of her theories of dress are, if they are responsible for her wonderful physique and exuberant health—no massage, diet or regular hours for her—we should all adopt them. Sometimes her desire for comfort is startling; as, for instance, on a parlor car, when she suddenly decides to remove her jacket, Bertha and I knowing that she wears a "dicky" (or front, back and collar of black crêpe) in place of the conventional waist, leap to her rescue with a pair of muslin sleeves, which we keep for such emergencies. She has a way all her own with each portion of her wardrobe, showing with pride the advantage of having one's skirt-bands on an elastic, so that one can breathe more freely! She modestly starts out swathed in veils, but soon she casts them to the winds in her need of fresh air. In the pursuit of this, as she believes, in America an almost unknown quantity, one day we thought we should lose her. All the way from Boston to New York she sat on the porter's stool in the vestibule between the cars. To humor me in my anxiety she waved her hand, so that from my warm, unhealthy seat inside I could see through the door-window that she was still with us.

(*Continued on page ix*)



Copyright Charles Frohman

Teresa Maxwell Conover, Gertrude Elliott, William McVay, Isabel Irving and Annie Esmond

SCENE FROM ARTHUR WING PINERO'S COMEDY, "PRESERVING MR. PANMURE," LATELY PRESENTED AT THE LYCEUM THEATRE



Photos by Brown Bros. and by Duckett and Adler
At Left: The crowd seeking admission to Father Knickerbocker's "show"
At Right: Father Knickerbocker's moving picture auditorium

FATHER KNICKERBOCKER'S THEATRE



Health Department Exhibit

IT will come as a surprise to many to learn that the "show" which drew the greatest attendance in 1911 in New York City was neither a "hot weather" musical comedy nor a so-called "problem play." Just think of an amateur theatrical performance drawing nine hundred thousand persons in four weeks!

Who staged the production?

Father Knickerbocker, right in the heart of the business district on lower Broadway.

The play was not called "The Spenders," though it might very easily have been, for it dealt with the spending, by Father Knickerbocker himself, of one hundred and seventy million dollars of the citizens' and tax-payers' money. Instead, it bore the rather flat and unseductive name, "The Budget Exhibit of the City of New York."



Child Hygiene Exhibit

Long before the opening hour, crowds of students and business men waited, "bread line" fashion, to be admitted to this unique show so that they might take advantage of the opportunity there given for an intimate and thorough understanding of the municipal methods and extraordinary problems confronted by those who are responsible for and in charge of the greatest municipality in the whole world.



Public Charities Exhibit

"The cast of characters" was made up of the different City Commissioners and heads of the various municipal departments, and you can imagine the difficulties Father Knickerbocker encountered getting together such an "all-star stock company." It's one thing to dramatize human emotions and another thing, as Father Knickerbocker soon learned, to dramatize one hundred and seventy million dollars. This was his expense account, his "Budget" for 1911, and the fear of a two hundred million dollar city for this year drove him to realize that the play was "the thing."

Father Knickerbocker most usually is pictured as wearing enormous square spectacles, but it was not because he was near-sighted that the old gentleman determined to call his public servants together and in public "show" him and his five million municipal children what they, his deputies, were accomplishing with the enormous sums of money entrusted to their care, but because he is far-sighted and thinks of the future.



Weights and Measures Exhibit

This is how the now famous municipal moving pictures of New York City, which are marvelled at by the inhabitants of every other city in the world, came originally to be taken. You will see them in Bermuda and in Tokio! His Water Commissioner "showed" him every detail of their progress by moving pictures on the greatest waterway system ever projected. His Police and Fire Commissioners procured graphic films demonstrating how life and property is protected in New York City. Firemen scaling ladders, police dogs tripping up runaway criminals, were but two of the many interesting subjects that held the thousands which crowded into the "Budget Exhibit" spell-bound. Every municipal activity, so far as was possible, was shown to all in pictures that moved.



Fire Department Exhibit

Noon times the City Commissioners gave their "heart-to-heart" talks to the citizens and the tax-payers, and from the platform invited questions and criticisms. It was a dangerous experiment, for the lecture hall was so small, so



Art Commission Exhibit



Photo White

NAT C. GOODWIN AS FAGIN IN THE REVIVAL OF "OLIVER TWIST," NOW AT THE EMPIRE THEATRE

compact, that the Commissioners could always see the whites of the tax-payers' eyes and sometimes the reds.

The three mammoth floors of the old Tefft-Weller building, 330 Broadway, where the "Budget Exihibt" was given last October, were crowded with pictures, with charts, with diagrams and physical models, each and all telling, dramatically, some part of the tale of New York City's municipal government. Every city department had a set of booths assigned to it, in which it was required to tell its story. There were carloads and carloads of scenery. The basement, alive with flags and banners, was given up to the Police, Fire and Street Cleaning Departments. Here were to be found fire heroes and medal winners who explained to everyone how properly to send in a fire alarm. Over there was "Brentwood," the oldest horse in the city service (who has run to more famous fires than any other horse in the world), and who welcomed, like some president or king, the long line of admirers who waited patiently for an opportunity to stroke his mane or rub his nose. Volunteer life savers gave instructions in swimming and in "first aid to the injured," and more than all this, attendants (city employees, too, mind you) were on hand to teach you how to read your gas meter, which to most men is as easy as Arabic.

With the enterprise of an experienced circus manager, Father Knickerbocker advertised his novel experiment in municipal dramatics broadcast. Paint, paper and brush were freely used to announce the making up of the city's expense account for 1912. Assistance was asked of the various civic societies. "Constructive criticism" of the staggering amounts requested by the city officials was what the old gentleman needed. The metropolitan press was taken into his confidence, and Father Knickerbocker directed a relentless press-agent campaign of publicity in these matters. He did not wait for the newspapers' "news." He supplied the editors with news. Each night during the progress of his "show," and, for that matter, months before it was opened to the curious public, he bombarded the city editors with numerous "news bulletins." FRANCIS J. OPPENHEIMER.



SIE HASSAN BEN ALI

Arabs on the American Stage

ONE of the most interesting and remarkable figures in the amusement world is Sie Hassan Ben Ali, a Marabout, or sacred man of the Berbers, who, by the way, is a naturalized American citizen. Attention has been drawn to him particularly this year for two reasons: First, because he is a power in Morocco, and has had an important part in shaping the policy of the Berber tribes in their attitude toward the Germans, French, and Spanish in the recent vexed Moroccan situation. Secondly, because this has been an Arab year in theatricals, and there has been an unprecedented demand for Berbers and Arabs for dramatic productions. He has supplied the entire demand.

To be a Marabout in Morocco is more to be preferred than to be Sultan. The position of the latter, while absolute, is not one of unmingled joy, and his safety is a matter to which he has to devote a good deal of serious thought and several regiments of soldiers. With a Marabout it is entirely different. He has *per se* the respect of everyone, including the Sultan. His safety is assured, and he has wealth, honors, veneration and gifts heaped upon him. Hassan enjoys all this, and besides he has all the benefits accruing from American citizenship. He came to this country twenty-six years ago as manager of a troupe of Berber acrobats, brought over to appear with Forepaugh's & Sells Bros.' Circus. He liked this country so well that when the troupe went back the following year he stayed to learn more of this wonderful land. To-day he is wealthy, and he has brought to this country almost five hundred Berber performers, whom he has booked with circuses, shows, parks, fairs, and in vaudeville. He has long ceased to perform himself, but his gymnasiums in Tangier turn out from ten to thirty boys each year, and they go into the various troupes which Hassan controls in all parts of the world.

There is probably no one in New York who has not seen, particularly this year, groups of these Arabs or Berbers going about the streets, or crossing crowded Times Square, as unconcernedly as though they were in their native Tangier. Hassan has almost a hundred of them now in this country, and fifty of them are in New York appearing in the Hippodrome, "The Garden of Allah," and "Kismet." They are dressed in native costume, modified to suit climatic conditions. Most of them wear the cloaks, fezzes, turbans and the baggy trousers peculiar to Morocco, with shoes and stockings, or puttees and shirts and collars of American manufacture. But the Berbers at the Century Theatre scorn any compromise with American dress, and during the coldest weather can be seen on Broadway with bare legs, their feet thrust into the yellow leather slippers that they use on the burning sands of the desert. The sight of them is so common as to excite no more than passing comment.



BERBERS OUT ON BROADWAY FOR A WALK

After they have been in this country for a few years, and get to know something of American customs, they pick up some unaccountable habits. For instance, most of them are inordinately fond of carrying canes, and, however inappropriate to their dress or their mission, they are sel-

(Continued on page x)

Victor-Victrola

Every home should have a Victor-Victrola



Victor-Victrola XVI, $200
Mahogany or quartered oak

because
this instrument satisfies the love of music that is born in every one of us; touches the heart strings and develops the emotional part of our nature; freshens the tired mind and lightens the cares and worries of every-day life.

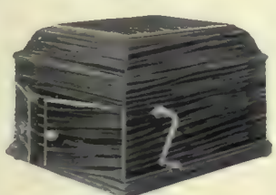
because
the Victor-Victrola brings to you the best music of all the world and gives you a complete understanding of the masterpieces of the great composers such as you can acquire in no other way.

because
the Victor-Victrola places at your command the services of the world's greatest opera stars, who make records exclusively for the Victor, besides a host of famous instrumentalists, celebrated bands and orchestras, and well-known comedians and entertainers.



Victor-Victrola IV, $15
Oak

because
the Victor-Victrola is universally recognized as the world's greatest musical instrument, occupies a place of honor in homes of wealth and culture everywhere, and has awakened millions to a proper appreciation of music.



Victor-Victrola IX, $50
Mahogany or oak

because
with Victor-Victrolas ranging in prices from $15 to $200 and Victors from $10 to $100 no home can afford to be without one of these wonderful instruments.

because
any Victor dealer in any city in the world will gladly play any music you wish to hear and demonstrate to you the Victor-Victrola.



Victor Talking Machine Co., Camden, N. J., U. S. A.
Berliner Gramophone Co., Montreal, Canadian Distributors

Always use Victor Records played with Victor Needles—there is no other way to get the unequaled Victor tone.

Victor Steel Needles, 6 cents per 100
Victor Fibre Needles, 50 cents per 100 (can be repointed and used eight times)

New Victor Records are on sale at all dealers on the 28th of each month



Chiclets

REALLY DELIGHTFUL

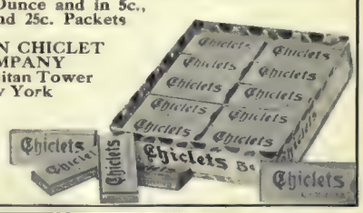
The Dainty Mint Covered Candy Coated Chewing Gum

Just ask *your* doctor what *he* thinks of Chiclets. Doctors, dentists and trained nurses use and recommend Chiclets for their patients' use and use them themselves in the sick-room, the office or home. That exquisite peppermint, the *true* mint, makes Chiclets the refinement of chewing gum for people of refinement.

Look for the Bird Cards in the packages. You can secure a beautiful Bird Album free.

For Sale at all the Better Sort of Stores
5c. the Ounce and in 5c., 10c. and 25c. Packets

SEN-SEN CHICLET COMPANY
Metropolitan Tower
New York



The Virtues of

Packer's Tar Soap

(PURE AS THE PINES)

are shown in its beneficial action on the skin and scalp. Cleansing, antiseptic and tonic, its routine use is a valuable means of maintaining the health of the skin and luxuriance of the hair.

Our book, "The Value of Systematic Shampooing," on request

THE PACKER MFG. CO., NEW YORK

MENNEN'S

"FOR MINE"

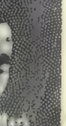


Mennen's Borated Talcum **Powder**

keeps my skin in healthy condition.

Sample Box for 4c. stamp.

GERHARD MENNEN CO.
Newark, N. J.



Trade Mark

Since the decision rendered by the United States Supreme Court, it has been decided by the Monks hereafter to bottle

CHARTREUSE

(LIQUEUR PÈRES CHARTREUX)



both being identically the same article, under a combination label representing the old and the new labels, and in the old style of bottle bearing the Monks' familiar insignia, as shown in this advertisement.

According to the decision of the U. S. Supreme Court, handed down by Mr. Justice Hughes on May 29th, 1911, no one but the Carthusian Monks (Pères Chartreux) is entitled to use the word CHARTREUSE as the name or designation of a Liqueur, so their victory in the suit against the Cusenier Company, representing M. Henri Lecouturier, the Liquidator appointed by the French Courts, and his successors, the Compagnie Fermiere de la Grande Chartreuse, is complete.

The Carthusian Monks (Pères Chartreux), and they alone, have the formula or recipe of the secret process employed in the manufacture of the genuine Chartreuse, and have never parted with it. There is no genuine Chartreuse save that made by them at Tarragona, Spain.

At first-class Wine Merchants, Grocers, Hotels, Cafés.
Bätjer & Co., 45 Broadway, New York, N. Y.
Sole Agents for United States.



Travel With Luxury This Summer
On The New City of Detroit III

The Largest and Most Luxuriously Equipped Side-Wheel Steamer in the World

Making regular daily trips, alternating with her sister ship, City of Cleveland III, between Detroit and Buffalo, from June 10th to September 10th.

This marvel of marine art and science is 500 feet long, 100 feet wide, and is truly palatial in every detail. Even more completely than the other ten unexcelled steamers of our line, it combines all the conveniences and luxuries of a first-class modern hotel.

Attractive New Features

This magnificent new liner, costing $1,500,000, has many attractive and distinctive new ideas never before seen on any fresh water steamer in the world. 600 staterooms, 25 parlors equipped with baths, electric fans, hot and cold running water, and thermos bottles; 50 semi-parlors with private toilets, private verandas, telephones in every stateroom, modern ventilating system that insures cool, comfortable inside rooms throughout. Pipe Organ and $10,000 Orchestrion.

See the Palm Court with fountain of running water, the Marie Antoinette Drawing Room for the ladies; the comfortable "Lounge" for the men, the old Bavarian Wine Cellar, and other unique features, that add to the comfort and convenience of the passengers.

"The Water Way," Maintaining Daily Service Between Buffalo, Detroit, Cleveland and Mackinac Island

is the most delightful way of travelling between these and other points on the Great Lakes. Plan your vacation trip this year to include a trip on one of these handsome steamers. Use them on business trips. Freedom and privacy during the day; perfect rest at night.

YOUR RAILROAD TICKETS ARE GOOD on D. & C. steamers, between Detroit and Buffalo, Detroit and Cleveland, either direction. Information regarding rates and time tables upon request. Prompt connections with railroads for all principal cities. For illustrated booklet and map of Great Lakes, write, including 2-cent stamp, to

Detroit & Cleveland Navigation Co.
59 Wayne Street Detroit, Mich.
Philip H. McMillan, Pres. A. A. Schantz, Gen. Mgr.
L. G. Lewis, Gen. Pass. Agt.

YESTERDAY AND TO-DAY

(Continued from page 153)

His heirs, Lee and J. J. Shubert, have continued this policy until to-day. They are personally interested in more than sixty theatres outside of New York, and fifteen theatres in the Metropolis are owned, leased or controlled by them!

In vaudeville the change has been equally startling. In the early '90's a friendless youth came hither from Germany and found his way into a vaudeville agency on East Fourteenth Street, where he found employment at a salary of seven dollars a week. In three years he became the partner of his employer, a man three times his age, and at the death of the latter, a year later, inaugurated his own career as an independent vaudeville agent. This boy was the William Morris of to-day! For ten years he has competed with the amalgamated vaudeville managers, a group of millionaires, and he has been a constant menace to them, while he himself has become one of the most commanding figures in the growing field of modern vaudeville.

Twelve years ago Percy Williams opened a small vaudeville theatre in the eastern district of Brooklyn; then he built the magnificent Orpheum Theatre in the same borough. To-day he has seven fine theatres in Greater New York alone, all conducted on the same policy and all owned by himself. He is a millionaire, and his operations are at this time upon a growing scale.

Less than five years ago, in the Harlem district, a man of middle age, who had been running a penny arcade, began to notice that the craze for moving pictures was reducing his receipts; therefore, he transformed his auditorium into a moving picture theatre. Then he opened a half-dozen similar places, all successful. Three years ago he conceived the idea of transforming several large and commodious theatres into moving picture resorts, gradually introducing a few minor vaudeville acts, but always maintaining a scale of exceedingly low prices of admission. This man was Marcus Loew, whose career has had no parallel in amusement history. He has a dozen theatres in the Greater City at this time, all veritable gold mines, and has built two large and beautiful theatres in Harlem and the Bronx, the combined cost of which is not less than a million dollars. Mr. Loew also has twenty or more theatres in other cities, and there is no indication that he has arrived at the zenith of his extraordinary meteoric career.

In East Fourteenth Street's theatricals, a man in his early thirties, William Fox, is the predominating factor. It is not so long ago that he and Cliff Gordon used to do a "turn" at the old Clarendon Hall on East Thirteenth Street, under the name of the Schmaltz Brothers; their joint salary was $25 a week. In 1906 Mr. Fox opened the first "five-cent store theatre" for moving pictures in Brooklyn, and, pursuing the modern trend, soon had a half-dozen of the same type. Then he bought the lease of the Dewey Theatre on East Fourteenth Street and the Gotham Theatre in Harlem, paying a joint rental of not far from $100,000 a year, and yet so profitable has been his conduct of these that he has since added three more theatres in New York and two in Brooklyn, all operated under the same policy. But the amazing thing about Mr. Fox's rise is the fact that he is not content to amass a fortune in these theatres. He is a part owner of the City Theatre, also on East Fourteenth Street, and last year showed an astonishing intrepidity by leasing the Academy of Music on the same street, paying an annual rental of $100,000 a year for the vast edifice, which cost its owners but three times as much.

GREAT BEAR SPRING WATER
50 cts. per case—6 glass-stoppered bottles

New Dramatic Books

The dramatic version of "Thais," by Paul Wilstach, published by the Bobbs-Merrill Company, makes a handsome illustrated volume of convenient size. Mr. Wilstach's play is an interesting addition to the bibliography of the celebrated story of the great Alexandrian beauty. Anatole France was the first to rescue Thais from semi-historical oblivion. His romance, "Thais" was immediately crowned by the French Academy and confirmed its author in his seat among the forty immortals. France's "Thais" has been translated into nearly every modern language. There are three translations of the romance published by three different American publishers. France's "Thais" was the inspiration of Jules Massenet's opera "Thais," and Mr. Wilstach, in publishing his play, acknowledges his obligation to the same source.

School for Playwrights

(Continued from page 156)

her play is aimed, creditably visualizing instead the effects of that evil.

"Quite deliberately," she says, "I chose for the central figure of the play a woman whose environment had not been that of the mills, a mother whose child, stolen on Christmas Eve, is nine years later found to be an exploited worker in a Southern cotton factory. I knew that the 'upper class woman,' so to speak, could *express herself* as a woman of mill environment could not; the poor woman might very deeply feel the evils of the situation, but she could not 'get it over' in the way Mrs. Craig has so wonderfully succeeded in doing in my play."

Through a prologue, which shows us the happy, luxurious home of a typical mill owner, all of whose hopes for the future are centred about the child so soon to be wrenched from the arms of his loving parents, the play brings home very forcibly the truth that it is environment and not, as some say, heredity, which makes for unhappiness and squalor in the life of mill children. Any well-born child, exposed to such conditions as obtain in this very father's cotton mill, would turn out, we are forced to believe, as stunted in mind and body as the Carmans' cherished heir is shown to be when we meet him nine years later as Skinny Hinks. Only a woman who had seriously studied social problems would have dared to treat her theme in this very effective manner.

The Juvenile Court, in Cincinnati, was the means of bringing home to Miss McFadden the great social wrongs of our time. A Western girl, she went to Smith College in the usual way, graduated therefrom in 1898, and then for four or five years did settlement work in Cincinnati, while earning her living as a librarian. After which, for a whole year, she was constantly in and about the Juvenile Court as a volunteer probation officer, thus coming, as she herself puts it, to meet "pretty much all the grown-up problems there are."

All the while her dramatic instinct, which had made her work hard on the senior play while at Smith, be elected chairman of the Dramatic Committee, and write little amateurish plays for college and settlement production, was only in abeyance, and as soon as home conditions made the step possible, she enrolled for Mr. Baker's course at Radcliffe. She feels that she owes much to his inspiring leadership and criticism, especially to his constant direction to "shape the stage to life, rather than life to the stage." Happily, she possessed an intimate knowledge of a cross-section of life, which few women of her age and talents have had opportunity to study. Thus it was that "The Product of the Mill" wrote itself during 1908-09.

Before entering the play in the Craig Contest, Miss McFadden submitted it to a New York dramatic agent, who, though she expressed interest in the work and appreciation for its noble treatment of an ugly social condition, declared it "a tract rather than a play," and declined to have any business connection with it. Possibly the agent was right in this criticism. To my mind, however, this work is the most creditable which has yet been turned out at Harvard, and I feel, with Professor Baker, that "if Miss McFadden's play doesn't go well, playwriting will look a pretty discouraging profession to the young people studying here." For plays dealing earnestly with contemporary social life, plays which dignify and render more serviceable a profession which every year influences an enormous number of American people; plays, in a word, which have in them the fine moral quality so conspicuous in "Salvation Nell," in "The Boss," and in "The Product of the Mill," are the kind of plays which university students may properly be expected to write.

And yet it was one of Mr. Baker's students who supplied May Irwin with "She Knows Better Now," the play through which that actress's robustious humor is now expressing itself! The very interesting thing about this play for the purposes of the present article, is the direct connection its prompt production proves to exist between Broadway and Mr. Baker's study in Cambridge. The piece was originally written as part of Miss Agnes Crimmins' work in the Baker course, and there were the usual conferences on it. Then Miss Crimmins sailed for Europe, thence mailing back the manuscript, for final consideration, when she had worked it over to her own satisfaction. At just about the same time that this sparkling comedy, in its large envelope, was delivered to Professor Baker, a letter from Miss Irwin also arrived. She was in search of a play, and Mr. Baker sent the manuscript to her, and she took it at once.

MARY CAROLINE CRAWFORD.

Sir Gilbert Parker, M. P.
The eminent novelist-statesman, writes from London:
"Sanatogen is to my mind a true food-tonic, feeding the nerves, increasing the energy and giving fresh vigor to the overworked body and mind."

John Burroughs
The distinguished naturalist and author writes:
"I am sure I have been greatly benefited by Sanatogen. My sleep is fifty per cent better than it was one year ago, and my mind and strength are much improved."

George Ade
The humorist, writes:
"I have given Sanatogen a trial and I am convinced of its merits."

David Belasco
The eminent dramatic author says:
"Sanatogen has a most invigorating effect upon the nerves and I heartily recommend it to all those who, like myself, are obliged to overwork. After my personal experience I can readily vouch for its recuperating qualities."



Sanatogen Opens a New World to Nerve Sufferers

IT is true that the world is colored by our nerves. When the nerves are well the world looks good. But the stress of modern life has put so heavy a strain on modern nerves that countless thousands of men and women have lost the cheerful outlook of buoyant nerves.

To restore nerve health to such sufferers is to open up a new world.

This is the mission of Sanatogen, the food tonic. Sanatogen carries to starved nerves the *very elements of food* required to *replenish* the losses they have endured.

Sanatogen *feeds* to the nerves the vital body substances which have been taken from them by fret, activity or illness — which their enfeebled condition has prevented them from taking out of the daily diet.

Sanatogen is thus a *natural restorer* of the nerves, a *rebuilder* of cells and tissues, a *specific nourishment* for impoverished conditions that disturb the balance of the system.

The written opinions of 15,000 practising physicians, who have *watched the action of Sanatogen*, splendidly support a confidence in the powers of this remarkable revitalizer of the nerves.

If YOUR nerves are distorting life for you, is it not your duty to accept Sanatogen's nourishing help toward the cheer and charm of a "new world"?

A Remarkable Book FREE Upon Request

The work of a physician-author, beautifully illustrated, which tells you some really interesting things about your nervous system, facts which vitally affect your well-being and which, therefore, you ought to know. This book also tells the story of Sanatogen convincingly from the point of view of a physician, but so that any layman can understand it. Ask for a FREE copy of "Our Nerves of Tomorrow."

Sanatogen is sold in three sizes: **$1.00, $1.90, $3.60**

Get Sanatogen from your druggist—if not obtainable from him, sent upon receipt of price by

THE BAUER CHEMICAL COMPANY 24-F Irving Place NEW YORK

"Mum"

gently neutralizes all bodily odors (such as that from perspiration)

keeps the body sweet from bath to bath

Doesn't interfere with natural processes. Does not simply smother one odor with another.

Unscented; absolutely cleanly; harmless to skin or clothing.

25c at drug- and department-stores. If your dealer hasn't "Mum", send us his name and 25 cents and we'll send you a jar postpaid.

"MUM" MFG CO 1106 Chestnut St Philadelphia



Sometime *You* Will

choose ELCAYA too, for the distinct purity and quality of this dainty "Cream of Flowers" appeals to every woman of refinement.

CRÊME ELCAYA

"Makes the Skin Like Velvet"

It brightens the complexion; gives it that soft, clean, inviting effect with a fresh tinted whiteness. The well-groomed American woman uses ELCAYA exclusively—she demands the best "Beauty-Aid," and refuses substitutes.

All Dealers, Nation-Wide, Sell ELCAYA

CRÊME ELCAYA CERAT ELCAYA
SAVON ELCAYA POUDRE ELCAYA

Sample for 2c. *Send Dealer's Name*

James C. Crane, Sole Agent, 108D Fulton St., N. Y.

"Standard" GUARANTEED PLUMBING FIXTURES



THE bath is no longer an event in the household. The appeal of "Standard" Fixtures has supplanted "sense of duty" by a "desire for cleanliness." Children love bathing amidst the surroundings which "Standard" Fixtures form. Their refining influence is as valuable to the home as their practical utility, their beauty and their defiance of age and use.

Genuine "Standard" fixtures for the Home and for School, Office Buildings, Public Institutions, etc., are identified by the Green and Gold Label, with the exception of one brand of baths bearing the Red and Black Label, which, while of the first quality of manufacture, have a slightly thinner enameling, and thus meet the requirements of those who demand "Standard" quality at less expense. All "Standard" fixtures, with care, will last a lifetime. And no fixture is genuine *unless it bears the guarantee label*. In order to avoid the substitution of inferior fixtures, specify "Standard" goods in writing (not verbally) and make sure that you get them.

Standard Sanitary Mfg. Co. Dept. 58 PITTSBURGH, PA.

New York .....35 W. 31st Street
Chicago ..... 415 Ashland Block
Philadelphia..1128 Walnut Street
Toronto, Can. 59 Richmond St.,E.
Pittsburgh.....106 Sixth Street
St. Louis....100 N. Fourth Street
Cincinnati..... 663 Walnut St.
Nashville.....315 Tenth Avenue, So.
New Orleans, Baronne & St. Joseph Sts.
Montreal, Can.....215 Coristine Bldg.
Boston..... John Hancock Bldg.
Louisville.....319-23 W. Main Street
Cleveland.....648 Huron Road, S. E.
Hamilton, Can.....20-28 Jackson St., W.
London....53 Holborn Viaduct, E.C.
Houston, Tex., Preston and Smith Sts.
San Francisco..Metropolis Bank Bldg.
Washington, D. C.....Southern Bldg.
Toledo, Ohio .... 311-321 Erie Street
Fort Worth, Tex., Front and Jones Sts.

ACTING ALVIENE SCHOOL OF STAGE ARTS

Dramatic Arts, Musical Comedy & Stage Dancing

Now twentieth year at Grand Opera House Bldg., Cor. 23d St. and 8th Ave., New York. Our Students Stock Company and Theatre assure practical training. New York Appearances and Engagements. Such celebrities as Miss Laurette Taylor, Gertrude Hoffmann, Ethel Levy, Pauline Chase, Harry Pilcer, Julia Opp, Anna Laughlin, Joseph Santly, Barney Gilmore, Mlle. Dazie, etc., taught by Mr. Alviene. For information and illustrated booklet of "How Three Thousand Succeeded," address the SECRETARY, Suite 10 as above.

Made-to-order rugs for porch, bungalow or Summer home



"You choose the colors, we'll make the rug"

Exclusive fabrics of soft, selected camel's hair woven in undyed natural color. Also pure wool, dyed in any color or combination of colors. Any length. Any width—seamless up to 16 feet. The finishing touch of individuality. Made on short notice. Write for color card. Order through your furnisher.

THREAD & THRUM WORKSHOP, Auburn, N. Y.

LABLACHE FACE POWDER

WHEN ROSES BLOOM—

When Nature is glorious with the first blush of summer—then is the charm of beauty most appreciated. LABLACHE imparts that touch of delicacy and refinement to the complexion which assists Nature in retaining the bloom of youth.



Refuse substitutes.

They may be dangerous. Flesh, White, Pink or Cream. 50c. a box of druggists or by mail. *Send 10c. for a sample box.*

BEN. LEVY CO.,
French Perfumers, Dept. 26,
125 Kingston St., Boston, Mass.

Grace Morrissey. Copyright 1911

PLAYS

Large List of New Professional and Amateur Plays, Vaudeville Sketches, Stage Monologues, New Minstrel Material, Jokes, Hand-Books. Operettas, Musical Pieces, Special Entertainments, Recitations, Dialogues, Speakers, Tableaux, Games, Drills, Wigs, Beards, Grease Paints and Other Make-up Goods. Catalogue Free. T. S. DENISON & CO., Dept. 33, Chicago.

1000 COPIES FREE

to popularize

"MR. WILSON'S PUZZLE"

A live and fascinating story built around a subject of business which must be of interest to all people of property and responsibility. Write for free copy to

WINN & KENNEDY—Dept. K.
135 Broadway, NEW YORK CITY

Author of "The Pigeon"

(*Continued from page* 160)

acquisition of valuable property, feels sharply his little June's unexpressed sorrow, though neither a gesture nor a word betrays his deep anxiety.

"Therein resides," Galsworthy said, "the superiority of the novel over the play in the expression of moods. Subtle moods, which can be suggested to the reader by means of a few syllables, must be indicated more directly, more concretely on the stage, and lose their poetry, their lyric quality. And still I have been busy writing plays ever since I finished my book, 'The Patrician,' and I don't seem to be able to find a subject for another novel."

Concerning modern European literature, Galsworthy seems to have rather indefinite ideas. Sudermann, Hauptman, Hoffmansthal, are little more than names to him. French writers of today appeal very little to him. England is, he thinks, destined to save the literary world from its present stagnation. "English writers have more earnestness, a more definite aim than their colleagues of Europe."

"How about American writers?"

"I never read but one American book."

?

"Herrick's 'Together.'"

!!!

And, as there are certain stereotype queries no interviewer can eschew:

"How do you pronounce your name? Some wise ones insist on calling you *Gailsworthy*."

"My relatives are not agreed on the point; some favor Gohlsworthy, some Gahlsworthy. Gailsworthy is a purely American variation. My choice is Gohlsworthy."

The Galsworthys have been in Devonshire as far back as records go, since the flood . . . of Saxons. Galsworthy's mother was a Bartleet from Worcestershire. He was born in Coombe, Surrey, in 1867. He studied at Harrow from 1881 to 1886, then at New College, Oxford, from 1886 to 1889, and was admitted to the bar in 1890. "I read," he says, "in various chambers, practised almost not at all, and disliked my profession thoroughly. Fortunately my father was not in a position to require his son to make money."

Galsworthy then traveled for several years, visiting among other places Russia, Canada, Australia, New Zealand, the Fiji Islands, and South Africa. In Capetown he met Joseph Conrad, then a sailor. In 1899, being then thirty-two years of age, he published his first novel. "The Silver Box," his first play, was written in 1906.

ANDRÉ TRIDON.

GREAT BEAR SPRING WATER
50 cts. per case—6 glass-stoppered bottles

The Real Story of "Bunty"

(*Continued from page* 152)

lecture. He said I could not serve two masters. I must choose between him and play acting. I chose play acting. I did not tell my mother I had lost my place, but that very night I got a job with a touring company, which was playing in town. There was a chap who wanted to go to London to take a much better part than the one he had, and the manager told him he could go if he would find a man to take his place. He came to me and asked me to take it. I went to see the manager and got the job, and played the part for the length of the engagement, living at home all the time, and not telling mother a thing about it.

"When the company left town, I went, too. I was afraid to tell my mother, and so I ran away and wrote to her. She was terribly upset. Eight years later I came to Dundee at the head of my own company; my mother came to see me act for the first time in her life. When she came 'round to my dressing-room afterwards she said she had enjoyed the play, but she didna' like the lassie that was playing my sweetheart, 'cause if she only had been a wee bit younger she could ha' done far better hersel'.

"When 'Bunty' made such a big hit at the Haymarket, she came to London for the first time and held a regular reception in the green room of the theatre, where all her family, most of them on the stage, surrounded her, and she told them, with tears in her eyes, of the scenes called to her mind by the play. It all came back to her, for 'Bunty' is full of her bravery, her management, and her wise sayings and expressions. She goes to the theatre now two or three times a week, and enjoys it the more, for she realizes the stage is the work cut out for her family, and I think she is quite proud of it, too."

On Tour with Ellen Terry

(Continued from page 165)

Never have I met with such consideration for others; she is never too tired or too hurried to be courteous. In Newburyport we were entertained for the afternoon at a most charming home. As a rule Miss Terry refuses all invitations, and goes directly to a hotel. She dislikes to inconvenience her hostess with what she calls her crankiness—the privilege of an hour's rest before her lecture and a cup of strong coffee and a cold roll just before leaving for the theatre. She realizes, too, her social instinct and dares not put herself in the way of a temptation to "visit," as she says, with the people she meets. She must save her voice and strength for the evening. If I were asked to give the most striking trait or characteristic of Ellen Terry, I should say, without hesitation, her intense love for, and belief in, people. She never loses a friend, and she is always expecting to meet a new one. She told me once that she never had known but one bad man, and she exclaimed: "Oh, the hundreds of good, splendid men and women I have found to call my friends—how well they have always treated me!" That is an interesting commentary on her attitude towards others.

At Newburyport, her invitation was so very cordial that she couldn't refuse. She explored the grounds, was enthusiastic over the old house and its furniture, spoke of the fact that she found her favorite soap in her room, and enjoyed herself thoroughly. Enthusiasm and unfailing appreciation are other marked characteristics.

That night after the lecture, we were unusually hurried. Bertha was desperate about packing numbers six and seven; Miss Terry wouldn't take off her costume, and insisted on talking to the admiring ladies who crowded around her dressing-room. At the last moment, when we were forcibly unwinding the yards of uncut *crêpe de chine*, which comprised her costume, she stopped short and said, "What shall I do for Annie?" "Who in the world is Annie?" I asked. "That very nice, kind maid at the house, who brought my coffee, and was so quiet and good to me. Shall I write her a note now, and send her a gift—some money?" suggesting a rather large sum.

"That is impossible, Miss Terry," I said, "send her a picture of yourself and sign it—you have no time for a note now." We compromised on a photograph and a smaller sum.

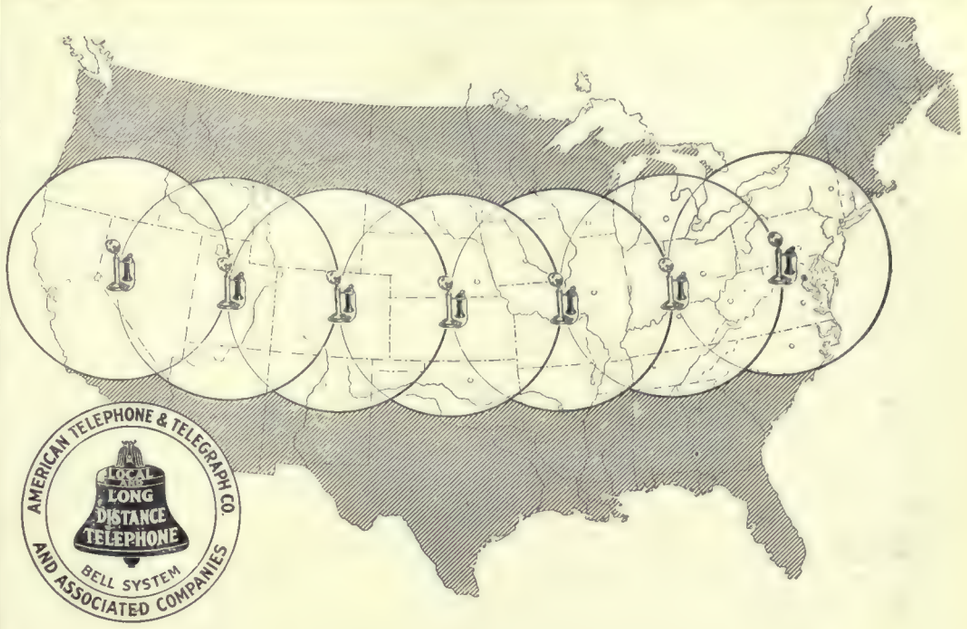
Her disregard of money was so marked that I soon decided that she was not to be trusted with the tipping. She passed around dollars as we would quarters, and when in doubt she tipped twice. In the same way her giving of alms was indiscriminate—she needed watching.

Always she spoke of Sir Henry Irving with the greatest admiration and respect. Their relationship and understanding was unusually beautiful, as anyone reading her reminiscences must know. Miss Terry feels that she owes, in a measure, her great success to her association with one whom she considers the greatest of actors and most indefatigable of workers. She told me that many a night he would rehearse his company for hours, oversee the stage settings, direct the electricians, and forget to dine or rest until, almost at the breaking point, he would return to the hotel only to study for hours. Dawn would remind him of breakfast and the return to the theatre. Miss Terry often spoke of his sense of justice and patience.

In our conversations we never touched on what so many people have called the estrangement between Miss Terry and Sir Henry. I fully believe that there never was any estrangement, certainly not from the silly cause sometimes given of jealousy on the part of his family. To me the most reasonable and natural solution is that Miss Terry, feeling no longer fitted to play the young Shakespearian heroines with Sir Henry, decided that she would have better opportunities in a company of her own, in rôles more suited to her years and personality.

Her lecture tour was successful from every point of view. She was received with affection and enthusiasm throughout the country, and just before leaving for England was presented with a medal by the founders of the New Theatre. My own association with this beautiful woman will always be one of the pleasantest memories of my life. Her sweetness, her charity, her consideration for others, her simplicity and modesty in spite of the adulation that has always been hers, make her a more completely charming woman than Shakespeare's most perfect heroine.

CARMEN CRITTENDEN MABIE.



The Chain of Communication

EACH Bell Telephone is the center of the system. This system may be any size or any shape, with lines radiating from any subscriber's telephone, like the spokes of a wheel, to the limits of the subscriber's requirements, whether ten miles or a thousand.

Somewhere on the edge of this subscriber's radius is another who requires a radius of lines stretching still further away. On the edge of this second subscriber's radius is still a third, whose requirements mean a further extension of the lines, and so on.

This endless chain of systems may be illustrated by a series of overlapping circles. Each additional subscriber becomes a new center with an extended radius of communication, reaching other subscribers.

However small the radius, the step-by-step extension from neighbor to neighbor must continue across the continent without a stopping place, until the requirements of every individual have been met.

There can be no limit to the extension of telephone lines until the whole country is covered. There can be no limit to the system of which each Bell telephone is the center, up to the greatest distance that talk can be carried.

Because these are the fundamental needs of a nation of telephone users, the Bell System must provide universal service.

AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY
AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES

One Policy *One System* *Universal Service*

A Trip You Will Never Forget or Regret

New York to New Orleans

On Luxuriously Appointed 10,600 Ton Ships

$40 ONE WAY $70 ROUND TRIP

Berth and Meals Included



Southern Pacific Steamships

Illustrated Books on Request

L. H. Nutting, G. P. A., 366 Broadway, New York City

"Spring Song"

From Mendelssohn's "Songs Without Words"



Wouldn't it be a wonderful satisfaction to you to sit at a piano and play the "Spring Song" with all the charm of expression and grace of interpretation that Mendelssohn had in mind?

Wouldn't it be a revelation for you, yourself, to bring out the transparent, simple melody and graceful accompaniment sparkling with all the delicate and evanescent impressions of Springtime.

You can do all this!

No practice or study is required to enable you to master the technique of the "Spring Song" and hundreds of other compositions placed at your instant command by the

KRANICH & BACH PLAYER PIANO



THE HIGHEST-GRADE PLAYER PIANO IN THE WORLD BUILT COMPLETELY IN ONE FACTORY

It contains beyond question the most highly developed self-playing mechanism ever evolved, with devices for purely personal and artistic interpretation so fascinating as to be almost human in effectiveness. What is especially important is that this Player Action is made exclusively by Kranich & Bach and found in no other make of piano whatsoever.

It may also be played by hand on the regular keyboard without change.

Sold on convenient monthly payments, if desired.

Let us send, without cost to you, two handsome booklets describing the KRANICH & BACH Player Piano—the most masterfully constructed and exquisitely finished musical instrument of modern times.

KRANICH & BACH
New York City

AMERICAN ACADEMY OF DRAMATIC ARTS

The next term will open April 3
Connected with Mr. Charles Frohman's Empire Theatre and Companies

Recognized as the Leading Institution for Dramatic Training in America

BOARD OF TRUSTEES
Franklin H. Sargent, President
Daniel Frohman — John Drew
Benjamin F. Roeder — Augustus Thomas

Founded in 1884

For catalog and information apply to the Secretary
Room 152, Carnegie Hall
New York

The official Programme of the

Metropolitan Opera House, New York

The most exclusive medium which no advertiser can afford to overlook

THE THEATRE MAGAZINE CO.

Send for Rates and Particulars — **8 to 14 W. 38th St., New York**

Arabs on the American Stage

(Continued from page 168)

dom without this badge of honor. The Berbers are also responsible for the shoulder bags which have been so popular with women the past year. For the baggy trousers have no pockets, and each Berber carries a bag over his shoulder to hold what an American would put into his pockets.

To what the present vogue for Eastern plays is attributable is impossible to say. Such things go by cycles, and their movements are as unaccountable as the winds of heaven. But there can be no disputing the fact that this has been an Eastern year in the drama. The Hippodrome show is almost entirely given over to Eastern spectacles. "The Garden of Allah" is a story of the great desert. "The Arab" was an Eastern play, "Kismet" has Egypt for its locale, and we are promised a sequel to this interesting play. All of these plays demanded local color, and the people demand of a manager in these latter days the real thing in color. Hassan has been supplying this country with real Arabs and Berbers for years, and he only handles the real article, and, in fact, he has such strong influence in Morocco, by virtue of his high and sacred position, that it is next to impossible to get real Berber acrobats without going to him. The gentlemen who wanted the Berbers went to him, and he jumped on a steamer, let his beard grow, picked up his Arab vestment at Gibraltar, and, presto! Sie Hassan is himself again, Sie Hassan Ben Ali, Marabout.

When he came back two months later he had enough Arabs to start a miniature Morocco. For the Hippodrome he brought the Bobker Troupe of sixteen and the Beni Zoug Zoug Troupe of nine. They were all playing in Europe, and he had to postpone their "time" in consequence. Nearly all these men have played in this country before, and Barygo Tip, the youth with the bushy hair carefully divided into three sections, has played and danced all kinds of dances in the "Follies of 1907." Incidentally he is worth a little over $15,000 and speaks seven languages.

For "The Garden of Allah" Hassan brought over twenty-five Berbers, most of whom had never been outside their own country before. They do not have to perform and are not trained athletes like the other charges of this impressario of Arab acrobats. The other Berbers were distributed with "Kismet" and the two "Bohemian Girl" companies, which Sargent and Milton Aborn have on the road.

No other race has produced acrobats who can compare with the Berbers. They are naturally fitted for it. They are trained from the time they are eight years old and trained by a master, and they show no deleterious effects in after years. Most athletes and acrobats are doomed to short life, and most of them die of consumption or heart disease in one form or another. Not so the Berbers. Their constitutions are such, and the training is so perfect, that when their stage life is over they settle down to a happy, healthy and useful life and rear their children, who in turn are sent to the Hassan gymnasium, and in due course take their father's place in the troupes.

And when they get to this country their training and education are not only continued, but are increased, and here Hassan himself takes a hand. In Tangier the instruction has been in the hands of Hadj Nassar, a very old and wise-looking man, who seldom speaks except with his eyes or by gesture. He is a Shiek, poet, pilgrim and the best trainer of acrobats in the world. In Coney Island, where Hassan's hotel, Luna Villa, is situated, he not only drills the boys every day in their athletic exercises, but he has a school in English in the afternoon with prizes. An assiduous school commissioner once got after one of the boys, who was undersized, and tried to make him go to school. But Hassan took the school commissioner to the afternoon school, and proved to him that the training the boys got there is more beneficial to them than the public schools.

Before the boys come to this country, Hassan deposits with the parents a bond of $200 for their safety, and he has to give to the Moroccan Government a bond in like amount. He also engages to have the boys send a certain proportion of their salary each month to their parents in Morocco. Each boy gets a bank book and is instructed in American savings bank methods. Most of them save up a thousand dollars or more before going back to Morocco.

Hassan himself is a most interesting character. In his face one reads shrewdness and a great good nature, and these are his principal characteristics.

REHEARSING THE CIRCUS

(Continued from page 149)

all afternoon to get the woman playing Cleopatra and the man playing Marc Antony to say their combined three lines so that they could get them over the three rings. These "prologue" lines were:

Cleopatra to Antony, who has approached her throne, gallantly saluting her by removing his helmet: "Why do you invade my country?"

Antony rises in his chair, and his corps of Generals gather about him. Imbued with the spirit of ambitious Rome, the invincible commander replies:

"For the glory of my people!"

"Wherein lies your power to do this?" asks Cleopatra.

Trumpets sound in a dozen directions. The great armies of Rome appear in mighty phalanxes, banners flying, chariots rumbling, and the armor glistening in the sun—a triumph in circus—stage—lighting. This procession takes the place of the old-fashioned tournament, which always used to open the circus performance.

To show to what extent even a circus director will go when rehearsing a scene, in trying to get the man playing Antony to say his single line with the proper effect, Mr. Ringling, getting somewhat exasperated after hours of pounding away for the right inflection, suddenly called out to the player:

"Did you ever study United States history?"

"Certainly," replied the circus player.

"Do you remember how Ethan Allen took Fort Ticonderoga, and what he said when asked on whose authority he demanded the immediate and unconditional surrender?" continued Mr. Ringling.

"Yes, I remember," answered the circus Antony.

"Well, then," said Mr. Ringling, "how do you suppose he said, 'In the name of the Great Jehovah and the Continental Congress?' If he said it the way you are saying, 'For the glory of my people!' he would have been riddled with bullets Try it again, and think how Ethan Allen would have said it."

The performer did, and this time it "got over."

"That's it," complimented Mr. Ringling. "And, be sure to say it that way on the opening."

During all this time, over to one side of the mammoth stage for the "Cleopatra" spectacle, "Bud" Gorman was busy rehearsing the stage hands, property men, and electricians in getting ready the wonderful stage devices for reproducing sandstorms on the desert—for even "The Garden of Allah" hasn't got anything on the circus this year—earthquakes, mirages, falling temples, fires and volcanoes—putting one over on "The Bird of Paradise!" And, up in the balcony the circus band, looking incongruous enough in civilian dress, with derby hats, fedora hats, caps, and every other style of headgear, was being rehearsed in the score of the spectacle by Faltis Effendi, the late bandmaster of the Khedive of Egypt, who was especially engaged to arrange the score and write the incidental music, and to come here to lead the band, because of his familiarity with the legends, the music and the spirit of Egypt of old. And, upstairs in the concert room of the Garden, Ottokar Bartik, of the Metropolitan Grand Opera Company, as ballet master, was rehearsing three hundred girls in a great ballet of Ancient Egypt, showing the superb pageantry and ensembles of the Egyptian Court of 2,000 years ago.

The arena itself being cleared of the other acts, the elephants now come in for rehearsal. To circus folk they are "bulls." And, if you want to feel at home on the tanbark, just cut out this paragraph and paste it in your hat, to refer to when talking to one of the circus people. First of all, the managing director of the circus—Mr. Alf T. Ringling, for instance—is called the *main guy*, from the main guy rope that supports the centre pole in the big top; the show ground, whether it be Madison Square Garden or not, is always the *lot;* the tents are always *tops;* the side-show is the *kid show;* the lecturers are *spielers* and *ballyhoos;* the men who sell peanuts and lemonade are *butchers;* farmers are *rubes, simps,* and *yaps;* the man who forgets his change at the ticket wagon is a *walkaway;* the dressing-room is the *pad-room,* from the days when pads were used on the circus horse's backs; a trunk is a *keester;* a suitcase is a *turkey;* all the women with the circus are *dames,* and circus literature is *soft stuff.*

They always clear the arena for the elephant rehearsals. Once last season, while the circus was on tour, one of the "bulls" broke loose in the "big top," and in less than a jiffy about half

(Continued on page xvii)

WHITTALLS

THE MARK OF QUALITY



The Dower of the Oriental Bride

always contains a beautiful rug—her most cherished possession. What wedding gift to your children or friends could be more acceptable or give more lasting comfort and pleasure than a rug of beautiful design and color that will blend softly from one minor tone to another and sink harmoniously into whatever surroundings the Bridal couple may choose for it?

Whittall Rugs

are made from the same splendid materials as the Orientals by the most perfect mechanical processes and under positively sanitary conditions and are sold at about one-tenth the price.

¶ Both the Whittall Arabic with its thick velvety pile and the Anglo-Persian with its silky sheen add greatly to the charm of the most artistic apartments.

¶ Many of these rugs are made in a great variety of sizes thus enabling you to get the very design and coloring for the place you have in mind or to fit the price you have decided to pay for your wedding gift.

¶ Be sure the name "Whittall's" is woven into the back of the carpet or rug you buy—it is your guarantee each thread will hold its own in the battle of service—every tint and color will still be beautiful as long as a vestige of the rug remains.

Send for our booklet, *Oriental Art in American Rugs.* It is an exquisitely illustrated book full of practical and interesting information as to how to choose your floor-coverings

M. J. WHITTALL
DEPT. O.
WORCESTER · MASS
ESTABLISHED · 1880

The American Playwright

Published and Edited by WILLIAM T. PRICE

15 Cents a Copy **$1.50 a Year**

THE AMERICAN PLAYWRIGHT, a monthly publication, with its first issue dated January 15, 1912, will be devoted to the technical discussion of plays and playwriting. It will give such full information as is desired and needed by students of the drama. It will be a complete record of plays produced in New York and of all published plays and books and articles worth the while relating to the technical side of the stage. Its reviews of current plays will be analytical, directed at their causes of failure or success. Its various departments will be designed to help, in a practical way, those who accept playwriting as an art. It will aim to gain the confidence, respect and cooperation of all who love truth, who realize the responsibilities of authorship and production, and who abhor sordidness, whether in private or professional life. It will be impressed with the earnest purpose to be helpful, and to validate the principles set forth in my book, "The Analysis of Play Construction and Dramatic Principle." In its special character it will be unlike any other periodical that has to do with the stage. I shall try to make it indispensable to the student.

W. T. PRICE, 1440 Broadway, N. Y. City

REDUCING SLVE

For the Reduction of Superfluous Flesh



Dr. E. N. Cogswell, while making certain experiments made this latest scientific discovery which will be welcomed by all those burdened with excess fat.

REDUCING SLVE necessitates no change in one's diet or daily routine of living, and is guaranteed absolutely harmless.

Directions—Rub thoroughly with tips of fingers into those parts to be reduced. Allow to remain for twenty or thirty minutes then wash off with hot water.

REDUCING SLVE has never been known to fail. Price **$2.00** per jar. Will be glad to give any information you may desire on this subject.

Address

DR. E. N. COGSWELL

418 Fifth Avenue - - - - New York City

Surgeon—Chiropody and Expert Manicuring

Looks Good— Tastes Good



Pabst BlueRibbon

The Beer of Quality

THE waiter knows that he is serving a discriminating guest when ordered to bring Pabst "Blue Ribbon" Beer.

This is the beverage beyond compare, and is appropriate for all times and occasions. Wholesome and refreshing—a delight to the eye and the palate—the perfection of brewing.

Bottled only at the brewery in crystal clear bottles, showing at a glance that it is clean and pure.

PABST B MILWAUKEE

Serve it to your family and guests.

Supplied by best dealers everywhere.
Served in Leading Hotels and Cafes.

PABST B MILWAUKEE

Your Attention is Called to

GOLD SEAL Champagne



A trial of which will prove to your entire satisfaction that champagne can be made in America, superior in quality to the imported product.

Two Kinds
Special Dry—Brut

Sold by all leading grocers and wine merchants

URBANA WINE CO., Urbana, N.Y.

There's just the difference between a raw, poorly made Cocktail and a

Club Cocktail

that there is between a raw, new Whiskey and a soft old one.

The best of ingredients—the most accurate blending cannot give the softness and mellowness that age imparts.

Club Cocktails *are aged in wood* before bottling—and no freshly made Cocktail can be as good.



Manhattan, Martini and other standard blends, bottled, ready to serve through cracked ice.

Refuse Substitutes
AT ALL DEALERS
G. F. HEUBLEIN & BRO., Sole Props.
Hartford New York London



A UNIQUE and exclusive feature of the THEATRE MAGAZINE is the Fashion Department. Do not fail to read the suggestions and pointers of our Fashion Editor, an authority of both continents.

Close of the Opera Season

(*Continued from page 145*)

concert event of the year occurred during this past month, namely the coming of Arthur Nikisch, famous conductor, who brought over the London Symphony Orchestra for a swift tournée of this broad land of ours. Nikisch, it will be recalled, was conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra for four years, but has not visited us in nearly twenty years. He is acknowledged the greatest concert conductor alive, hence the unusual stir about his coming.

To the eye Arthur Nikisch, magician of the baton, has grown older during his nineteen years of absence. To the ear he has grown greater, more mature, more poetic and more temperamental. His outward calm is a pose, for within he is temperamentally tumultuous. He is, without a doubt, the prince of concert conductors. He is the most magnetic personality on the platform to-day. Not alone does he hold his orchestra at the tip of his slender baton, but he has his audience hanging breathless on almost every phase that he draws from his players.

In a word, Nikisch is a sensation. He is the most picturesque conductor, his every movement being charged with meaning. There is no end to the variety of gestures he employs. And in all his conducting there is never a moment of conventional time beating.

The occasion was also the first time here of the London Symphony Orchestra, an able organization but not a notably excellent orchestra. The strings are good, the tympani player is a wonder, flute and oboe are both excellent, trombones and horns are good—in brief, it is an acceptable, well-routined orchestra. But the orchestra itself lost significance the other night, for it became simply an instrument for Nikisch to play upon.

And play upon it he did. He began with Beethoven's "Leonora" No. 3 Overture, in which both ruggedness and poetry were finely displayed and contrasted. Then came Brahms Monumental C Minor Symphony, which Nikisch so charged with interest and nuance that none could withhold admiration. The manner in which the last movement was conducted was simply astounding.

Next he led Tschaikowsky's "Francesca da Rimini," as it has never been heard here, and the final number was that concert battle horse, the "Tannhaeuser" Overture, which was vivid with contrasts and marked by a tremendous sweep. The program showed Nikisch's versatility as well as his mastery. He is a great man, and the pity is that America does not control his services.

Another visiting orchestra was the Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra, led by Emil Oberhoffer, which came East for the first time and showed New York that Minneapolis had an orchestra, and reason to be proud of it.

Then the brave Boston Symphony came here and played like so many angels disguised as musicians. It was Max Fiedler's farewell, for this conductor leaves the organization this year.

And, finally, there was our own New York Symphony Society, conducted by Walter Damrosch, which gave a Brahms Festival of four concerts, playing Brahms music, so that new interest was awakened in this master's writings.

It has been an unusually active music season, but also an extraordinarily interesting one. Surely a complete record of it would make the European capitals raise their heads in wonder and admiration.

A Notable Work

M. B. Leavitt, who recently published "Fifty Years in Theatrical Management," has received this letter from Col. F. Alliston Brown, author of "A History of the New York Stage," etc.:

My dear Leavitt:

It is a wonderful, clever book, and worth the authorship of the best of them. In fact, I have read all of the so-called reminiscent books on the stage, and can conscientiously say that it is the best of them all. You cover a great deal of ground, and must have devoted a great deal of time and attention to it. No one knows better than I do what an amount of labor it requires to get out such a book, as I have published a history of the American stage, a history of the circus in America, history of the New York stage in three volumes, from 1748 to 1905, and a history of minstrelsy. But you cover them all, and have done noble work. I have read it nearly through, and the more I read the more interesting it becomes.

Yours fraternally,
COL. T. ALLISTON BROWN.

GREAT BEAR SPRING WATER
50 cts. per case—6 glass-stoppered bottles

MARGARET ILLINGTON

(Continued from page 143)

she was a hard, selfish, almost loveless little creature, full of vanity.

"Viewed in that light one detests her. No mind can find excuse for her theft from the friends under whose roof she is staying. But let her be a girl of deep feeling, one who idolizes her husband, and you have established sympathy for her. Charles Frohman thought so, and I thought he was right. I always think so, even if he were wrong. I shall always be deeply grateful to him, for he gave me my chance. More than once I have heard his words coming from the wings: 'All right, let her play it her way. She is right.' And Mr. Bellew was the same. He was most magnanimous."

Once, a little more than ten years ago, Hart Conway, the distinguished dramatic instructor, beamed his joy when this, his favorite pupil, won the diamond medal given by Joseph Jefferson to the most promising pupil of the school. All the dramatic critics of Chicago were the jury of awards, and their decision was unanimous. The girl, who was then known as Maud Light, the little unknown from Bloomington, gave six of the scenes from six Shakespearean plays better than any of the score of contestants. Thus she won the diamond medal. But a few years later she won another diamond medal, the approval of one of the most artistic of American managers. Watching her scene in Mme. Fochard's cellar A. M. Palmer said of the Henriette of his revival of "The Two Orphans":

"That girl will go far. She has sincerity and power."

For her dictum about emotional acting I was prepared by the echo of those words of the late manager.

"Acting a strong, emotional rôle, is féeling something deeply, and conveying that feeling to the audience," she said, simply.

"Do you think that comedy is more difficult than emotional acting?"

"It would be, I am sure, for me. Comedy requires infinite technique. I think I should distinguish between the classes of acting in this way: Emotional acting is a gift. The emotional actress is born. Comedy is technique. The comedienne acquires her art."

"Do you think emotional acting can be taught?"

"Very little, if at all. Certain rudiments of acting can be acquired that will furnish a foundation for any good sort of acting. But the power that flings itself across the footlights, and sweeps the audience from its emotional feet, is self-taught. It was so in my case. I owe much to dear Mr. Conway. But after that no one could help me. I had to help myself. In the sense of what was done for me, save the giving me a chance, after I was on the stage, I was self-taught.

"And this self-teaching, I think, consists in being two selves on the stage. One-half feels and acts, the other half stands back with finger of warning raised and watches. That is the critic in us. These should be of equal strength in us. But they are not in me. My feeling preponderates, and I push the critic into the background. That is a fault. I shall try to bring it more and more to the fore. For when these two are exactly equal in a performance the perfection of acting is reached.

"I know that Coquelin held that there must be no feeling in a performance, that reason must be the absolute guide. Irving held, as students of dramatic art know, the opposite view. I have worked out for myself the balancing of the two selves, the actress who portrays feeling, and the critic who guides, governs and admonishes it. That is the truth of acting for me."

"And the other two selves?" I queried.

The black brows lifted in inquiry.

"The actress and the woman, happiness as opposed to art?"

Then, almost as an echo, came from the American "Thief" the same sentiment I had heard from the French one:

"A woman has, first of all, a right to happiness in her home life. If the question of choice between this and the negative happiness that stage success brings, I shouldn't hesitate for a minute. No woman with a grain of sense will."

Miss Illington added to the spirited reply of the Frenchwoman: "A woman must be happy to do good work. There must be the background of a happy affection. From this a woman can go to her work, but she must come back to it. That is what makes an harmonious life.

The performance of Maggie Schultz was less than an hour off, and dinner waited. But she gave a moving portrayal of the tenement house wife that night.

ADA PATTERSON.

The Prudential Home Offices 1875 1912



Annual Statement Dec. 31 1911

The Prudential

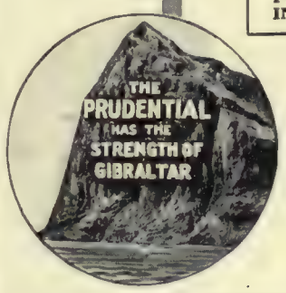
Founded by John F. Dryden, Pioneer of Industrial Insurance in America

GREATEST YEAR OF STRENGTH AND USEFULNESS

Assets, over	259 Million Dollars
Liabilities, nearly	241 Million Dollars
Income in 1911, over	81 Million Dollars
Capital and Surplus, over	18 Million Dollars
Paid Policyholders in 1911, over	27 Million Dollars
Total Paid Policyholders since organization, plus amount held at interest to their credit, over	**466 Million Dollars**
Life Insurance Issued and Paid for in 1911, over	440 Million Dollars
Increase in Paid-for Insurance in Force, over	167 Million Dollars
Liabilities include Policy Dividends	29½ Million Dollars
of which there is payable in 1912	4¾ Million Dollars

NUMBER OF POLICIES IN FORCE, OVER - - - - 10 MILLIONS

PAID-FOR INSURANCE IN FORCE, OVER - - 2 BILLION DOLLARS



Send for particulars of the Prudential policy, providing a Guaranteed Monthly Income for yourself or wife. A life-long protection for your dear ones, or your own old age. Address Dept. 37.

The Prudential Insurance Co. of America

Incorporated as a Stock Company by the State of New Jersey

Forrest F. Dryden, President — Home Office, Newark, N. J.

District Subscription Managers Wanted

In every locality where we have not yet appointed a district manager to look after our subscription interests, we offer a splendid opportunity to the right sort of person. We want a hustling, energetic man or woman who will put out our advertising booklets, collect renewals of expiring subscriptions, but most of all push out after new business. The work need not occupy more than your spare time, and if you possess the right sort of energy you will find it not only very interesting and pleasant but also exceptionally remunerative. Our district managers handle both of our magazines, *L'Art de la Mode* and *The Theatre Magazine*. If you have some time that you would like to turn into good money

YOU CANNOT AFFORD TO OVERLOOK THIS PROPOSITION

Send your application at once to
THE SUBSCRIPTION MANAGER

THE THEATRE MAGAZINE : 14 W. 38th ST., NEW YORK

The Human Qualities *of the* ANGELUS

Good music emanates from the heart and mind of the musician. The actual playing of his instrument is done without consciousness of his hands, or—himself.

Everyone learns in time to play the ANGELUS unconsciously, because the expression devices of the ANGELUS adapt themselves as readily to the ANGELUS pianist's mind as do his hands themselves.

THE ARTISTYLE MUSIC ROLL—tells you by means of one single expression line just when to accent and to change the tempo or volume. It gives in the simplest but most complete form a faithful guide to an artistic interpretation.

THE PHRASING LEVER—that wonderful device by which you easily obtain the beautiful tempo effects indicated by the Artistyle line. With it you can phrase or take any liberty known to the musician. It is indispensable in accompanying.

THE GRADUATING MELODANT—which brings out the melody of a composition clear and distinct against the subordinated accompaniment, either in the treble or bass. Both the melody and the accompaniment can be modulated at will.

THE MELODY BUTTONS—which give separate and independent control of bass and treble, thus permitting the personal emphasis or accent of any melody, note or chord while subduing the accompaniment.

THE DIAPHRAM PNEUMATICS—which produce a pliant, resilient touch, like that of the human fingers.

The ANGELUS devices for personal expression are no more mechanical than the bow of the violinist.

The ANGELUS brings the music-lover closer to the heart of his instrument than any other means, except the gift of genius. The capacity for personal expression which the ANGELUS alone gives must be considered in the selection of a player-piano.

KNABE-ANGELUS	EMERSON-ANGELUS	ANGELUS PIANO
The world-famous Knabe Piano and the Angelus. Grand and upright.	The sweet-toned Emerson Piano and the Angelus. Grand and Upright.	A splendid piano built expressly for the Angelus Upright.

In Canada, The Gourlay-Angelus and Angelus Piano

THE WILCOX & WHITE COMPANY

Pioneers in the Player-Piano Industry
233 Regent St., London

Agencies all over the World
MERIDEN, CONN.



The Files of the Theatre Magazine are Invaluable to Collectors

BIND YOUR NUMBERS OF THE

Theatre Magazine

READERS who have preserved their copies and return them to us in good condition, by express, prepaid, will receive a complete copy, together with title page, table of contents, on payment of $3.00.

The Eleventh Year (1911) is bound in TWO VOLUMES

AT THE PLAYHOUSE

(Continued from page 140)

and the other, and neither way finally, that the average thinking layman, like Oliver Wendell Holmes, who said of Zimmerman's "Treatise on Solitude," that he respected the title and let the book alone, will care little for the subject matter of this play. The riddle is merely re-stated in other terms when one tries to decide which came first, man or woman? Under the circumstances of the age in which we are living, it is safest to assume that woman is the species, and man the variation. But Strindberg is a woman-hater, so he has solved the question to his own satisfaction by making man supreme. This question, together with his solution, he has presented in "The Father"; and the final impression, it must be said, is that Strindberg is more anxious to say something than to have something to say. Here is some kind of army captain, living some place or another, who is determined to rear his daughter, Bertha, in his own religious persuasion and general mode of thinking. The law of the land—which we may as well assume to be Sweden—upholds him in this. His wife, Laura, is equally determined that Bertha shall be brought up to her more conservative views. She realizes that if it can be made to appear that her husband, Adolph, is insane, the law will deprive him of all of his rights at the same time that his income will support her. She succeeds, in so far as she creates the suspicion that he is crazy; but investigation practically convinces his examiner that he is exceptionally well poised. She suddenly learns that if she can prove that her husband is not the father of the child, he will lose both right and moral inclination to dictate as to the child's education. Accordingly, she suggests this dark and insidious idea to her husband. She goads him on and on; and he responds until he is nearly out of his mind. He recalls situations in which paternity might have been fixed elsewhere. Suspicion becomes certainty; and finally he throws a lighted lamp at her, although it shivers to fragments against the doors, which she tantalizingly closes behind her. He tries to end it all by shooting his daughter; but the cartridges have been removed from his revolver. Everything is now in Laura's hands. The neighbors are satisfied that Adolph is mad; and he is bound in a strait-jacket. And the end is where a stroke of apoplexy mercifully places him in unconsciousness, from which he is not likely to awaken. It would seem that much that is dramatic could happen here. Much does. But as far as accomplishing anything goes, it is about as effectual as shooting fire-crackers on the Fourth of July. It demonstrates—for its own purposes—that modern women is a witch, capable of anything, fulfilling her function to the world by providing man with children, his sole hope of eternal life; it demonstrates that another word for matrimony is strife. And like all good dramatist reformers, Strindberg shows his condition, and invites his audience to provide the remedy.

Mr. Warner Oland, who played the part of Adolph, and faithfully and rightfully made up as Strindberg probably looked at Adolph's time of life, is a very pleasing actor; but while he did not "walk into" his part, but came on the stage full-grown, he did not make every touch pay in interest, make every line mean something about himself. The honors of the performance go to Louise Dempsey, who played the old nurse of Adolph. She lived it; and her tears and trembling voice reached out over the footlights, and tugged heartstrings, more than once. Rosalind Ivan, as Laura, was a veritable snake, which is to her credit here. She conveyed the idea of indomitable woman quite satisfactorily. Harry Dodd, as the pastor, was benevolent and shrewd, and stayed well within the picture. Nöjd, a soldier, did not have much to do, but Frederic Burt did him passable justice.

NEW AMSTERDAM THEATRE. "THE MAN FROM COOK'S." Musical comedy in two acts, book by Henry Blossom, music by Raymond Hubbell. Produced on March 25, with the following cast:

Mrs. Benton, Marion Murray; Marjorie Benton, Stella Hoban; Madame Leontine, Flavia Arcaro; Estelle Du Bois, Eleanor Pendleton; Floria, Rene Thornton; Lolita, Nonette Lyle; Paula, Josephine Harriman; Mariette, Frances Rubens; Berthe, May Leslie; Jeanne, Adele Kornau; Louise, Bessie Durant; La Belle Tortino, Bena Hoffman; Marie, Daisy Rudd; Prince Victor, Walter Percival; "Toto" Soulard, Fred Walton; Zachary Benton, John Daly Murphy; Lord Fitz-Bertie, Leslie Kenyon; Stubbs, Antonio Moreno; T. Laurence O'Donnell, John J. Dempsey; Chauffeur, J. T. Chaille.

"The Man from Cook's" is a comic opera of external excellence, with special features that, in themselves, are entertaining enough to take the place of any seriously considered plot. But such is the comic opera of the day. There is a plot.



GOOD WHITE TEETH ALL AROUND IF YOU USE
SOZODONT
LIQUID, POWDER AND PASTE

REMEMBER THE PLAYS YOU SEE

THE success with which The Theatre Record was received last season has been an important factor in the publishing of our new volume, the

PLAY DIARY

A Handsome Book of eighty pages, size 10x14. Beautifully bound as a scrap book, in silk cloth, gold lettering, title page and table of contents. Japanese vellum is used throughout the entire volume. Printed headings on each page. :: :: :: ::

Price, $3.00 Postpaid

Four pages are reserved for each play, thus insuring to the collector all the necessary space for the program, pictures of the plays and players, and one page to write his own criticism if so desired.

THE THEATRE MAGAZINE CO. 26 WEST 33RD ST. N.Y.



A Bedroom in the Country and its FURNITURE

THE ideal Sleeping Chamber is surely that of the Country House, in which one wakens to the cheerful sounds and pleasant perfumes of the summer morning.

For just such rooms we have fashioned our Reproductions of the Furniture which lends its charm to the Bedroom of Marie Antoinette at Little Trianon.

Our Furniture is to be had only at our Galleries in New York. We have no branches.

Neither do we issue illustrated catalogues; but we are at all times glad to render any assistance we can to those who will furnish us an indication of their needs.

Our book, "The House and Its Plenishing," copiously illustrated with etchings, will be found helpfully suggestive in the extreme.

The Grand Rapids Furniture Company
INCORPORATED

34 and 36 West Thirty-second Street
New York



THIS handsome escort will never fail you, night or day. In this princely electric automobile, you are as safe as in the shelter of your home.

Social pleasures are *multiplied* immeasurably. Distance has surrendered to the Detroit Electric!

In Seattle—one of the hilliest cities in the United States—84 out of 104 Electric automobiles are Detroit Electrics. In every city this automobile has proven its practical utility as a powerful, safe, economical motor car.

We offer you a selection of nine body designs. Illustrated catalog sent upon request.

Anderson Electric Car Co., 413 Clay Avenue, Detroit, U. S. A.

Branches:
Buffalo, Brooklyn, Cleveland — New York, Broadway at 80th Street — Chicago, 2416 Michigan Avenue (Also Branch at Evanston, Ill.) — Kansas City, Minneapolis, St. Louis

Selling representative in all leading Cities

The Biography *of* Maude Adams

Octavo size, 120 pages, tastefully bound in superior quality silk cloth, charmingly illustrated with fine plates made from 20 valuable photos of Miss Adams, giving the first complete series of all her character portrayals, from



the beginning of her stage career to her famous creation of Peter Pan.

Also a list of the complete casts of some of the earlier New York productions in which Miss Maude Adams took part and where they were produced.

An exclusive and genuine Edition de Luxe, with vividly interesting text.

A most valuable work, a limited edition of which has just been purchased by THE THEATRE MAGAZINE. The book is sold in the open market and retails for $1.50, but we will give away one copy to each new subscriber to THE THEATRE MAGAZINE for one year at the regular price of $3.50, sent direct to our office.

We reserve the right to withdraw this offer immediately after the present edition is exhausted. Send applications accompanied by money-order or check at once.

The Theatre Magazine Co., 8 to 14 W. 38th St., New York

The beautiful American heiress comes to the old place of business of Cook's Tourist Agency, in Paris, from which the signs have not been removed, although it is now a dining-room, and is taken in hand by a French Prince, who sees his opportunities for an adventure in offering to personally conduct her, with her father and mother, on a tour which includes Naples. He does not reveal his name and title, and she is being annoyed by the attentions of an English Lord who is not to her liking. It is obvious at once what the outcome will be, but the incidents are interesting, and the output of songs and dances is abundant. Miss Stella Hoban, the American heiress, has a very pretty song with Walter Percival, the Prince, that is rapturous. One of the songs had the assistance of the Bell family (Mexican bell-ringers), the scenery of the locality being exceptionally beautiful. The comedian is Fred Walton, who, amusing with no great opportunity, contributed his best with his toy-soldier chorus. Estelle Pendleton does some distinctive dancing.

COHAN THEATRE. "THE WALL STREET GIRL." Musical play in three acts, with book by Margaret Mayo and Edgar Selyn, lyrics by Hapgood Burt and music by Karl Hoschna. Produced on April 15 with the following cast:

James Green, Harry Gilfoil; John Chester, Charles Winninger; Dexter Barton, William P. Carleton; Bertie Longman, Clarence Oliver; Rev. Dr. Leonard, Paul Porter; Jordan, Cyril Ring; Pinch, Charles Silber; Walker, Jack Wellekens; Simons, Ralph Shipman; Harris, William Bourn; West, Robert Thurston; Mrs. Williams, Maude Knowlton; Pearl Williams, Florence Shirley; Lawrence O'Connor, Wellington Cross; Sunshine Reilly, Lois Josephine; Glen Underwood, Helene French; Rosie Dale, Ivy Paget; Grace Sinclair, Catherine Hurst; Edythe Torrant, Helen Turner, Mazie Blackburn, Kathryn Sainpolis; Trixie Allen, Cleo Le Moyne; Jemina Greene, Blanche Ring.

With the approach of warm weather we get the typical summer show, and in this kind of entertainment Miss Blanche Ring specializes with considerable success. "The Wall Street Girl," from the expert pen of Margaret Mayo, fits her personality well, and provides this popular comedienne with a vehicle which should last her for some time. Miss Ring is seen as Jemina Greene, a young person with a loud checked suit and a leaning in favor of the stern sex, who starts out to make things hum in the financial district. While in Wall Street she becomes attached to a Western man named Dexter Barton, and goes halves with him on a mining scheme in Goldenrod, Nevada. The girl is warned against the enterprise, but everything turns out well, and with her profits she is able to save her father from financial trouble. Miss Ring has a number of capital songs, all of which made distinct hits. Some of these which will be remembered are: "Whistle It," "The Indian Rag," "Deedle-Dum-Dee," and "I Want a Regular Man." The star was assisted by an excellent company, of whom not the least popular was Will Rogers, who did most extraordinary lassoing feats.

GREAT BEAR SPRING WATER
50 cts. per case—6 glass-stoppered bottles

Victor Records

Mme. Matzenauer has been one of the sensations of the recent Metropolitan season, and her impersonations, especially in the Wagnerian rôles, have called forth universal praise from critics and public alike.

They are wonderful reproductions of one of the greatest voices ever heard in America, and should be in every collection of good records.

Die Walküre, *Fort denn eile,* Wagner; L'Africana, *Aria de Sonno,* Meyerbeer.

The Victor has added another famous virtuoso to its list of celebrated players—the young Russian, Efrem Zimbalist. Since Elman's appearance, no new violinist has created such a stir on the Continent, in Great Britain and in America as has this youthful artist. Born at Rostoff on the Don in 1890, he began to study the violin at the age of eight, and at seventeen completed his musical education under Leopold Auer. His début at St. Petersburg was sensational, and his subsequent tours through Germany and England, and his present American tour have earned for him a place among the first violinists of the day.

Mr. Zimbalist's first numbers are most attractive ones, comprising the beautiful *Humoresque* of Tor Aulin, the well-known Norwegian composer and violinist, and two of Zimbalist's own compositions. These numbers exhibit admirably this young artist's superb beauty of tone, fine phrasing and graceful delivery.

Two numbers from a new Metropolitan Opera: Geraldine Farrar, *Le Donne Curiose,* Wolf-Ferrari; Geraldine Farrar and Herman Jadlowker, *Le Donne Curiose—Il cor uel contento,* Wolf-Ferrari.

Le Donne Curiose, or in English, *The Inquisitive Women,* has been one of the novelties of the recent New York season, and was so successful that it bids fair to become a fixture in the repertoire of the Metropolitan.

REHEARSING THE CIRCUS

(Continued from page xi)

of the band players had dropped their instruments and scrambled under seats or out of the tent. A stranger, who happened to be present, remarked to "Bud" Gorman, the equestrienne director:

"You can tell the old band players who have been with the circus for years. They remained in their seats, and kept right on playing."

"Not a bit of it," replied Mr. "Bud." "The old band players are the ones who scrambled under the seats for shelter. Those who remained, and kept on playing, are the new ones with the circus. They do not realize what a dangerous thing it is when an elephant breaks loose!"

Led by their trainer, Harry Mooney, "the elephant man," and his assistants, three herds of elephants are brought into the rings. Three of them are taken on to the track, where a miniature baseball diamond is layed out, and are rehearsed in the cleverest novelty ever thought out by the circus man—a baseball game! Now the circus has got one on the Nationals and the Americans, and there will be circus fans a-plenty. One of the ponderous "bulls" that they call "Baker," but who makes you think more of "Casey at the Bat," actually performs the feat of sliding to base! It took all winter at Bridgeport, and hour after hour at the Garden to get him to slide for the plate. He always wanted to roll all over the diamond instead. Before the circus pulled out of its winter quarters they had got "Baker" so that he would slide to the base, but when he got in the Garden on the tanbark he preferred rolling. So, they practically had to begin all over with him. The way they accomplished the feat of training the elephant to slide to base at rehearsals was unique. This particular "bull" had a liking for anything yellow, and the trainers tied a grape fruit to a string, and would drag it just ahead of him as he would run for the base. At the sight of the grape fruit rolling along towards the plate on the tanbark, the elephant would get down for it, and, since he was running, his own tonnage would propell him along on his haunches in a regular "slide, Kelly, slide."

All these little rehearsals are preliminary and independent; every performer who feels any doubt about his suppleness, or who wants to test the apparatus used in his act, is free to practice as much as he pleases during the early hours. Then, about two days before the opening, "Bud" Gorman calls a general rehearsal for all the acts in their order. This continues until everything is letter perfect, and on the night before the opening a dress rehearsal is called. But, a dress rehearsal of a circus is misleading. It is not a dress rehearsal like those of the theatre. The performers wear any old thing, but otherwise everything proceeds just as if it were a regular performance, and the seats are all filled with peanut-eating throngs. Rehearsal costumes are the index to the performers. The foreign performers are "frights." The Americans content themselves with the costumes and trappings handed out by the management, but not so with the tumbler, the aerialist, or the gymnast from abroad. To shine in the ring is their grand ambition. But their rehearsal costumes! The men wear their balbriggan underwear, their garters, and their socks, and the women anything that comes handy.

Lastly, on the day of the opening, a very important adjunct of the circus comes in for rehearsal. This is the "Butcher" squad. All of the men and boys who sell peanuts and pink lemonade are assigned their places by the "boss," and familiarize themselves with the location of exits and aisles, so that there won't be a hitch in their part of the performance.

Rehearsals en route come with the morning. Each act has a certain time, and a certain space allotted to it. And, with the breaking of the big show after the evening performance, and the loading of the 1,280 employees, 750 horses, 40 elephants, 20 acres of water-proof tents, 50 clowns, 400 artists, the giraffes, seals, lions, tigers, bears, monkeys, and all Nature's bipeds, quadrupeds, mammals, herbivorous and amphibious creatures from everywhere, and the 110 cages, into the 85 double-length cars, the circus may truly be said to be always in rehearsal.

WENDELL PHILLIPS DODGE.

GREAT BEAR SPRING WATER
50 cts. per case—6 glass-stoppered bottles

The Viennese opera, "The Doll Girl," the production of which Charles Frohman had to postpone this season because of illness, will be one of two musical pieces simultaneously brought out by Mr. Frohman next season, the other being "The Sunshine Girl." Both musical comedies will be produced in the manner of "The Siren" and "The Dollar Princess."

The TEL-ELECTRIC PIANO PLAYER

YOU can learn to play perfectly and artistically the world's most famous compositions with all the technique, all the feeling, all the depths and shades of expression of a master musician in *less than a day* with a



Tel-Electric
Piano Player

Almost instantly you are transformed into a trained pianist, with all his power of producing light and shade, incisive accent, graduated accompaniment or any one of the scores of little fancies of expression that make for individual interpretation. The TEL-ELECTRIC'S exquisite responsiveness and wonderful ability to reflect every mood of the person playing is due to the perfection of its control devices, which are direct, instantaneous and surprisingly simple. The TEL-ELECTRIC will, however, if desired, play without your assistance with complete and artistic musical expression.

Consider a few exclusive features of the TEL-ELECTRIC:

It requires no pumping, but electricity in the house is not essential.
It plays from the keys, but does not obstruct the keyboard.
It does not alter the appearance of your piano.
It enables you to play your piano from a distance.
It uses indestructible brass music rolls.



It costs no more, attached to your piano, than the cheapest player piano of the same grade.

It can be attached to any grand or upright piano.

Price, $350
Convenient Terms

If possible, we want you to stop at one of our stores for a practical demonstration—otherwise send for handsomely illustrated literature—free on request.

The Tel-Electric Company.
BRANCH CHICAGO
TEL-ELECTRIC BUILDING
299 Fifth Avenue.
New York City
AGENCIES IN ALL LARGE CITIES

A Popular Edition of this Famous Book
One Volume in 8vo. Bound in Paper
PRICE, 50 CENTS
LOVE IN FRIENDSHIP
(A Nameless Sentiment)
With a Preface in Fragments from STENDHAL
Translated from the French by HENRY PÈNE DU BOIS

This is the romance in letters of a man and a woman, extremely intelligent and accustomed to analyzing themselves, as Stendhal and Paul Bourget would have them do. They achieved this improbable aim of sentimentalist love in friendship. The details of their experience are told here so sincerely, so naïvely that it is evident the letters are published here as they were written, and they were not written for publication. They are full of intimate details of family life among great artists, of indiscretion about methods of literary work and musical composition. There has not been so much interest in an individual work since the time of Marie Bashkirsheff's confessions, which were not as intelligent as these.

Francisque Sarcey, in *Le Figaro,* said:

"Here is a book which is talked of a great deal. I think it is not talked of enough, for it is one of the prettiest dramas of real life ever related to the public. Must I say that well-informed people affirm the letters of the man, true or almost true, hardly arranged, were written by Guy de Maupassant?

"I do not think it is wrong to be so indiscreet. One must admire the feminine delicacy with which the letters were reinforced, if one may use this expression. I like the book, and it seems to me it will have a place in the collection, so voluminous already, of modern ways of love."

MEYER BROS. CO., Publishers **26 West 33d Street, New York**

THE NEW

Haines Bros.

MEZZO GRAND



ONLY 5 FEET
3 INCHES LONG

THIS newest of small Grand Pianos—regardless of its small size—embodies every characteristic for which Haines Bros. Pianos are justly famous. Briefly, all the qualities for which the name "Haines Bros." has always stood are exemplified in this—the latest triumph of this famous house. Its convenient size makes it especially adaptable to small homes and apartments.

For nearly three score years Haines Bros. Pianos have charmed artists and connoisseurs both at home and abroad.

Representatives in all principal Cities.

Write for Catalogs and Prices

Prominent Artists who have endorsed

Haines Bros. Pianos.

Adelina Patti.
J. Gerville-Reache.
Marianne Flahaut.
Leandro Campanari.
Giuseppe Campanari.
Robert Lasalle.
William Beck.
Fely Dereyne.
Marguerita Sylva
Italo Campanini
Marguerita Clark.
Antonio F. Galassi.
Leon Rothier.
Pasquale Brignoli.
Orville Harrold.
Giuseppe del Puente.
George Chadal.
J. H. Mapleson.
Marie Delna.
Clara Louise Kellogg.
Marcel Journet.
Mme. M. Strakosch.
Lillian Russell.
Alwina Valleria.
Jean Note.
Christine Nilsson-Rauzaud.
Leo Devaux.
Emma C. Thursby.
Christie MacDonald.
Etelka Gerster-Gardini.
Lulu Glaser.
Yvonne de Treville.
Yvette Guilbert.
Louise Randolph.
And Many Others.

Haines Bros. 437 5th Avenue **New York**

DIVISION—AMERICAN PIANO CO.

OUR FASHION DEPARTMENT



Photo by Talbot

Mlle. Juliette Clarens in the bridal gown she wears as Suzanne Walter in "Bel Ami" at the Vaudeville. It is a Buzenet model in white liberty silk and chiffon. The train is over three yards long and is almost entirely covered by the net veil

New Parisian Spring and Summer Fashions

HAVE you noticed the odd cut of jackets this spring? Some are longer in the front, and others measure considerably more in the back length. Then again the increase in length may be at the sides of the jacket.

The other day I particularly noticed the costume of a well-known society woman, who has just returned from Paris with a lot of charming gowns. It was a handsome suit, combining blue serge and black satin, the favorite French combination, the striking feature of which was the jacket. This was belted and reached to within a few inches of the foot of the skirt in the front, and the back measured only about fourteen inches below the waistline. It recalled the old-fashioned redingote, and with the present backward trend of fashion to days of yore we will, perhaps, accept this revival of the polonaise redingote

The various historical periods play a prominent rôle in fashion's realm just now, and present indications point to a strong Victorian influence. This accounts for the popularity of flounces in the new lingerie dresses and, by the way, it is now the correct thing to relieve these white frocks with a color. This is accomplished by the girdle or sash, but quite often it is in the form of the scarf tunic, as illustrated. This can be of delicately tinted floral chiffon or net and, as here shown, the bugle fringe may be finished off with tiny pendant flowers.

The newest fancy in lingerie dresses is the use of net lace flounces, and the plain foot band of last summer is now replaced by a narrow frill of plain net.

Isn't it surprising what a strong and lasting effect England's festivities have upon fashions? First there was the coronation, which introduced the rich East Indian style, and now the Durbar visit has strengthened the influence, which is apparent in the draperies, the sheer fabrics, the lavish use of beadings and embroideries, the exquisite, harmonious blending of colors, and, above all, the natural figure, which, notwithstanding all reports to the contrary, still governs fashions in Paris.

The leading couturiers follow these Oriental types in all their productions, and, naturally, we fall right in line and accept their ultimatum, and hence it is that we are now surrounded by Orientalism galore.

Mentioning the influence of East Indian styles reminds me—of course, you have seen the Durbar turban of tulle that has recently come to us from Paris? But do you know that these are now the accepted evening headdress, and will be worn at the summer resorts the coming season?

At Palm Beach this swathing headgear was very popular, and effectually superseded the hat that was formerly considered smart with evening toilettes.



Photos by Manuel
A striking model by Margaine-Lacroix in black satin brocade and white applique lace



Photo by Talbot
Mlle. Gabrielle Dorziat in a lovely gown she wears in "Bel Ami" at the Vaudeville. It is by Doucet in white and cerise liberty, veiled with cream mousseline and lace



The Delicate Appeal of the Non-Alcoholic Perfume

The demand for "Dralle's" is among women of refinement who desire the true fragrance of the blossom undiluted with spirits.

Dralle's Lilac, for example, is the fresh scent of new-cut Lilac blooms.

Measured by the drop or the fluid drachm Dralle's is the most costly perfume sold in America and the most lasting.

Seven odors can now be had at your dealer's—Lilac, Rose, Violet, Lily of the Valley, Narcissus, Heliotrope and Wistaria, in dainty cut-glass Phial and dropper, as illustrated. Price, $1.50 to $7.50, with the exception of violet, which is $1.75 and up. Inquire for

Dralle's Illusion

(Dralle, Hamburg)

Imported by GEO. BORGFELDT & CO., New York



WHY do the leading actresses wear "*Niagara Maid*" Silk Gloves?

Because "*Niagara Maid*" Silk Gloves give better wear, are more beautiful in coloring and are a greater economy than other kinds.

Every pair contains a guarantee of the double finger tips.

"*Niagara Maid*" Silk Hosiery and Underwear are also quite popular among the best stage people.

If you are unable to secure "*Niagara Maid*" products in your town, write us and we'll supply you through your dealer.

"Charming daintiness and absolute comfort."—Stella Mayhew

"Perfect dears."—Gertrude Bryan

NIAGARA SILK MILLS

NORTH TONAWANDA, N. Y.

NEW YORK SAN FRANCISCO CHICAGO

The

Burgesser Tailored

and

Semi-Dress Hats

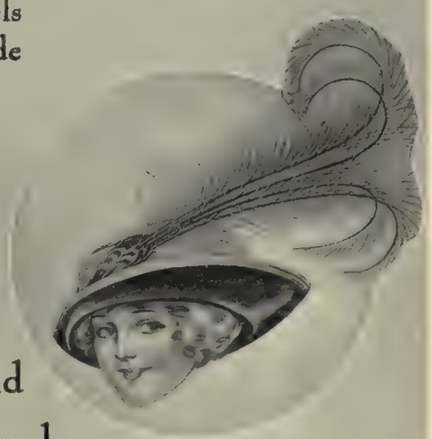
for

SPRING and SUMMER



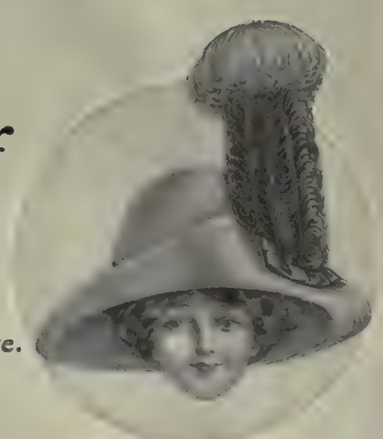
combine the quality and style that characterize all models bearing this trade mark.

For sale at all leading dealers throughout the United States and Canada



Designed and Introduced by

A. D. Burgesser & Co.



149-151 Fifth Ave.
New York





Photo by Talbot
A beautiful gown of black liberty and silver beaded tulle. Model by Buzenet

These tulle turbans especially carry out the prevailing Oriental idea, and a few of these should find their way into every trunk that leaves town this summer. They are also pretty made up of the gold nets. As a variation one of the new silvered plumes may be substituted for the aigrette. These silvered plumes go well with the silver nets, and the grays are very effective, while the silvered pink plumes are decidedly pretty.

A beautiful turban of cream tulle, noticed at the theatre recently, had a "butterfly" of fine creamy lace at the front, and a large jewel at the centre formed the body of the insect.

Mentioning chapeaux recalls a beautiful hat that I saw last week at a milliner's exhibit at the hotel. It is now the property of one of our favorite actresses, but the milliner assures me that it can be duplicated at $35. It was a leghorn overlaid with the daintiest flowered silk chiffon, and it most charmingly carried out the new combination of feathers and flowers. The long French plume, fastened to the right side of the crown, had sprays of heather along the centre stem, the dainty little pink bells forming a charming combination with the pink flues of the plume. The same blossoms formed a trailing vine near the edge of the upper brim.

Another new idea in millinery has just come over from Paris. It is the placing of a small cluster of flowers at the very edge of an upward rolling brim and at the upper edge of the crown.

Another new Parisian idea in millinery is the combination of fruits and flowers. Mlle. Jeanne Loury, the popular French actress, wears a becoming hat trimmed thus in "Le Coeur dispose." The flowers are arranged in the upright fashion, now in vogue, while the fruit falls gracefully over the upward turned brim.

Mlle. Loury also shows a new and novel arrangement of the aigrette that is now a popular adjunct of the stylish coiffure.

Mentioning the stage reminds me of a call I made upon one of our prominent actresses the other day. I am not at liberty to mention her name. While she is a most charming an obliging woman, she does not feel that her private wardrobe will interest the public, but I know it will, and so I am going to tell you about her new sea coat. (You know the new name for bathing suits is "sea clothes.") It is a long coat of natural crash, made up in the long, narrow, fashionable lines. The emerald-green silk lining extends at the edges to form a double fold, which gives the exquisite coat a pleasing finish. Near the edge of the garment, at regular intervals, is a row of large discs tinted in blue, and, to make the design continuous, there is a long geometrical pattern, tinted in green. All along this design, which forms a unique border, are imitation emeralds in various sizes. Drops of the same jewels, tastefully applied, still further enhance the novelty of the coat.

From the description you will perceive that it is right in line with the present Oriental demand in fashion, and this is emphasized by the turban-shaped bathing cap, embellished to match the coat. To complete the set there is a sunshade matching in material and trimming.

The lady confided to me that a friend had just brought it over from France, but listen! Now here's a secret! I saw a set in one of our Fifth Avenue shops, the other day, that so closely resem-



Photo by Talbot
A lovely evening gown by Buzenet of white liberty silk, veiled with white embroidered net, which in turn is partly covered by gold-embroidered black chiffon

bles this one that it might be a copy of the model.

The actress received me in her boudoir, as I made a morning call. She looked charming in one of those lovely lacey negligées that have just come out. It was made up of exquisitely embroidered net in the semi-fitted style, and fell in graceful, unbroken lines from the shoulder to the hem. The extremely deep collar was edged with a frill, and three tiny frills made a neat finish at the foot of the garment. She wore this over a slip of coral crêpe-de-chine, but she has several slips in various colors and materials. And that this favorite of the footlights has a vein of economy is apparent from the remark, "You see, these robes are really very practical. When soiled they are so easily laundered and look just like new. And then the tub silk slips," of which she has several, "are preferable for the same reason."

Right here I might call your attention to the beautiful lingerie negligées that are this season's new offering. I have seen some beautiful models—one in white marquisette had bandings of filet lace. Another one in Princess lace, made up in simple coat style, was extremely elegant.

A particularly dainty one was made up of two deep flouncings of embroidered batiste, and the bodice portion combined Valenciennes lace.

An exquisite negligée in the wardrobe of my hostess was of satin-striped pink chiffon, in a very delicate shading, worn over a very pale pink chiffon slip. The bodice and sleeves were of rich, creamy lace, against which the pink rosettes looked charming.

I particularly admired the pink satin mules encasing the feet of the little lady and, to my surprise, she informed me that a Broadway firm makes these to order. Those she wore were exquisitely embroidered in a tiny raised rose surrounded by a cluster of forget-me-nots. She displayed several others, some ribbon-trimmed, and others finished with a simple cord, and she explained that all you have to do is to select your color and design and the firm will, in due time, deliver the mules just as ordered. She said she had been fortunate in finding some of the vamps in stock, all ready to be made up to measure.

Through the open portière I noticed, thrown over a chair in the adjoining room, the loveliest night-dress in delicate pink crêpe-de-chine, elaborately trimmed with handsome creamy Cluny lace and rosettes of ribbon. It was a beauty, and the actress confided to me that she had, "Adopted the crêpe-de-chine underwear, too, because it is so soft and clinging, and washes beautifully." And then she exclaimed, "Why, I think all women will soon adopt these luxurious garments." And I firmly agree with her. I notice all the shops are displaying crêpe-de-chine nightdresses, combinations and princess slips in increasing numbers, and they are certainly very beautiful. Pink

BONWIT TELLER & CO.



ANNOUNCE the daily arrivals of new Gowns, Wraps and Millinery of the newest materials and designs.

The coat shown in the illustration is a Callot model of black charmeuse and is lined with gold colored satin. This gracefully draped wrap is characteristic of the many smart models displayed in the coat department.

The leghorn hat is a new creation by Jeanne Lanvin, designed with snug fitting inner cap of shadow lace, which is effective in holding the coiffure in place.

BONWIT TELLER & CO. have ready to be mailed a very attractive brochure—"TROUSSEAUX," which is intended to aid the Spring Bride in her selections of wedding apparel and travel wardrobe. This booklet is handsomely illustrated and contains many helpful suggestions.

Address Dept. O., and a copy will be sent you prepaid.

FIFTH AVENUE AT 38th STREET

NEW YORK

seems to be the favorite color, and in trimmings the Cluny, Irish and Valenciennes laces share favor about equally.

And now just one more allusion to my hostess—I know this will interest you. During my call a parcel was delivered, and I wish the sender could have witnessed the delight and appreciation of the recipient as I did. And it surely was justified. It was a most exquisite white ostrich fan mounted on a real tortoise frame. "You know these fans are so fashionable now," exclaimed the delighted woman, "and I am so glad to have it." As she waved it gracefully, we were both astonished to see a tiny bit of cardboard flutter from between the sticks, and she laughingly glanced at it and then, with a frown, remarked, "How stupid of the shopkeeper!" The little tag read $45, which surprised me, as I had noticed one in a prominent shop only the day before that was just a trifle smaller but otherwise a fac-simile, and the price was only $28.

Facts Worth Knowing

We will gladly answer any inquiry, giving names of shops where these articles are shown or sold, providing a stamped envelope is enclosed.

One of the most recent importations. in the way of toilet articles, comes to us in a box containing three preparations of most unusual value to the dainty woman, who wishes to accentuate her beauty without detection. These articles are the result of years of experiment in Paris, where the cult of beauty is most consistently studied. Therefore, we should expect to receive for this fascinating metropolis our best toilet requisites.

The box contains one large tube of cream, which is a most unusual beautifier for face, neck and arms, in flesh color or white; a smaller tube of flesh or white if one wishes the two shades for use for evening; a silk sponge for application, and a most delight-



Photo by Schneider
A LOVELY HAT IN BLACK STRAW AND VELVET, EDGED AND TRIMMED WITH WHITE OSTRICH



"The Crowning Attribute of Lovely Women is Cleanliness"



A woman's personal satisfaction in looking charming and dainty is doubled when she knows everything about her is exquisitely clean.

Naiad Dress Shields

are thoroughly hygienic and healthful to the most delicate skin; are absolutely free from rubber, with its disagreeable odor; can be easily and quickly STERILIZED by immersing in boiling water for a few seconds only. They are preferred by well-gowned women of refined taste.

At stores or sample pair on receipt of 25c. Every pair guaranteed.

A handsome colored reproduction of this beautiful Coles Phillips drawing on heavy paper, 10 x 12, sent for 10c. No advertising.

The C. E. CONOVER CO., Mfrs. **101 Franklin St., NEW YORK**

Founded 1826

Cold Storage of Furs

Perfect Storage—Moderate Charges

Years of Continuous Cold Storage have proven the superiority of the System over all others.

Our Cold Storage Plant

Is on our premises in charge of expert and practical furriers, and is modern in every detail that would aid in the preservation and protection of furs.

Our storage rooms are dust proof, secure against moths, and the odors of moth preventives are avoided.

Cleaning

Articles stored are first cleaned by vacuum or compressed air. Minor rips in furs will be sewed, and all fur collars cleaned free of charge.

Repairing

We are particularly well equipped for repairing and remodelling fine furs at special prices during the Summer months.

Lord & Taylor

NEW YORK

"Shoe Elegance," so essential to the well-gowned woman, is assured by the use of

Whittemore's Shoe Polishes

Largest in Variety — Finest in Quality

THE ONLY perfect preparation for cleansing and polishing Men's, Women's and Children's Shoes of ALL kinds and colors

THEY BEAUTIFY AND PRESERVE THE LEATHER

Do not soil the clothing or grow sticky



"Gilt Edge"

For Ladies' and Children's Shoes,

the only black dressing that positively contains OIL. Softens and preserves. Imparts a beautiful lustre. Largest quantity, finest quality. Its use saves time, labor and brushes, as it SHINES WITHOUT BRUSHING. Always ready to use. Price 25 cents.

"French Gloss," a smaller package, 10c.



Liquid Suede Dressings

For cleansing and recoloring all kinds and colors of suede and ooze leather footwear, also buck and castor. Put up in all colors. Also in powder form (all colors). No waiting for shoes to dry. No matting down of the nap. In sifting top cans.

We recommend for BLACK suede shoes the liquid; for ALL other colors the powders. Either kind, 25c.



"Dandy"

Russet Combination. For Cleansing and Polishing Russet, Tan or Yellow Colored Boots and Shoes.

A cleansing fluid and paste for polishing in each package. Large size, 25 cents.

"Star" Russet Combination same as "Dandy," smaller size. Price 10 cents.

Also Polishes for Red, Brown, Gun Metal, Green and Blue leather shoes. *Same sizes and prices.*



Dirty Canvas Shoes

Made perfectly **clean** and **white** by using Whittemore's "**Quick White**" Compound. In liquid form, so can be **quickly** and **easily** applied. **No** white dust. Will **not** rub off. A sponge in every package, so always **ready** for use.

Each Color in Two Sizes, 10 and 25 cents

Also the following colors for **Canvas** Shoes: Blue Pink, Tan, Gray and a dozen other shades.

If your dealer does not keep the kind you want send us the price in stamps for a full size package, charges paid

Whittemore Bros. & Co., 20-26 Albany St., Cambridge, Mass.

The Oldest and Largest Manufacturers of Shoe Polishes in the World

MRS. ADAIR

GANESH TOILET PREPARATIONS

and FACIAL TREATMENTS, obtainable for years only at her Salons in New York, London, Paris and Nice, are the antithesis of "make-up," as they reach the CAUSE of all blemishes and re-establish by natural means a healthy complexion, sparkling eyes and a youthful contour.

TIRED EYE TREATMENT restores tired, lined, discolored eyes to proper smoothness and fulness. $3.50. SUPERFLUOUS HAIR TREATMENT by antiseptic Electrolysis is almost painless. $2.50. HYGIENIC FACIAL MASSAGE, including the Strapping Muscle Treatment, restores lined, withered skins to velvety smoothness. $2.50.



THIS PHOTO PORTRAYS THE GANESH CHIN STRAP ($5.00, $6.50) which removes double chin and restores lost contour, and the **GANESH FOREHEAD STRAP ($4.00, $5.00)** which cures deep lines between brows, corners of eyes and over forehead



REGISTERED TRADE MARK

MAIL ORDERS FILLED

for all Preparations and appliances on receipt of cheque

GANESH EASTERN MUSCLE OIL braces sagging muscles, fills hollows and removes wrinkles. Bottle, $5.00, $2.50, $1.00.

GANESH DIABLE SKIN TONIC, a splendid face wash, strengthens the skin; closes pores and alleviates skin flabbiness and puffiness under the eyes. Bottle, $5.00, $2.00, 75c.

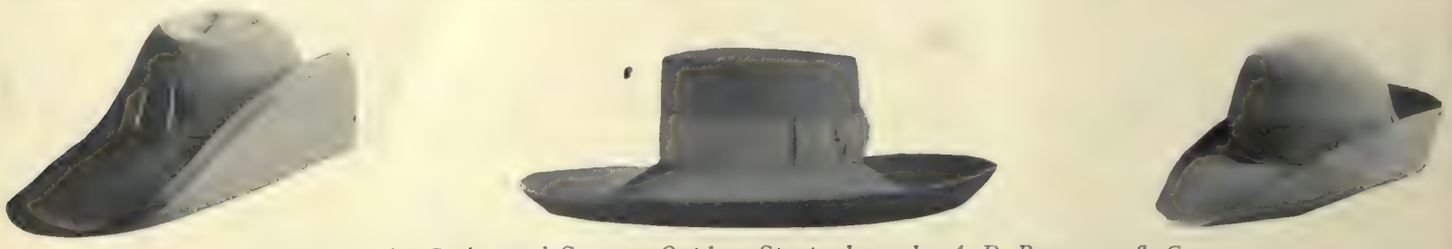
GANESH EASTERN BALM SKIN FOOD for tender, dry skins $3.00, $1.50, 75c.

WRITE FOR VALUABLE BOOK

containing list of all GANESH Preparations and Treatments and much beauty information and advice.

NEW YORK, 21 West 38th Street, Phone, 3475 Murray Hill

LONDON, 92 New Bond St., W. **PARIS,** 5 Rue Cambon. **NICE,** 1 Rue Chauvain.



New Hats for Spring and Summer Outdoor Sports shown by A. D. Burgesser & Co.

ful and natural rouge, which can be used for cheeks, lips or nails. This cream not alone improves the appearance, but actually benefits the complexion and protects it from the elements. One cannot detect the slightest trace of make-up after using, and it will not rub off; in fact, can only be removed with the aid of cold cream. It gives the skin that soft, velvety appearance so desirable, and has a faint, illusive odor.

The rouge is wonderfully natural, blending in with the flesh tints, so as to be utterly indetectable. This, too, can only be removed with cream. Never have I seen a more unusual array of toilet preparations. The box contains full directions for use, and will at once win favor with women who wish to obtain, or retain, their beauty.

Slenderness, sinuous lines and flexibility are the ideal of every woman, whether she be old or young. The woman of the willowy figure retains her youthful appearance long after her more "pudgy" sister has resigned herself to the inevitable book and cup of tea. Many stout people waste time and money with futile, and often dangerous, experiments for the reduction of flesh, when, by simply following the example of many of the leading professional people, they would not alone relieve themselves from the too much flesh, but also of any form of rheumatism or skin disease to which they might be subject.

It is an open secret that many of the celebrated beauties of the stage owe their youthful lines to the wearing of a special make of rubber garment. The firm responsible for the medicated rubber garments have received unsolicited testimony from many in proof of the efficacy of these garments, which, it goes without saying, are absolutely harmless, and not weakening in the slightest degree. Reduction can be effected anywhere desired without reducing elsewhere, for one may secure just such garments as are suited to your particular needs.

The union suit for the reduction of the entire body is made with short or long sleeves, and to the ankles or knees. The long jacket is effective where one wishes to reduce the bust, hips, back and abdomen. This is also made with short or long sleeves The Eton jacket is for reducing the bust and upper part of the body, while the girdle pants reduce the limbs, hips, abdomen and waist. The hip belt many women find effective in reducing the hips and abdomen, and may be had in twelve-inch length for $12.

The corsage for reducing the bust, waist and hips can be made to suit any figure with high or low bust, long or short hips, for $20. When one wishes to remove a double chin, the neck and chin band will be found effective. This sells for $3. The chin band alone is $2. The garments are highly recommended by physicians to all who wish to reduce their weight and still suffer no ill effect or discomforts. Advice is given, and all correspondence is treated confidently by the head of the firm.

A wonderfully clever man he is who invented the permanent hair wave, the use of which not alone saves the hair from the injury caused by the many times curling process, but also the discomfort of knowing when encountering damp weather that one's hair is straight and unbecomingly lank. A thoroughly scientific and harmless process this is, which merely cleans the hair of a bacterial growth, the presence of which causes it to grow straight instead of more or less wavy. If the hair waved by this process should show a tendency to become straight, it is because it has become dirty and greasy, and a good shampoo will bring back the soft waves which are so becoming to every woman. For those who cannot visit the establishment, a home outfit has been arranged, and directions are sent for its use.

An interesting and instructive booklet is mailed upon request.

Dolls have become a fad as ornaments nowadays, and are often disguised as a pincushion, a hatpin holder, a tea cosey, and so on, but the other day was the first time I have seen one do service as a perfume case. This doll is about nine inches high and is attired in a chintz pattern (which is a very recent style note) silk dress, set off with a gold lace fichu. Her china head is covered with a quaint little Quaker bonnet, and over her arm, also of china, is suspended a tiny silk reticule in keeping with the rest of her attire. The bottle, which contains two ounces of Lubin's most delicious extract, has a neck that fits underneath into the band of the doll's skirt. These little

Franklin Simon & Co.

Fifth Avenue, New York

The "Parfait"

Washable Silk Shirt

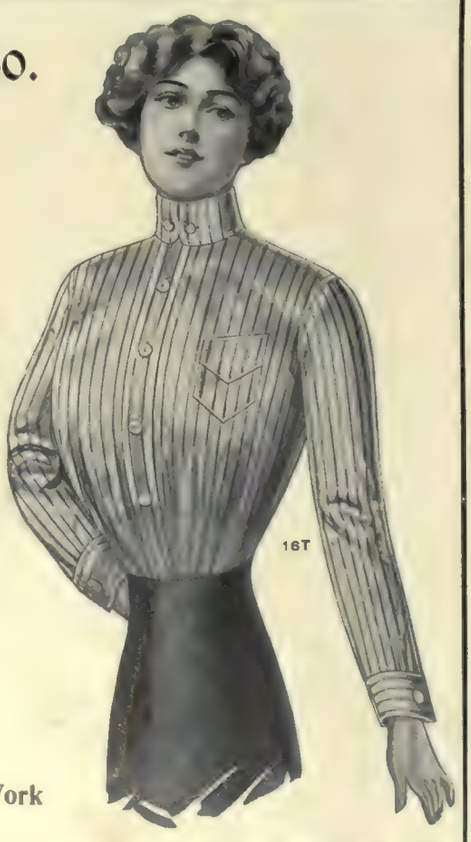
For Women and Misses

"Parfait" Washable Silk Shirt

No. 16T. Mannish Model, Superior Quality Silk in white with lavender, blue or black stripes; also in plain white or plain black. French turned-back cuffs and detachable collar. Sizes 32 to 44 bust.

SPECIAL **3.95** Value $5.75

Fifth Ave., 37th and 38th Sts., New York





KLEINERT'S Dress Shields are a *perfect* shield against dress damage by perspiration.

The choice of the best dressmakers *for thirty years*. Kleinert's Dress Shields can be washed in *hot* water (to remove germs and odor) and ironed back to perfect newness.

*If the name "Kleinert" is not on the shield, it **isn't** a Kleinert—The **Guaranteed** Shield.*

Write for our Dress Shield Book "T"

I. B. Kleinert Rubber Co.
721-723-725-727 Broadway
New York

GRAY HAIR OVERCOME WITHOUT DYE AND HARM. Giving the scalp new vigor, VEDAHUWA restores faded or gray hair to its natural color, increases its growth, makes it soft and glossy. $1.00 a bottle, sent prepaid in plain wrapper. **SALES AGENTS WANTED.** Booklet and special offer free.

THE VEDAHUWA COMPANY, 18 West 34th Street, NEW YORK CITY



Great Singers Use

Brown's Bronchial Troches to keep their voices clear and to relieve the strained vocal cords. When you have a cough, hoarseness, irritation or soreness of the throat, you will find

BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES

instantly beneficial. You can use them freely with perfect safety. They contain no opiates or harmful drugs.

Brown's Bronchial Troches have been used for over half a century and are the only effective, convenient remedy. The box easily slips into purse or vest pocket.

Sold everywhere in boxes—never in bulk. 25c., 50c. and $1.00 a box.

JOHN I. BROWN & SON - BOSTON, MASS.

The World's
GREATEST SILK STORE
Fourth Avenue at 24th Street



WE offer you the opportunity to buy fashionable silks by the yard, at our Wholesale Silk Store at mill-to-consumer prices. This is the first Spring you have had this privilege. Not until you come and compare will you realize the amazing savings this means to YOU. And not until you review our endless varieties will you fully appreciate the inspiring fashion possibilities of silk. Don't buy any more silks until you come and compare.

To the woman who is not within shopping distance of New York, we recommend the store in her locality that advertises R. & T. Silks. It is the store for silks of *advanced* style and *utmost* value. If there is no such store there, we will supply you direct,

Mills to Consumer GENUINE R&T SILKS *Looms to Wearer*

ROGERS THOMPSON GIVERNAUD CO.
Fourth Avenue at 24th Street - - New York

FATIMA
TURKISH BLEND
CIGARETTES

An out of the ordinary smoke of splendid flavor and fragrance. The skill manifested in blending the mellow tobacco has given them a decided distinctiveness and character.

An inexpensive package makes possible ten additional cigarettes.

With each package of Fatima you get a pennant coupon, 25 of which secure a handsome felt pennant of Colleges, Universities and Fraternal Orders (12x32) —selection of 115.

20 for 15 cents





"Distinctively Individual"

Keep your Magazines in Good Condition

THE only practical binder on the market. It is the only binder made that has the appearance of a regular bound book.

No punching of holes necessary; all that is required is a slight slit between the pages with a pen knife.



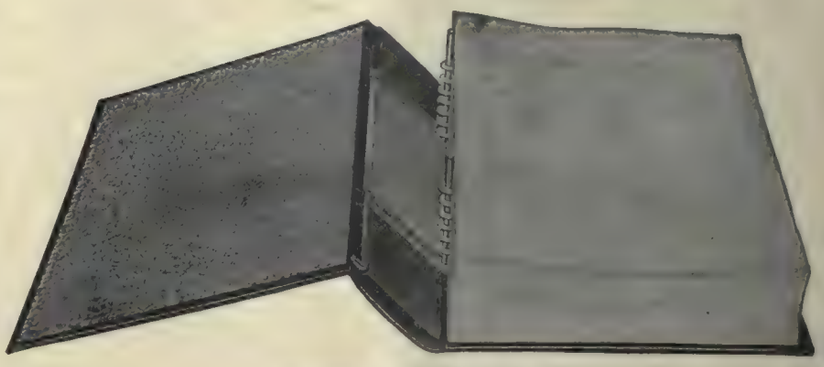
Illustrating the metal clip inserted between pages

Cloth Covers, name of THE THEATRE MAGAZINE stamped on the front and on the back.

Until the BIG BEN BINDER came upon the market we could not recommend any such an appliance to our readers, as all others were cumbersome, intricate and unsatisfactory.

THE BIG BEN BINDER

AT LAST, A SIMPLE AND SATISFACTORY



Illustrating simple method in binding

Each Binder Holds One Volume or Six Numbers of Theatre Magazine

Single Binder - $1.25 prepaid *Two Binders - $2.25 prepaid*

THE THEATRE MAGAZINE - - 8 to 14 West 38th Street, New York



The woman who knows the importance of dress and whose taste is above the commonplace will find in the fashions of Vogue just that nice touch of individuality which distinguishes the faultlessly gowned woman.

IN every number of Vogue there are pages of the season's veritable models designed by the best couturiers of Paris. The salient merit of Vogue models is their timeliness. No sooner is a new cut in skirt, sleeve or bodice launched by the great French houses than it is noted by Vogue.

Eliminating the passing caprice—the merely odd and eccentric—as being unprofitable fads of the moment, Vogue garners the most approved models and presents them to its readers.

Hence, long before a model has reached the "popular" stage, the woman who depends upon Vogue for her gowning has secured it, worn it in the first season of its triumph, and is ready to discard it when finally it finds favor with the masses.

A Vogue-gowned woman never finds herself in the suddenly embarrassing position of trailing behind the mode. She leads the fashion—she never follows it.

In the Six Months to Come—

Vogue will publish a series of special issues, every one of which will keenly interest the woman who wishes to dress well and to know the fashions weeks before they are generally adopted:

Spring and Summer Fashions	April 15	Hot Weather Fashions	July 15
Brides'	May 1	Vacation	August 1
European	May 15	Children's	August 15
Summer Homes	June 1	Autumn Millinery	Sept. 1
Outing Fashions	June 15	Forecast of Autumn Fashions	Sept. 15
Travel	July 1	Autumn Dress Materials	Oct. 1

Get these numbers from your newsdealer (better order in advance as Vogue always sells out quickly)—or send this coupon with $2 direct to Vogue and receive the copies promptly on publication wherever you may be. Incidentally, your expenditure of $2 may save you $200—Vogue subscribers have saved as much as $400 and $500 by avoiding costly errors in the choice of their hats and gowns.



VOGUE, 443 FOURTH AVENUE, NEW YORK: For the enclosed $2 (Canadian address, $2.63; Foreign, $2.75) send me the next twelve issues of Vogue, beginning with the April 15th number.

Name .....

Street .....

City .....

State .....

dolls make charming ornaments for the dressing table.

Another perfume bottle that attracted my attention has a jewel set in the centre of the front, and below this is the name of a month printed in colored enamel. Above the jewel, which is the birthstone for the month, is the corresponding zodiacal sign, also in colored enamel. It is probably unnecessary to state that this is known as anniversary perfume.

It is a neatly shaped two-ounce bottle with a prettily cut stopper, and the accompanying box is worthy of description. It is covered with hammered, oxidized sheet metal, and inside the cover is a printed horoscope for the month, corresponding with that shown upon the front of the bottle contained in the box.

Naturally, this anniversary perfume can be had in twelve different styles, each decorated with the name, the jewel and the zodiac sign of the month.

A specialty shop is making up some of the most fascinating lingerie blouses which, I am happy to relate, are surprisingly reasonable in price, considering the quality of material used and the beauty of design and workmanship. One of the new peplum models of all-over English embroidery, trimmed with lace bands, is priced at $1.95. Another at the same price is of French batiste with lapel-shaped inserts of Baby Irish lace and bands of Venise lace ornamenting the front of the waist, shoulders and sleeves, which are three-quarter or full length, as desired. Many other real lace-trimmed waists at equally attractive prices are found here, as well as natty wash-silk shirt waists of excellent quality as low as $2.95, usually sold for $4 and $5 apiece. An alluring night-robe was shown of fine nainsook, trimmed daintily with Val lace and real Irish medallions, for $1.

RIVERSIDE PRESS, NEW YORK

THE THEATRE



"Onyx" Hosiery

TRADE MARK

Silk



Because they are consistently reliable as to quality, and are unusually satisfactory to wearer, "ONYX" Pure Silk Thread hose are worn everywhere by MEN and WOMEN who prefer certainty to chance.

The following styles are recommended as especially seasonable

No. 620	No. 498	No. 106	No. 515	No. 251
Men's "ONYX" Pure Thread Silk, medium weight, with "ONYX" LISLE LINED SOLE, black and colors. Per pair	An "ONYX" Pure Thread Silk in Black and all Colors. Twenty-nine inches long. Extra Wide and Elastic at Top, while the "Garter Top" and SOLE of SILK LISLE give extra strength at the points of wear, preventing Garters from cutting, and toes from going through.	Women's "ONYX" Pure Thread Silk—**the extraordinary value—best made in America**—every possible shade or color—Black, White, Tan, Gold, Pink, Sky, Emerald, Taupe, Bronze, American Beauty, Pongee, all colors to match shoe or gown. Every pair guaranteed.	Men's "ONYX" Pure Thread, Silk, medium weight, Lisle Sole, black and all colors. Per pair	Women's "ONYX" Pure Thread Silk with Lisle Sole and Lisle Garter Top—Black and all colors—A wonderful value, the utmost obtainable at
$1.50	**$1.50**	**$2.00**	**$1.00**	**$1.00**

Sold at the quality shops. If your dealer cannot supply you, we will direct you to the nearest dealer. Write to Dept. V.

Lord & Taylor *Wholesale Distributors* New York



Absolutely the Best Talcum Powder ever made by anybody—anywhere

This is the claim we make for

Violet Talcum Brut

We make it with a full appreciation of the strength and the weakness of this claim.

We make it despite the fact that the terms "Best" and "Highest Quality" have been so generally and recklessly used as to have lost their real significance.



We make it, hoping that your personal acquaintance with the master conceptions of the famous Hanson-Jenks laboratories — your confidence in the house itself—will prompt you to ask us — "Why is Violet Brut the Absolutely Best Talcum Powder?"

Our Answer is this dainty miniature package of Violet Talcum Brut, that we will send you direct for five cents in stamps or coin — to cover postage and packing

Violet Talcum Brut—antiseptic and delightfully perfumed — a toilet conception worthy of the American gentlewoman—is on sale at all good shops—the price 25c.

The Hanson-Jenks Company
Perfumers

149 W. 36th St. **New York**

Maillard's



For Every Occasion

Maillard's Breakfast Cocoa is supreme. Dainty and delicious, it graces every function, and lends an added charm to the meal. Whether it be the elaborate banquet, the formal dinner, luncheon, or in the quiet home circle, or the nursery, Maillard's Breakfast Cocoa always finds a peculiar welcome.

Maillard's Vanilla Chocolate reveals the last word in the confectioner's art—a wonderful combination of purity, strength and delicate flavor. Try it today.

At Leading Dealers

Fifth Avenue at 35th Street, New York

Spend the noon hour in the Luncheon Restaurant—afternoon tea served, three to six

J. & J. Slater



Women's Oxfords

In black and tan russia—low, broad heel and round toe—medium extension sole. Suitable as a practical walking shoe.

Pumps

Made in black russia and patent leather—leather military heel. Slight extension. Trimmed with silk pump bows.





Men's Oxfords

Made in patent leather, tan russia, black russia, black kid and white buckskin.

New illustrated price list "A Package of Shoes" with book of instructions and measurement blank mailed on request

Broadway at 25th Street, New York



NEW SUBSCRIBERS get Theatre Magazine for one year and these pictures, the two together being only 50c. more than the subscription price to Theatre Magazine.

OLD SUBSCRIBERS can have these pictures on payment of 50c., mailed free to any address. This means that you are clearing $3.00. Our price for these pictures without the magazine being $3.50.

Look at the 6 pictures above. Have you got a den or an office, or have you a friend who has one? Could you get any more beautiful furnishings than these six pictures of extraordinarily beautiful women set in fitting frames? They are an ideal gift. These six favorites of the footlights reproduced in beautiful colors double the attractiveness of a den, office, sitting or living room. We advise you to send your order at once. Remember these pictures separately are $3.50. The subscription to THEATRE MAGAZINE separately is $3.50. That makes $7.00. Order them together and you save $3.00 cash. The two only cost $4.00.

THE THEATRE MAGAZINE
8 West Thirty-Eighth Street, New York



Photo White

CONTENTS: JUNE, 1912

Edited by ARTHUR HORNBLOW

		PAGE
COVER: Portrait in colors of Mabel Morrison		
CONTENTS ILLUSTRATION: Scene in "Patience"		
TITLE PAGE: A Study Head of Alla Nazimova		169
THE NEW PLAYS: "Patience," "Robin Hood," "The Explorer," "The Rose Maid," "Two Little Brides," "Hänsel und Gretel," "The Marriage-Not," New Orleans French Grand Opera Co., Paul J. Rainey's African Hunt		170
SCENES IN "ROBIN HOOD"—Full-page plate		173
A NEW BERNSTEIN PLAY—Illustrated	*Willis Steell*	174
SCENE IN "THE ROSE MAID"—Full-page plate		175
THE FRENCH GRAND OPERA COMPANY—Full-page plate		177
A NEW CARMEN—Illustrated	*Aubrey Lanston*	178
HOW WALTER WHITESIDE BECAME A JAPANESE—Illustrated	*A. P.*	180
A STAGE MANAGER WHO CAN ALSO ACT—Illustrated	*Gertrude Lynch*	182
FAMOUS TENOR AS A HAPPY PEASANT—Illustrated	*William Armstrong*	185
RICHARD BENNETT—Full-page plate		187
THE PLAYERS IN VACATION SEASON—Illustrated	*Ada Patterson*	188
THE LONDON PIT	*Anthony H. Euwer*	192
THE UNDERSTUDY—Poem	*Evelyn Watson*	192
CHARLOTTE WALKER—Full-page plate		193
FORGOTTEN THEATRES OF NEW YORK CITY—Illustrated	*Montrose J. Moses*	197
ARNOLD DALY—Full-page plate		199
OUR FASHION DEPARTMENT	*Emilie E. Hoffman*	xvii

CONTRIBUTORS—The Editor will be glad to receive for consideration articles on dramatic or musical subjects, sketches of famous actors or singers, etc., etc. Postage stamps should in all cases be enclosed to insure the return of contributions found to be unavailable. All manuscripts submitted should be accompanied when possible by photographs. Artists are invited to submit their photographs for reproduction in THE THEATRE. Each photograph should be inscribed on the back with the name of the sender, and if in character with that of the character represented. Contributors should always keep a duplicate copy of articles submitted. The utmost care is taken with manuscripts and photographs, but we decline all responsibility in case of loss.

SUBSCRIPTION: Yearly subscription, in advance, $3 50 Foreign countries, add $1.00 for mail Canada, add 85c Single copies, 35 cents

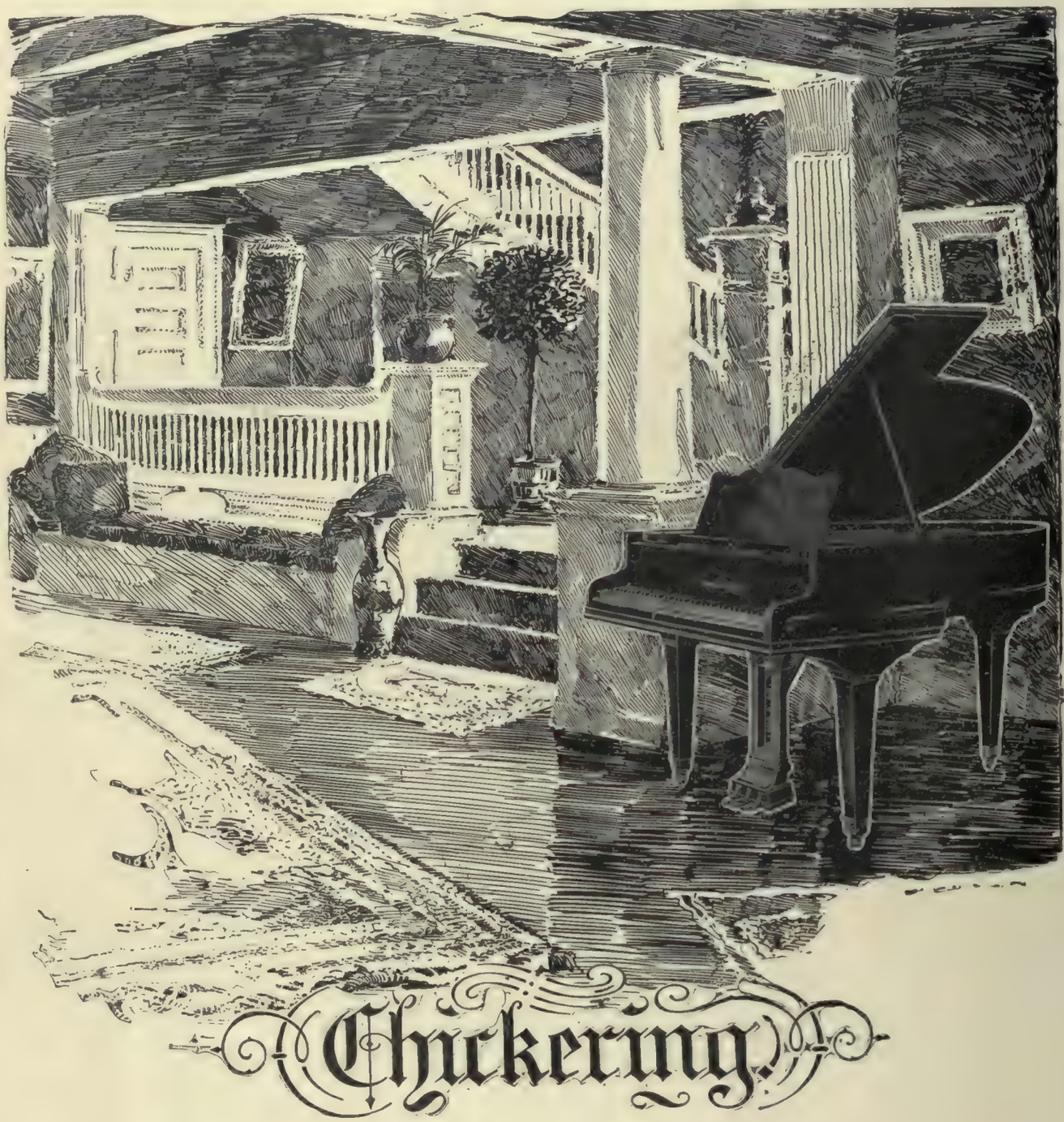
LONDON: On sale at Daw's Steamship Agency, 17 Green St., Leicester Sq. BOSTON CHICAGO PHILADELPHIA PARIS: 99 Rue des Petits Champs

Published Monthly by

THE THEATRE MAGAZINE COMPANY. Telephone, 6486 Murray Hill 8-10-12-14 West 38th Street, New York City

COPYRIGHT 1912 BY THE THEATRE MAGAZINE CO. TRADE MARK REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

ENTERED AT POST OFFICE, NEW YORK, AS SECOND CLASS MAIL MATTER



Chickering

Supremacy

In every field of human endeavor there is one product that excels all others; one that stands unrivalled and unapproachable; the standard of comparison by which the relative merits of all others are judged. The Chickering Piano, the inspired work of its creator, Jonas Chickering, is universally recognized as the supreme achievement in the piano-maker's art; the perfect instrument, by which the worth of all others is measured—the standard of comparison.

Chickering Pianos may be bought of any Chickering representative at Boston prices with added cost of freight and delivery. Our literature will be sent upon request.

CHICKERING & SONS

Division—American Piano Co.

781 Tremont Street Established 1823 Boston, Mass

THE THEATRE

VOL. XV. JUNE, 1912 No. 136

Published by the Theatre Magazine Co., Henry Stern Pres., Louis Meyer, Treas., Paul Meyer, Sec'y; 8-10-12-14 West Thirty-eighth Street, New York City



Moffett

A NEW PORTRAIT OF MME. ALLA NAZIMOVA

This clever Russian actress, who each season wins a firmer foothold on the American stage, will be seen next season in a new play.



White | Lady Saphir (Alice Brady) | Lady Angela (Viola Gillette) | Lady Ella (Christine Nielsen)

Act II. The ladies follow Grosvenor's example and forsake their æsthetic attire

SCENE IN THE REVIVAL OF "PATIENCE" AS PRESENTED AT THE LYRIC THEATRE

AT THE PLAYHOUSE

LYRIC THEATRE. "PATIENCE." Comic opera in two acts by W. S. Gilbert and Sir Arthur Sullivan. Revived on May 6 last with the following cast:

Reginald Bunthorne....De Wolf Hopper	Patience .....Marie Doro
Archibald Grosvenor.....Cyril Scott	The Lady Angela.....Viola Gillette
Colonel Calverley...Geo. J. MacFarlane	The Lady Saphir.....Alice Brady
Major Murgatroyd.....Eugene Cowles	The Lady Ella.....Christine Nielsen
Lt., Duke of Dunstable.Arthur Aldridge	The Lady Jane.....Eva Davenport

No matter how ephemeral the subject of a satire may be, if its treatment is keenly analytical and possesses the proper literary quality it is certain to endure. A point in view is the case of "Patience," now in revival at the Lyric. Certainly nothing could be deader than the æsthetic craze which Oscar Wilde emphasized so emphatically throughout England more than thirty years ago, and yet Gilbert's book pleases almost as potently as ever. Its polished lyrics are laughed at, the lines get responsive effects, and as a new generation of playgoers files out of the theatre there are nothing but expressions of delight that this cheerful, bright and witty operetta evokes. Which is the more important in the success of an opera, the librettist or the composer, has not and cannot probably be determined, but in the collaboration which existed so many years between Gilbert and Sullivan, the union was one of almost perfect and absolute balance. It was a wonderful combination, and the pleasure they gave in their generation to the thousands who heard them will still be handed down to and employed by the thousands yet unborn.

It is a rich and sumptuous setting which Messrs. Shubert and Brady have furnished for this revival. Melville Ellis, the designer of the costumes, saw fit to take liberties, and instead of giving the woman the clinging robes of the pre-Raphaelites, garbed his very good-looking female choristers in a pseudo-Greek concoction, charming in color and calculated to show off their pulchritudinous lines to the best advantage.

Sullivan's scores always sound easier than they are. "Patience" is not a simple one, but the joint chorus renders it with fine volume of tone, accompanied by much spirited action and necessary languorous grace.

It is not necessary to compare the efforts of the present exponents with those who figured in the original production. De Wolf Hopper is a delightful Bunthorne, artistic and restrained, but funny, while his rich voice and fine, distinct diction are a delight to those who enjoy an appreciation of witty lyrics. Cyril Scott is only mildly successful as Grosvenor, but there is a splendid military trio, virile, sonorous, spirited in the persons of George J. MacFarlane, Eugene Cowles and Arthur Aldridge. As a picture, Marie Doro is Patience. Her voice is a trifle small and still for so exacting a rôle, but for amplitude of person and sufficiency of tone there is nothing wanting in Eva Davenport's Lady Jane.

NEW AMSTERDAM THEATRE. "ROBIN HOOD." Light opera in three acts by Reginald de Koven. Book by Harry B. Smith. Revived on May 6 last with the following cast:

Little John.....Carl Gantvoort	Robin Hood.....Walter Hyde
Allan-a-Dale .....Florence Wickham	Maid Marian.....Bella Alton
Will Scarlet.....Basil Ruysdael	Sheriff of Nottingham....Edwin Stevens
Annabel .....Ann Swinburne	Guy of Gisborne.....Sidney Bracy
Friar Tuck.....George Frothingham	Boy .....Marie Wiova
Dame Durden.....Pauline Hall	Girl .....Dorothy Arthur

The task of the critic would be pleasant indeed if on every occasion he had nothing but praise to distribute to all concerned, as in the case of the present revival of Mr. Reginald de Koven's delightful operetta, "Robin Hood." In the memory of the oldest playgoer there was never a more unanimous verdict than the one heard on the opening night—an overwhelming success from every point of view. What a lesson this for the producing manager! Here is an operetta, laid away and forgotten on the dusty managerial shelves, revived now for the first time in twenty years. Why should the beauties of this work have been hidden

all this time? Old-fashioned, out of date—nonsense! It is just as fresh, just as charming to-day as it was when it first took the town by storm two decades ago. "Robin Hood" wears well. Without doubt, it is one of the masterpieces in the field of American light opera. It is a work that will live and give delight to generations yet to come.

The present management is also to be congratulated on having found for the title rôle a tenor who can act as well as he can sing. Mr. Walter Hyde is an artist of no mean ability, and his voice, though not voluminous, rings true at all times. The respective rôles of Maid Marian and Alan-a-Dale are well taken care of by Bella Alten and Florence Wickham, two artists heard repeatedly last season at the Metropolitan Opera House. A new soprano, Miss Ann Swinburne, was very charming as Annabel, and the others in the excellent cast all distinguished themselves, among them Basil Ruysdael, George Frothingham, and our old friends, Pauline Hall and Edwin Stevens. The costumes, *mise-en-scene* and orchestra were up to the high standard of this admirable production.



Courtesy J. Strickland

Durward Lely Rutland Barrington Frank Thornton

Trio from the original production of "Patience" in London, 1881

DALY'S THEATRE. "THE EXPLORER." Play in four acts by W. Somerset Maugham. Produced on May 7 with the following cast:

Alexander Mackenzie.....Lewis Waller	Capt. Mallins.....Lewis Broughton
Richard Lomas.....Charles Cherry	Butler .....Elwyn Eaton
George Allerton.....Reginald Dane	Charles .....Frank Dossert
Sir Robert Boulger...J. Malcolm Dunn	Lucy Allerton.....Constance Collier
Rev. James Carbery.....Henry Carvill	Lady Kelsey.....Suzanne Sheldon
Dr. Adamson.....Stanley Harrison	Mrs. Crowley.....Grace Lane

Undoubtedly as a tryout in the make-up of a repertory for next season Mr. Lewis Waller produced for a limited run at Daly's "The Explorer," a comedy-drama in four acts by W. Somerset Maugham. In London, where the play was first presented some four years ago, it achieved a certain success, due, without doubt, to the personal popularity of the star, for the revelation of its content here went to show that the author is far more effective as a composer of light, ingenious comedies than in the construction of a serious play.

It may safely be predicted that it will not prove very successful either as a box-office magnet or as a medium for the display of Mr. Waller's histrionic accomplishments. To put it mildly, "The Explorer" is pretty poor stuff. It is even a source of wonder that he should ever have considered it worthy of production. But stars are human, and the rôle of the self-contained, long-suffering hero, brave and self-sacrificing, always does appeal to those who love the centre of the stage and the illuminating rays of the sparkling spotlight.

Alexander Mackenzie is a daring explorer. On the eve of his departure for Africa he becomes engaged to Lucy Allerton, the daughter of a convicted forger. Mackenzie agrees to take with him her brother, a weak degenerate. In the wilds, young Allerton commits a murder and places the expedition in great jeopardy. To redeem himself, he takes up a position of extreme danger, saves the command, but is killed, apparently a hero.



White Sir Robert Boulger (Malcolm Dunn) Alexander Mackenzie (Lewis Waller) Mrs. Crowley (Grace Lane) Richard Lomas (Charles Cherry)

Act III. Sir Robert Boulger apologizes to Alexander Mackenzie

SCENE IN W. SOMERSET MAUGHAM'S COMEDY-DRAMA, "THE EXPLORER," SEEN AT DALY'S THEATRE

When Mackenzie returns to England his great accomplishment is dimmed by a letter to the *Times*, which insinuates that Mackenzie sacrificed the boy to save himself. To tell the truth would make Lucy's lot still more unendurable, and so he suffers in silence and nearly loses his prospective bride, but, of course, the truth comes out, and there you are; all of which is conventionally theatrical and by no means convincing. Mr. Waller's performance of the explorer is as dexterous and pleasing as the part deserves. It makes no demands upon his real skill, nor in the rendering of which can it give him much personal gratification. The redeeming feature of the play is a trio of comedy scenes between a middle-aged man and woman of the world. The dialogue here is trenchantly witty and genuinely amusing. Its deft treatment is capitally executed by Charles Cherry and Grace Lane. The lachrymose heroine is portrayed by Constance Collier. It is not an inspired impersonation.



Photo White

Right to left—James T. Powers, Flavia Arcaro, Louis London and chorus

SCENE IN THE MUSICAL COMEDY, "TWO LITTLE BRIDES," RECENTLY PRESENTED AT THE CASINO THEATRE

GLOBE THEATRE. "THE ROSE MAID." Operetta in two acts by Bruno Granichstaedten. Lyrics by Robert B. Smith. Adapted by H. B. Smith and Raymond Peck. Produced April 22 with the following cast:

Duke of Barchester.....J. H. Duffey	Mabel Willing.....Grace Williams
Sir John Portman.....R. E. Graham	Madge Mortimer.....Jane Rock
Princess Hilda.....Edith Decker	Mamie Morris.....Ethel Kelley
Dennis .....Ed. Gallagher	Madeline Miggs.....Sadie Melles
Schmuke .....Al. Shean	Maude Schuyler.....Anne Raymond
Chumley .....Arthur Laceby	Countess Bertrand.....Juliette Dika
Daphne .....Adrienne Augarde	Blatz .....Harry Lambart
Angela .....Emilie Lea	Count Orloffsky.....Alfred Darling
Berenice .....May Emory	Marquis Cassaignac.....Charles Wheeler
Bertie Walpole.....Phillip Sheffield	Duke d'Este.....E. L. Spencer
Gwendolen Bruce.....Dorothy Follis	Member German Cavalry..F. McCullough
Myrtle Doolittle.....Louise Brunelle	Mem. East Indian Lancers. Phillip Sheffield

There is always a story of some consistency and sanity in the librettos written for foreign operas. It thus happens that "The Rose Maid," interpolated as it is here and there with inane passages, is not altogether spoiled by its American adaptation. The story remains, but the supplementary things would indicate that the maid herself had gone the rounds of the variety shops on some bargain day. This does not mean that the opera is made up largely of specialties, but it does mean that discretion has been made in the selection of the American variations. The adapters have augmented a rather simple original after the process of inlaying, illustrating the bare text with many pictures. This happy result was inevitable in the employment of Julian Mitchell as the stage-manager. No doubt he has added grace and movement and color and variety to it. To entertain an audience by such means, without a tedious moment, is an achievement. To piece together a variety show is no achievement at all. Here is a production that is pleasingly new. It came very near having six young men, identically attired, attach themselves to six beautiful show girls, equipped in six beautiful gowns, and go through the usual coquetries, but after they had made a mere feint of their purpose they were driven from the field by troupes of dancing girls, who were more to the purpose. The opera is new in that it has plenty of comedy without the aid of a hardworking comedian.

The story is about something, and, curiously enough, it gives the impression of substantiality, when in reality it is next to impossible. What the people do is so natural that it is of no consequence why they do it. A rich old uncle has a spendthrift nephew who is to be his heir. On making an unexpected visit to the amiable and handsome scamp, that young man and his companions, not knowing him, offend him by their liberties and comment on his personal appearance and habits. The old man Bountiful then reveals himself and *(Continued on page x)*

REVIVAL OF "ROBIN HOOD" AT THE NEW AMSTERDAM













Photos White

No. 1, Act I—Edwin Stevens as the Sheriff, Sidney Bracy as Sir Guy, Pauline Hall as Dame Durden, George Frothingham as Friar Tuck. No. 2, Act II—Ann Swinburne as Annabel, Pauline Hall as Dame Durden, Edwin Stevens as the Sheriff. No. 3—Dame Durden and Friar Tuck. No. 4—Bella Alten as Maid Marian and Walter Hyde as Robin Hood. No. 5—Ann Swinburne as Annabel, Florence Wickham as Alan-a-Dale. No. 6—Morris dancers in Act I.



Photo Larcher

Alexandre Mérital (M. Lucien Guitry) — Renée (Mlle. Madeleine Lély)

Act III. Alexandre: "I committed a theft!"

SCENE IN HENRY BERNSTEIN'S NEW PLAY, "L'ASSAUT," WHICH CHARLES FROHMAN WILL PRESENT HERE NEXT SEPTEMBER

A New Bernstein Play

HENRY BERNSTEIN, who wrote "The Thief" and other pieces of a sensational order, all of which are well known in this country, has added another remarkable work to his already long list of successful plays. This is "L'Assaut" (The Attack), drama in three acts, produced at the Gymnase early this year. Charles Frohman will present the play in America next fall, John Mason appearing here in the rôle originated by Lucien Guitry in Paris.

The story of "The Attack," like those of "Raphael," "Israel," "Samson," "le Voleur," is particularly free from stage tricks and devices that might answer for subtleties. It is not so simple as those of the earlier Bernstein plays, because the most recent piece illustrates two themes, and they but one; nevertheless, it would be a befogged mind indeed that should find "L'Assaut" complex or obscure.

Bernstein, in fact, writing without much previous study, has dared from the first to present to the over-refined Parisians, accustomed to the wire-drawn ramifications of thought, plays that deal with primitive, almost primordial instincts, and he succeeded from the first. He invited them to give up their dinners of carefully compounded courses, their dainty sauces and bouquets, and sit down with him before a gigantic, bloody joint hacked off from the ox with one blow. It isn't so very wonderful that their appetites, jaded by the *entre-mets* of Scribe, Sardou, d'Ennery (not to mention the countless modern theatrical cooks) responded to Bernstein's bluff and almost brutal appeal.

Bernstein began his study of life on the Bourse. His first active participation in business was as a broker; the methods he acquired thus—quick order, rapid deduction—he took into his second line of business, which is playwriting. He gives that early training little credit for his rapid conquest of his public, but says, and probably thinks, he owes it to his temperament, and also to his race, for he is a Jew. A capricious, tumultuous inspiration presides over his labors. He writes with a sort of madness, pacing his chamber, talking aloud, swearing, gesticulating, tearing up paper. He works in this way, he has said, furiously far into the night. Periods of calm gestation, hours of silent meditation, never come to him. Composition with him is a conflict, noisy, confused. His scenes roll like thunder from the electric conditions which caused them. It is surprising that the noises he evokes do not drown each other; but they do not, for this writer moves adroitly through violence, sustained by a fitness for his task that can only be a gift of nature.



M. HENRY BERNSTEIN
From a French caricature

"We are tourists," says Bernstein, "in a feverish quest for the picturesque; we penetrate with cold curiosity into the turpitudes, the hidden griefs, the cruel hatreds of men."

In the work of a man who thus belittles his literary ideal we find a singular mixture of melodrama and the epic—a combination of the common and the exceptional. The mixture is not new to France; it can be detected in certain dramas of Hugo. What lends to Bernstein an appearance of spontaneity is his devotion to modern life. Modern life, ruled by money, which makes its subjects all men equal in grief and shame, is Bernstein's constant, undeviating theme. So when this playwright exploits the manias of love, hate, vengeance, fury, he is the master of a torrential manner that is more rapid than profound. He



Photo White

Daphne
(Adrienne Augarde)

Duke of Barchester
(J. H. Duffey)

Act II. The Duke of Barchester is introduced to the Rose Maid

SCENE IN "THE ROSE MAID," NOW BEING PRESENTED AT THE GLOBE THEATRE



Photo White

Laura (Rosalind Ivan) — A Captain of Cavalry (Warner Oland) — The Nurse (Louise Dempsey)

SCENE IN STRINDBERG'S DRAMA, "THE FATHER," AS PRESENTED RECENTLY AT THE BERKELEY THEATRE

has the primordial instincts, and is able to portray them without shades. His hero is either a bull, lowering his massive head to destroy, or an unchained lion driving, with his roar, the terrified people into their hiding places. These heroes have nothing psychological; they are simple—as simple as the circumstances their author studies them in. A "boursier" adores his aristocratic wife who hates him. To ruin the man for whom she betrays him, he destroys his own fortune, but saves his self-respect—"Samson." In order to dress tastefully, and keep her husband's love, Marise ignobly steals from her hostess, and permits the poor young man who loves her to be accused of the crime—"le Voleur." A prince, ferociously anti-Semitic, provokes a Jewish banker, only to discover that the Jew is his own father; he kills himself—"Israel." These plays illustrate the Bernstein theatre. In each of them the solution comes like lightning, and this rapidity destroys finesse; the action goes by leaps and bounds. Bernstein resembles Byron, with whom asterisks took the place of explanation.

Bernstein's style exactly suits his construction. Insupportable to the reader, this argot of the world of finesse or of intrigue marvelously, as we say, "gets across." Direct, living and common, this author's dialogue is in the tone of his drama, it "exteriorizes." And he possesses in a wonderful degree the power of compelling his audience to collaborate with him.

In "l'Assaut," the author found another almost universal subject, and he handled it with his accustomed directness. It is impassioned; it strikes many notes, the audience laughs, the audience cries, and while the story is ingenious it is told simply. One needs only the ordinary quality of brain, and a heart capable of common emotions, to understand and applaud this play.

Alexandre Mérital, 53 years old, introduced as a leader of the socialist party, and spoken of as future President du Conseil, is its hero. In the first act we see him at his country place at Dinard surrounded by two adoring sons and a daughter, and adored by Renée, the latter's intimate friend. For the four preceding summers this young girl has spent her vacation with Mérital's family. Admiring her noble character, Mérital proposes a marriage between her and his elder son. Renée refuses; she does not love the son, but she does love the father, the "grand homme," who has long been a widower.

In a scene which may be described as one of the most convincing of the modern drama, Renée makes a timid avowal of her feelings to Mérital without shocking anybody's sensibility, there is so much sincerity and frankness in it. Flattered though he is, Mérital knows life and doubts the future. Renée, however, knows that she cannot love twice, and feeling sure of her heart, offers it to him without hesitation.

This scene "for two" is prolonged. Mérital reasons with the girl, who is divinely obstinate. At length she convinces him that he may joyfully accept this happiness which has come to him unexpectedly. Lucien Guitry (Mérital) portrayed a man who, expecting for his declining days only ordinary joys, suddenly gets a glimpse of a supreme happiness. He loves the girl with his whole heart, is at first distressed by her confession, then accepts with rapture this belated bliss. In this scene, the actor, always a favorite with Parisians, won more than his accustomed meed of admiration.

So far the piece pursues a happy domestic course, without a suspicion of drama. It is on the way. Senator Frepeau, political ally of Mérital, a powerful director of the socialistic organ, *The Defender*, arrives in his automobile from Paris. He brings bad news. An obscure Paris Journal has charged Mérital that very morning with having robbed his employer when he was a lawyer's clerk at Grenoble. Mérital is astonished that Frepeau should have taken the trouble to motor all the way from the capital to warn him about this calumny, which he finds beneath his notice. He is still more disquieted when Frepeau explains that *The Defender* has simultaneously published a denial of the story, for he realizes that this denial elevates the obscure author of the lie to the position of insulting him—Alexandre Mérital. Frepeau has done more; he has had the

(*Continued on page ix*)

SEASON OF FRENCH GRAND OPERA AT THE LYRIC THEATRE



Mimi (Mme. Lavarenne) | Rudolphe (M. Conrad) | Schaunard (M. Beckmans) | Musette (Mme. Cortez) | Colline (M. Combes) | Marcel (M. Montano)

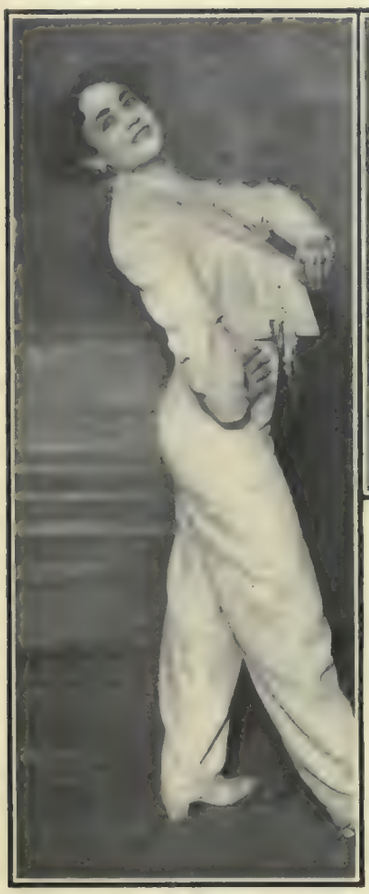
SCENE IN "LA BOHEME" AS PRESENTED BY THE FRENCH GRAND OPERA COMPANY AT THE LYRIC THEATRE



Photo C. Bennette Moore

Amonasro (M. Closset) | Aïda (Mlle. Beaumont) | Rhadames (M. Granier) | Amneris (Mme. Fierens)

SCENE IN "AIDA" AS PRESENTED BY THE FRENCH GRAND OPERA COMPANY AT THE LYRIC THEATRE



LA MALAGUENITA



A GROUP OF SPANISH DANCERS



MARIA LA BELLA AS CARMEN

A NEW CARMEN

AMERICANS going abroad this summer, who do not expect to extend their journeying to exotic Spain, will find in London, ready to their hand, real Spanish dancers of the most celebrated brand disporting themselves in an atmosphere more Spanish than Spain itself, while the delightful music of Bizet's "Carmen," with its Moorish strains, cloys the senses.

Never has the rivalry between the Alhambra Music Hall and the Empire, London's twin homes of the ballet, resulted in a more gorgeous feast for the eye and ear than the new Carmen ballet, with which the Alhambra is now carrying press and public by storm. The production, which closely follows the story of the opera, was staged under the direction of Herr Beger, *maitre de ballet* of the Imperial Opera House, Warsaw, at a cost, it is said, of twenty-five thousand dollars, which does not seem excessive in view of the sumptuousness of the settings and the importation of numerous high-priced Spanish artists to give native interpretation to the familiar action. Mr. Moul, of the Alhambra, following the modern custom, gathered his material and people at first hand in Spain, spending money lavishly and yet with a view to the ultimate dividends, which his ballets must, and do, yield to the promoters abroad, and which are seldom found in the credit column of similar undertaking on this side of the water.

In Maria la Bella, Mr. Moul has found a new and most ingratiating Carmen, whose grace is like that of a wild bird, free on the wing. Besides marked mimetic skill, she has youth, beauty, and charming stage presence. She not only plays Carmen, but is Carmen—a Carmen of the Spanish—with rare feeling for the nuances of the rôle, and with apparent enjoyment.

"I love this wonderful creation of Carmen," she remarked in an interview, "because she is so vital, so passionate, so real, one is forced to live the part; to be Carmen for the time. To show you how real it all is to me, when Don José stabbed me one night, I forgot that it was a *mime* and fell so heavily that a hairpin was driven into my head, cutting me badly. On another occasion, I did not yield before the blow, and the knife ran into my back, making a gash three inches long. My clothes were full of blood, and I bear the scar now, but not until the curtain fell did I realize that I was hurt; I was so excited."

In this country, we are apt to take such statements with a grain of press-agent, but none who have been thrilled by this Spanish rendering of "Carmen" can doubt the intensity and passion of the players. Maria la Bella is ably seconded in her efforts by a corps of Spanish dancers, La Andujar, La Arnapola, La Nieves, La Morenita, La Punki, La Nini, La Pilarita, La Malaguenita, and a male dancer, Real Montosa, who are a galaxy in themselves. La Malaguenita—who, by the way, is not identified with the team, Los Malaguenitos, which appeared last winter at the Winter Garden—is a flamenco dancer, the flamenco being a native variation of our own clog dance. The name of this *artiste* is a word to conjure with in her own land, and she is indeed remarkable, not only in the precision with which she beats out the rhythm with her little heels, but also in the expressiveness of her facial play. She gives, besides the flamenco, the March Fuentes and the Zapateado, to the accompaniment of her purring, snapping castanets. Others in the cast are M. Volbert as the Brigadier, and M. Agoust as the Toreador, who need no introduction.

AUBREY LANSTON.



MARIA LA BELLA AS CARMEN



Don José (M. Volbert) Carmen (Maria La Bella)



The Toreador (Emile Agoust) Don José (M. Volbert) Carmen (Maria La Bella)

SCENES IN "CARMEN" AS PRODUCED AT THE ALHAMBRA THEATRE, LONDON

How Walker Whiteside Became a Japanese

IT was a curiously fortuitous circumstance that for three years Walker Whiteside, who is the star, owner and manager of the Japanese play, "The Typhoon," had for neighbor in Denver the Japanese Consul. This representative of the most advanced country in the Orient, passed from the state of an unknown neighbor to neighboring acquaintance, then occasional caller, then friend, then intimate friend. His name was Causeri, and there were puns in plenty between the two households concerning the *causerie* of the two families.

The actor, who was then playing the dreamy young Jew in Israel Zangwill's drama, "The Melting Pot," had at that time no thought of ever playing one of the little yellow men from Nippon, but the able actor is a negative on which all events and persons make a distinct picture. Besides this, Mr. Whiteside had the mental stimulus of a genuine liking for his small, seemingly inscrutable neighbor.

Three years of neighborly converse left in his mind a vividly complete picture of Japanese externals and Japanese character. On crossing the Atlantic he established friendly relations with two Japanese students. In St. Louis he chanced to enlarge his acquaintance with the mind and habits of the conquerors of the Russians by a friendship with the Japanese Consul in that city.

In New York the circle of his Oriental acquaintance widened to include the Consul and many of the Consul's friends in this city. The acquaintanceships were among that accumulation of experiences collected by that nomad of the arts, the player. It was one of the means that came to Mr. Whiteside of extending his mental horizon and deepening his sympathies. He felt that his life had been enriched by the addition of the knowledge he had gathered of their lives and ideals, their subtleties and their intense patriotism.



Marceau

WALKER WHITESIDE

Discussing Japanese statesmanship, and the possibility of the spread of Japanese power, the actor has often said to brother Lambs in the club on Forty-fourth Street:

"You talk as wildly as people do when they don't know their subject. I tell you that their reticence is admirable, and worthy our emulation. No, they do not remind me of serpents. I never caught any reptilian suggestion about them. One thing that impresses me about them is that every Japanese is a gentleman."

It was when "The Melting Pot" had carried its message of the assimilation of the races to the last corners of America, and the Zangwill drama had finished its long course, that Mr. Whiteside found himself without a play, and in that state of feverish unrest had been reading three plays a week, that a long package, wrapped in manilla paper, came to his home at Hastings-on-the-Hudson, and with the remark that it looked as though it had come from the meat market, although it bore a mailing stamp, he tossed it on his desk, and it lay there unopened for several weeks. Yellow and small and unprepossessing, it gave no hint of the strength of what was within the unpromising cover.

When he read it, its power and novelty grasped him with strong hands. When he had read the first two acts he feared to read the rest. "The let-down at the last that spoils so many plays" he was afraid might once more await him. He handed it to his wife. "Read the last act, please," he said in that tone of heart-sickness that reveals hope deferred. So many plays had disappointed him by their ante climaxes. He had begun to think of a good play as an *ignis fatuus,* impossible to be overtaken. His wife's verdict revived his hopes. He carried the play to a manager, who declined it. He decided himself to produce it.

Then mercifully came pouring back upon him in a flood his memories of the Japanese Consul who was his neighbor in Denver. He recalled how the Japanese students on board the Transatlantic steamer talked to each other, the queer, sharp, staccato tones, that changed when he encountered their Caucasian fellow passengers to slower, suaver speech. He remembered the changeless calm of the smooth, yellow faces. Memory repictured the swift, pleasing half smile and the odd little duck with which they greeted their slightly superiors, the bend to the knees with which they saluted persons of consequence, the eye to eye unbendingness of their intercourse with each other. The sensitive, almost uncanny, hands fluttered before his memory vision. The short-stepped, half-effeminate gait recurred to him as though a procession of the little men was passing before the eyes of his body.

Memory developed the photograph plate to a nicety. But lest the plates had been under or over-developed, Mr. Whiteside invited two Japanese men to sit every day at rehearsals and watch every step, every gesture, listen for any possible false intonation. Here were three stage directors, instead of the usual one, an American and two Japanese. The Japanese listened, as they always did, with inscrutable faces.

"Vera nice," they said, with their diplomatic duck and smile. "Vera nice."

But the star insisted every day at the close of rehearsals upon a minute report of every slightest discrepancy between the Japanese of the stage and the Japanese of real life. The reports were brief. The jury, after three weeks of rehearsals, pronounced the production perfect, as though it had been rendered in Japan by Japanese. But lest accustomedness cause the "letting down" that is so much dreaded by a company, the star never tired of consulting his jury.

The story of how Walker Whiteside became a Japanese is a tale with a moral. All is fish that comes to the net of an intelligent actor. The Japanese came, the actor saw and mastered.

The most difficult traits to master were the quick, high tones of their informal converse with each other and the walk so unlike the free American stride.

The yellow faces were made yellow by two coats of grease paint and the high eyebrows were set a facial story above the eyebrows, that were whitened or shaved. The moveless muscles were stilled by association, and taken on as the actor shuffled himself into the soul and skin of Tokeramo.

A. P.



Photo Kajiwara

WALKER WHITESIDE AS TOKERAMO IN "THE TYPHOON" AT THE HUDSON THEATRE

A STAGE MANAGER WHO CAN ALSO ACT

THE fact that Frank Reicher has been engaged by The Little Theatre management for another year is no surprise to his many admirers who have followed the triumph he made in Percy MacKaye's play, "The Scarecrow," his first serious venture on the New York stage, with his later work in "The Pigeon," Mr. John Galsworthy's drama.

In this charming play, which has closed the season at The Little Theatre, Mr. Reicher has a part which, while not so strikingly original as that of the Scarecrow, nevertheless gives him plenty of opportunity to prove himself one of the most finished character actors on the American stage.



As Ferrand, the French vagabond, Mr. Reicher is by turns a philosopher, exchanging dictums on life, art and manners with the artist-philanthropist who extends to him and the two other waifs, the flower-seller and the bibulous cabby, a helping hand; a facile lover to the girl; a cynical protest to the trio who represent "The Institution;" a pessimist *par excellence* to the pessimist daughter, living up to her belief, or down to it, that he is a thorough "rotter."

Each facet, in turn, is displayed to the survey of his critical audience, who can find no flaw in it, and taking his work in entirety, that of the superficially clever, cigarette-smoking, amiable, indifferent loafer, so by inheritance, destiny and desire, it is equally admirable.

"I would rather walk," says Ferrand, "a whole month of nights hungry, with the stars, than sit one single day making round business on an office stool," having stated which sentiment he proceeds to tramp again and is again locked up in the workhouse.

In that sentence is the crux of the play, the ending of which leaves the spectator quite up in the air, as did that of "Strife." To those who like to leave the theatre without taking any threads home to tie up, this may be disturbing, but even they must admit that Mr. Reicher's work goes far to make amends for any after disturbance of the mental processes, while those who merely seek entertainment owe him an immense debt of gratitude.

A long time ago Mr. Reicher announced that he did not wish to be starred, as he was strongly opposed to this system as it is now promulgated on the American stage.

At the present rate of progress of the world's ongoing, stage world and real world, it is perhaps not wise to enumerate principles of any kind as hide-bound. Let us hope that what Mr. Reicher really meant when he announced himself as bitterly opposed to the star system is that he did not believe in launching a comparatively unknown player into the prominence that belongs only by right to those who have worked and earned their academic palms—in which belief he does not stand alone—that he is more willing to wait the natural sequence of events than many of his contemporaries, and that he will toil first and take his prizes afterward instead of reversing the process.

Let us hope that, for it certainly looks very much as if Mr. Reicher, *willy nilly*, may be forced into the prominence he so vigorously denounces, and that, having worked conscientiously for the work's sake, rather than for the plaudits of his fellowmen, he will soon achieve that Valhalla and Twilight of the Gods which are only other names in the actor's blue book for the spotlight and the centre of the stage.

Though of German birth and education, Mr. Reicher has achieved the rare distinction of speaking the language of the land of his adoption without the slightest trace of an accent, but it was rather a surprise to hear him, as Ferrand, speak that language with a French accent, equally perfect in its way. The lack of this lingual aptness was one serious drawback to the success of his sister, Miss Hedwig Reicher, who was starred by the late Henry B. Harris in "On the Eve."

Mr. Reicher was well grounded in his art at the time of life when impressions are most easily made and a finishing off process of schooling at Wiesbaden, where many boys of many nations were his companions, aided in giving him the facile speech of France and England, as well as the perfection of his own.

Like Pope's hero, Mr. Reicher probably lisped in numbers till the numbers came, for he was born into a dramatic atmosphere, and while there is no exact data on this important subject, judging one father by many, it is probably true that the elder Reicher stood over his son's cradle and murmured a Shakespearian quotation or uttered, with uplifted brow, rare Homeric lines.

At any rate, he himself is authority for the statement that he commenced to study under his father's tuition when he was a mere youngster.

The elder Reicher created the original rôles of all the Ibsen plays in Germany, and one of his most popular parts was the principal one in "The Emperor and Galilean," which has never, to the son's knowledge, been produced in America. Besides acting in the Ibsen's plays, he stage-managed them as well, and the son was never far from the father's side, oftentimes under foot as well, so he claims.

The mother was a celebrated opera singer, whose brief career gave great promise of later achievement. She was a friend and contemporary of Madame Schumann-Heink and other celebrities, who sincerely mourned her early death.

If one believes in the inheritance of talent, surely a better start could not be desired by any one. In the Reicher home, as a child and youth, young Reicher heard great men talk, celebrated actors and singers, painters and philosophers, all foregathering to expound their beliefs or relate their triumphs. To the growing boy's admiration for his paternal relative's talent was added a general admiration for all his father's friends.

A small "bit" was his first essay, from "Timon of Athens," which, it is claimed by many critics, should be presented more frequently on our modern stage. Two weeks later—and this suggests an idea of the strenuous work demanded by the Teutonic tyros, young Reicher appeared in "Der Flittermouse" (The Bat) with Fritzi Scheff, after which he immediately played Roderigo, his father playing Othello, and he was, for a long time thereafter, in a stock company where only Shakespearian productions were allowed.

Every night, in that mimic universe of the theatre, where scenes shifted and backgrounds changed, young Reicher saw a new world open to his mental vision. The germ of unrest was implanted; it was natural that it should develop in the soil ready for it by the fertilization of ideas. One day he ventured the New World in reality. He found it so much to his taste that he has remained in it ever since.

He played first in the "Becky Sharp" company of Mrs. Fiske, then with a stock company under German management. Following this, he appeared with Miss Julia Marlowe, who was giving "Barbara Frietchie" and a varied repertoire. The most important rôle Mr. Reicher played in New York City was that of Herod in Sudermann's "John the Baptist," a part played by his own father in Germany, and kept exclusively in his repertoire there.

While he played, Mr. Reicher studied his profession from unusual angles. Finally, either by the force of grim resolve or the mechanism of events—one is never quite sure of the genesis of such changes—he became a stage manager, or director, a position in his own country held in high esteem, and technically known as "Stage Inspector." The value of this part of his work had been shown him by his father. He staged-managed two companies for Frank Daniels and Miss Lulu Glaser, and finally settled, with a permanent contract, at the Hudson Theatre with the Harris staff. Meantime, whenever a small character part was needed, he cheerfully "filled in," an invaluable training to the actor, according to German standards.

In the time he has been occupied with stage managing, it has been Mr. Reicher's good fortune to note and approve the gradual improvement in that branch of histrionic art in America. Yet he thinks we are still some steps behind the perfection of German theatres. "There," says he, "the individual does not dominate the organization, but is a unit in the sum total; he is not allowed to misrepresent values for his personal aggrandizement, and even an actor-manager cannot, if he would, cut lines to strengthen his own and weaken other parts. The telling effect of a tragic climax is not spoiled by the smiling face of the player responding to applause, and a Hamlet, with the speech of Polonius to his son and the King's prayer elided, would be hissed off the stage."



White — Christopher Wellwyn (Russ Whytal) — Police Constable (Wilfrid North) — Guinevere Megan (Pamela Gaythorne) — Ferrand (Frank Reicher)

Act III. Guinevere Megan: "I don't want to go. They'll stab me"

SCENE IN JOHN GALSWORTHY'S FANTASTIC COMEDY, "THE PIGEON," AT THE LITTLE THEATRE



ANN MURDOCK
Seen lately in the rôle of Marjorie Newton in "Excuse Me"

But, to balance this ideal condition, Mr. Reicher states that there is little opportunity on the German stage, for its very perfection cuts off the hopes of those who are waiting for place, and that here, where there are more ladders to climb less unduly weighted at the top, ability is sure to be given its chance.

"The Scarecrow" was Mr. Reicher's first ambitious essay. It had been refused by several managers as an impracticable problem of staging, and when Mr. Harris, willing to give it opportunity, with many actors emulous to shine on his pay-rolls, proposed it to one and another, immediate objections were voiced, for a star views with dismay, it would seem, any excursion outside the safety of his particular orbit.

"The Scarecrow," a thing of shreds and patches, which finds its soul in the evolution of events, it is easily believed, might appeal to those who are humorously inclined at a first reading of the unusual, but to take those gentle cynics along and make them see the Mummer as a real man, by whom an audience would be torn by conflicting and serious emotions, was a different problem. Such an interpretation demanded infinite study, infinite sympathy and infinite patience.

One actor, on whom Mr. Harris had pinned a momentary faith, brought back the play, saying that he found nothing in it. One toyed with pros and cons several days, then stated that he would not make a fool of himself by smoking throughout the play a corncob pipe, which, in the drama, like a sanctuary fire, is supposed to exercise an occult influence on the immortality of the soul.

One of the celebrated actors of Germany once refused a part on the ground that he was not convinced by it, and, therefore, had no hopes of convincing his audience. It was this same part that made the late George Engel famous. The average American actor is not usually so conscientious, but the Scarecrow showed that there were several to be classified with the German player.

Meantime, Mr. Frank Reicher read, studied and reflected on Mr. Percy MacKaye's poem. He was convinced by the power of the unusual part if others were not. One day, present when Mr. Harris laid down the receiver of the telephone and announced that another actor had refused the rôle, he turned and said simply he would "like a try at it."

"Why didn't you say so before, Frank?" was the manager's only comment. Necessary details were forthwith arranged. Mr. Edgar Selwyn was called in to take charge of the stage direction and the play went immediately into rehearsal.

It is one of Mr. Reicher's dramatic beliefs that "once set the imagination of your audience working, they will do the rest for you." This accomplished, your battle is more than half won. "The Scarecrow" gave him plenty of opportunity to prove his faith by his work.

"Look at the color in his cheeks," said one and another on the first night when the Scarecrow recuperated from one of his abysmal lapses into unconsciousness. Mr. Reicher must have smiled grimly hearing this, for, of course, there was no color.

"Ah, the pipe has gone out," exclaimed another, "what will he do?" Expectation was tense, but the pipe had not gone out.

"Get them to the starting point," says Mr. Reicher, "and you can take them along to any desired place by the power of suggestion. There is no so-called 'business' which may be demanded by the play, however intricate it may seem, but can be overcome by a perfect knowledge of stage illusion."

The difficulties of producing Mr. MacKaye's play were many, but they were interesting ones. Most modern playwrights, admonished by tradition, keep one eye on the stage and fit their work to its argued inelasticity. Mr. MacKaye, on the contrary; assumed that the possibilities of stage craft were illimitable, or it is probably nearer the truth to say that he ignored it as a determining limitation to his art. To him it was a medium as his pen was a medium, necessary, but not controlling, and that faith on his part needed faith in his producers, which it had.

"Bosh!" said one actor, reading the lines. "How is it possible to make a creature of straw and pumpkins, of carrots and hay, of potatoes and beets, and have such a creation anything but farcical?" But the creation was not farcical.

"The audience won't stand for any more of the old-time trap doors, black case and mirror effects, temporary darkening of the stage, smoke and optical illusions," added another sceptic; but the audience did.

Thoroughly conversant with all stage

(*Continued on page viii*)



VIEW OF SLEZAK'S HOUSE FROM THE LAKE



LEO SLEZAK AT WORK

Famous Tenor as a Happy Peasant

BY WILLIAM ARMSTRONG

IT was June, and none of the Bavarian lakes is lovelier then than Tegernsee. Trace of spring still lingered in the fresh green of trees thrusting forth against sombre pines lining the mountains. Lilacs and roses filled the villa gardens; wild flowers bordered the highway; clouds borne by shifting winds in radiant sunshine made the lakes a prism of reflected color, and spun patterns of light and shade across the landscape.

For ten years Léo Slezak, the tenor, had been trying to buy a home in this enchanted corner, and only as many months before succeeded, for the peasants of Tegernsee cling to every foot of soil passed on from one generation to another as a something too precious to be sold. The original property, a massive old building with deep grounds extending from the lake back to a pine wood flanking the mountain, had been remodelled on his own plans the previous winter and spring, while he was singing Otello, Tannhäuser, and Rhadames at the Metropolitan. About the then frosted grounds groups of full-grown trees had been transplanted from the forest after his carefully drawn directions; a rustic outlook tower erected, and a chapel for his wife. Her first hint of this last had come as a surprise the previous Christmas eve, when he had laid a photograph of it, and an original poem of presentation at the foot of the lighted tree in their New York apartment.



MADAME SLEZAK AND THE CHILDREN

On that June morning Slezak, dressed as a peasant, in one hand nails and in the other a hammer, climbed down a ladder from the roof to welcome me and declare the present experience his very happiest. With the sound of the orchestra still fresh in his ears he had hurried to Bavaria to help the workmen from early until late; three blissful months remained ahead in which to dig, chop, and prune. A few days back he had had the joy of aiding to unload wagons piled with furniture made on peasant models by peasants of the district. Two thousand big trees had been transplanted to the grounds, five thousand plants set out in April, and the lawn already bloomed a bouquet of scarlet; the balcony along the second story, where twenty-four may dine and view the sunset, made a gay band of flowers against the white of the house walls. Never had Slezak strangled Desdemona in the last act of "Otello" with a greater energy than he had exerted in bringing things into order. Bills seemed flying and fluttering in the very air, "But this time I take delight in paying them," was his smiling comment, "for it means a home, a some place always to come back to."

Heinrich Knote, the tenor, associated in days gone by with the Metropolitan, lives on Starnbergersee, not far away, and has a place to study in a chalet built in Bavarian peasant style, but his dwelling proper is a modern German villa. Slezak, however, has every detail and article of furniture in the fashion existing for centuries among the humble neighbors about him.

The interior walls are of wood; heavy beams extend across the ceilings. The white outside shutters are decorated with baskets of flowers such as bloom in



LEO SLEZAK ON HIS PORCH

primary colors only in the fancy of peasant artists. All the furniture is painted white and decorated in the same gay fashion, almost mediæval in its elemental simplicity, St. Florian, the Bavarian patron and protector against fire, appearing on panels of the larger pieces. Wherever his image is depicted there is placed beneath in old German text a line which, literally translated, reads: "Good St. Florian, spare this house and let burn instead another." The good saint himself, robed in blue, red, and yellow, holds in his hand an upturned pitcher and drenches with water the little church and village of Tegernsee.

At heart one with the people about him, he and his family wear peasant dress on every day of the seven, nor could Slezak be readily mistaken as a man apart from his peasant neighbors. Once, at least, this phase of things caused complications. He was lying on the lake-shore in soft grass and blazing sunshine, nearby his boat bumped against the shore with inrippling waves. Two tourists, strolling down the road, and wanting to cross the lake at that point, presently spied him. "I say," ordered one in rich Berlinese dialect, "row us over?"

Slezak only closed his eyes the tighter and mumbled "Not to-day." "But you *must* row us over," persisted the stranger, and reaching down shook the tenor roughly.

"Not to-day," repeated Slezak, stretched his full six-foot five; then sat up slowly.

"He looks almost too intelligent to be a peasant," commented the other doubtingly, as his companion still persisted, "Row us over." Finally, out of patience, he asked in exasperation, "What are you?"

"Chamber singer to the Emperor of Austria," returned Slezak, this time opening his eyes wide to enjoy their dawning recognition.

"Didn't you sing Tannhauser at the Imperial Opera in Vienna last season?" was the query.

"Yes," returned Slezak, getting on his feet, "and now that I have had my joke, I'll pay for it. Get in, I'll row you over."

Both his young son and daughter are experts with the oar, and rowing their parents into midstream on moonlight nights, the tenor father will sing German folk melodies, peasant and villa dweller along the shores listening in silence to say at the song's close with a smile, "That was Slezak."

Next door to the singer's home is that of Madame Slezak's mother, "Drachenfels," or "Dragon's Rock," as he calls it—a joke he can well afford to make, because of friendly feeling existing. Indeed, the whole family connection is as one household, of which Madame Slezak's sister, her husband and their child are members. As for Slezak, few men used to the exotic life of an opera singer would find complete happiness in such isolation from the world in absolute simplicity. By five o'clock on summer mornings he is up and out of doors, to remain there, except for the brief space of mealtimes, until dark or later. There is inspection to do, sometimes an anxious one in the instance of big trees transplanted; flower-beds need his care; there is digging to do, and wood to chop for the kitchen and the house fires in chill days of early autumn before he journeys to Berlin, Russia, Vienna, and finally New York.



Photo White

JOSE COLLINS AND MARTIN BROWN
In the Cinderella Dance at the Winter Garden

At odd hours the postman strolls up the lake bordering highway, presents a letter from some opera director or impresario, and stops to talk, while Slezak, indifferent to its contents, leaves the missive unopened. Sometimes of an afternoon Ludwig Thoma, the noted novelist, playwright, and poet of "Simplicissimus," will wheel over to smoke a friendly pipe. On Sunday mornings the combined Slezak forces march to the village church, whose white, pointed spire catches the eye at every turning. These things, with the routine of a family life led near together, in which Madame Slezak, a Viennese of the pure Austrian type of beauty, plays a gentle, charming part, make up the sum of Slezak's days off duty.

Every season the two children accompany their parents to New York, but the coming one the tenor has decided shall be his last at the Metropolitan.

"My boy will then be eleven, and must the following autumn enter college; to be near him means more to me than any money. Besides, in America, while I receive twelve hundred a night, in Europe I command a thousand."



Moffett

RICHARD BENNETT

A popular and forceful actor now appearing in the rôle of Peter Waverton in "Passers-By" on the road



Blanche Bates and her dumb but constant companion, Peggy



May Irwin duck shooting in the Thousand Islands

THE PLAYERS IN

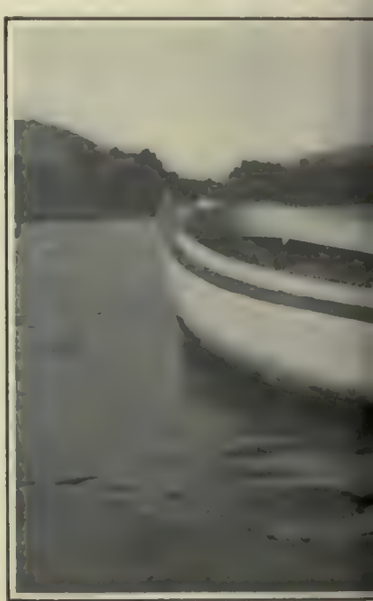
THERE are as many theories of how an actor should properly spend his vacation as there are actors. I have heard them summarized according to the tastes and moods of the individual players. They all vary.



Edith and Mabel Taliaferro at Ostend

David Warfield thinks it doesn't matter particularly where the vacations are spent, if you but vary them. This summer he will spend in Canada and the Thousand Islands, fishing. Last summer he visited the chief art galleries of Europe. The year before I encountered him in the surf at Normandie-by-the-Sea, close to the city gates, where he was living in a summer hotel under the same roof with David Belasco and his family. On the whole, though, he thinks the country is the best, because it affords a life least like that of the mummer during his long winter tour, or the run of the play in one of the metropolitan cities.

Nance O'Neill thinks a player should cross the Atlantic every summer, spend at least two weeks in London and Paris, seeing new plays, and studying the methods of other players, then retire to the country, preferably in France, to enjoy the beauty of nature enhanced by the background of historical association. That our own country presents a magnificence not surpassed by Europe she fully agrees. No one more fervently admires the natural splendors of Yosemite Valley, the colossal outlines of Yellowstone Park, or the majesty of the Rocky Mountains than does this native Daughter of the Golden West. But centuries of human and art development add mellowness to a sunset and soften the beauty of a mountain peak, she thinks. Wherefore when we see Miss O'Neill's name annually on the sailing lists of trans-Atlantic steamers, we know that she goes to steep her soul in the beauties of a literally Old World.



Adelaide Prince in



Henrietta Crosman in the Sierra Nevada Mountains

Lillian Russell thinks the place of small moment, but the manner of spending the vacation paramount. Miss Russell believes that the wear and tear of an arduous season's inevitable friction is tremendous. This, she is confident, should be repaired by resting in a retreat for six weeks after the close of the season. The term "sanitarium" she thinks obnoxious. She prefers for these places of physical re-building the term "health hotels." She wants for tired players sun parlors and wide, cool verandas, nine or ten hours' sleep at night, and a nap at mid-day. She wants rest of mind, absolute freedom from care, supplemented by electric baths. When six weeks of this re-building has been done, she thinks the player may go where he listeth for the rest of his vacation.

As Frances Starr set sail for a six weeks' jaunt in Europe last month, she observed, with a last



Robert Edeson's summer home, "Strongheart House," Long Island



Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Selwyn (Margaret Mayo) while touring Asia

VACATION SEASON

homesick glance at the jagged skyline of New York roofs: "Duty takes me to Europe. Pleasure would keep me in the country in America." To the mind of this young but thoughtful star the duty of seeing European plays and studying the history of Europe on the spot is amply discharged by a journey across seas every third year.



unch at Delaware Water Gap

Otis Skinner is as indeterminate as the nomadic "Harvester" he created in this country. A year ago he spent his vacation developing a brand new garden at his home "The Latch String," in Bryn Mawr, and it was only when the garden's life ended beyond hope of resurrection in October, that he made a three-weeks' trans-Atlantic crossing.

Quite unlike this was the preceding summer, when he sailed for Marseilles, made his way through the Riviera to Venice, then through the Dolomites by foot and by carriage, spent a week at Oberammergau, another in Hohenschwanger, made a carriage trip by easy stages through the Engadine, spent a month at Pontresina, a week at Regatz, thence proceeded in leisurely fashion through Germany and home. This active summer was preceded by one of *dolce far niente* in a cottage on Cape Cod, which, in turn, was the successor of a summer's fishing in the Maine woods.

The only certainty about his vacations is that they will be shared by Mrs. Skinner and their daughter, Cornelia, aged twelve and fast growing. Mr. and Mrs. Skinner make their plans late. Why worry about vacation until we have earned it? is their philosophy. There will be a vacation some time, just as we are sure to have a Fourth of July dinner, but why trouble about the menu before July third? From which one may conclude that Mr. Skinner's belief as to vacations is a broadly democratic one, that there is no best way, but that all are best ways according to the caprice of the player himself. Doubtless he would agree that the best vacation is a fine balance between the player's tastes and needs, between which there is not always a perfect correspondence.

Against this background of theories may be thrown the clear-cut figure of actors' recurrent vacations, as indicating their habits and preferences. Georgia Caine, with her husband, A. B. Hudson, goes again and again to Canada and Maine to hunt moose. She wears masculine attire, strides along beside her husband, bringing down as many moose as does he. The largest moose head in their Elmhurst, L. I., home is a trophy of her steady hand.



Kitty Gordon at Brighton, England

Henrietta Crosman seeks out the core of the heart of nature. When business connected with her starring required her to be near New York, she took a cottage on South Bay, and went sailing every day. But her taste for the open,



Georgia Caine, husband and guide, on a moose hunting trip in Canada



The late Deronda Mayo, Harry Woodruff, Blanche Bender, Frank Gilmore and Fred Thorne, at Siasconset, Mass.



Blanche Ring at Mamaroneck, N. Y.

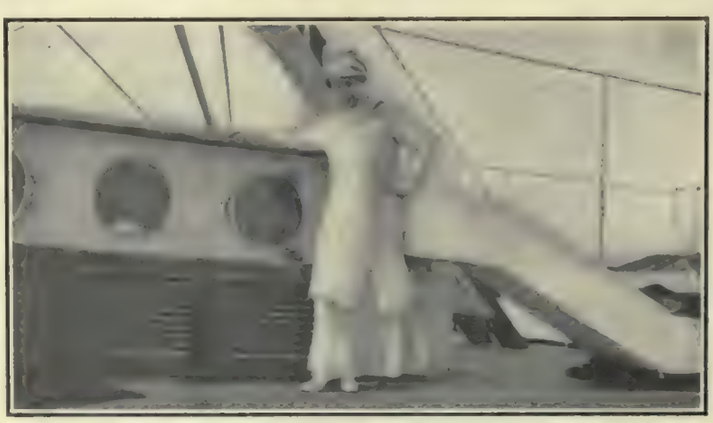


Douglas Fairbanks spends his holiday in the country with his little son

formed when she was an army girl, living at frontier posts with her father, Major Crosman, persists, and she enjoys most her summer stays in the wild region about Lake Tahoe, which marks the watershed on which transcontinental trains pause after their panting journey up the Sierra Nevada Mountains and before their breathless dash down to San Francisco. Miss Crosman lives in a cabin on the shore of Lake Tahoe, tramping every day among the pine woods, and riding up and down the dangerous slopes on the back of a sure-footed broncho.

Margaret Anglin, after a strenuous theatrical season, likes to literally try her hand at housekeeping, and when her tour ends in Nova Scotia in July, she will spend happy weeks settling in the new home at 67 East Ninety-third Street in New York, which theatrical exigencies demanded that she abandon for the road, just as she was moving into it. Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Selwyn (Margaret Mayo), find their house in the woods, at Harmon-on-the-Hudson, so attractive that they often linger there all summer, if work requires them to be within reach of the managerial voice from the city. If not, the beaten paths of Europe possess for them little attraction. They have heard the call of the East, and the steamship that carries them across the Atlantic usually carries them through the Mediterranean and places them on African or Asiatic shores Mr. Selwyn sought and found material for his "The Arab" while wandering with his wife through the desert that fringes Egypt.

Christie Macdonald, in search of a well-earned vacation, may run across to Paris to take a few vocal lessons, but her choice is to loaf the summer hours happily away at her brown villa among the trees of the Thousand Islands. Maria Baldini, on her first vacation in America, hastened to the Thousand Islands, taking Alexis Kosloff and the Russian pantomimist, Bulgakow, with her, defeating them for the croquet championship of Thousand Island Park. Mabel and Edith Taliaferro enjoy their European jaunts, chaperoned by Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Brooks and by Miss Clara Laughlin,



Rose Stahl off for Europe on the deck of S. S Cedric



John Findlay at his home on Staten Island



Blanche Bates and Lillian Russell taking a summer siesta



Maude Odell on the North Carolina coast



Marie Dressler's Farm in Vermont



Christie MacDonald at the Thousand Islands

but scarcely more than their visit home—home being with their mother, Mrs. Taliaferro Abell, at Long Beach, on Long Island.

"Home," as the best vacation ground, has loyal advocates in Bijou Fernandez and her husband, W. L. Abingdon, who spend the summer quietly at their bungalow on Long Island Sound at Shippen Point, in Connecticut. Laura Burt



Mr. and Mrs. William G. Smythe at Siasconset, Mass.

and her husband, H. B. Stanford, find absolute rest and heartsease at Stanford Lodge, Great Kills, Staten Island. If tours bring them somewhere mid-continent, they hasten to Colorado Springs for restful weeks among the great boulders of that playground of the Titans, "The Garden of the Gods." "Home" calls Maude Odell to her old North Carolina home on the seashore, where she lives in the surf and on the sand. Robert Edeson hears the call of home and hurries to Strongheart Villa at Sag Harbor at his season's end. John Findlay's first task on reaching his home, the attractive cottage on Wall Street, at New Brighton, in Staten Island, is to mow the lawn and climb to the top of a seventy-year-old oak, to banish from its ancient trunk the devastating army of ants. "Home" for Blanche Bates is her hospitable farm at Ossining-on-the-Hudson. For Julia Dean it is the white house on the hill, so like an old-fashioned Southern home at Harmon, N. Y.; for Blanche Ring it is a modern country mansion at Mamaroneck. For Marie Dressler, it is a farm at Windsor, Vermont, a part of which she has generously set aside for the use of poor children from the cities, during the hot months. May Irwin's home, Irwin Castle, in the Thousand Islands, has for eighteen years been one of the objects of interest to sightseers cruising about the St. Lawrence. The half granite, half frame, structure is the finest home owned by a player in America.

ADA PATTERSON.



Laura Burt in the "Garden of the Gods"



Wilton Lackaye and his son at Shelter Island



Julia Dean (at right) on her lawn at Harmon, N. Y.



Julian Eltinge at his summer home, Fort Salonga, L. I.



Photos White

MARGARET MORRIS MARIE BAXTER MARTHA WELLINGTON ELEANOR ST. CLAIR

Four pretty girls now appearing in Charles H. Hoyt's piece, "A Winsome Widow," at Ziegfeld's new Moulin Rouge

THE LONDON PIT

By ANTHONY H. EUWER

FROM the beginning of things the word "pit" has been associated with terror, temptation and damnation. Pitfall and seething pit, bottomless pit, and pit and pendulum, have ever been invoked to fill the soul with fright and dread. In the days of Elizabethan England the word "pit" took on another and a milder function. Scorned by the gentles and sought by the vulgar, it became a place where tradesmen and servants could regale themselves with the same intellectual wine as their masters, but from goblets of pewter instead of gold. Reeking with smoke and oaths and divers stenches, the pit of Shakespeare's London must still have held much of the old-time terror of the word for the sensitive, perfumed nobility. But for the plain people, those who knew no other world, it spelled recreation, sunshine and delight.

In the to-day of nineteen hundred and twelve, the odor and the odium of the English pit have long since gone, the recreation and the sunshine and delight remain. It is by all odds the most characteristic, the most individualizing feature of the London playhouse. At a small Anglo-American gathering one afternoon, an Englishman asked what did Americans consider the most distinctly British thing in England. Promptly an American woman said, "Tea! Without tea your British Empire would collapse." "Tea is not distinctly British," said another; "we, too, have our tea in America—when we wish it; and so do other countries. To me the most British institution, the most deeply ingrained and characteristic, is your pit."

The pit is the great second-class railway coach from which you may view the theatrical landscape with varying degrees of comfort and an unvarying degree of economy. We have nothing in America which approaches it, nothing in America with which you can parallel it—the second-class coach will not do, because we haven't any. You cannot say, "Have you seen this or have you seen that? If so, why then you'll know." Nothing of the sort; the only way to explain it to an American must needs be a definition in terms of itself: "The pit's the pit, and there you are."

But one thing I'll venture, if you hail from the States you will remember the pit long after you've forgotten about the plays—you will remember the big, clanky, Chinese-looking check that rattled over the brass sill of the little window as you put down your two-and-six, after you had wiggled through the tortuous twist at the end of the crowded way where you waited. And in the scramble which follows, the American reads to his satisfaction the unwritten slogan of all pitites—"as good as you deserve, and no man is better than his neighbor." Late-comers will stand, long-standers will sit.

As for me, I am tired but happy, for I have gained the coveted and maintain my pre-eminence in the front row. For to-night I came early—early enough to see our predecessors getting out from the matinée performance, and just early enough to fall in behind the little slant-capped messenger boys clustered about the entrance. Although a Yankee by birth, I have learned not to try and get ahead of these miniature officials—I might as well try to surprise the guards of Buckingham Palace. I am quite sure if you were to dig up the ground before these entrances, you would find clusters of messenger-boy roots just ready to sprout. They seem to come from nowhere, but like toad-stools they spring up in a night, always appear at the psychologic moment just before the people come. I believe I said a moment ago that in the pit no man is better than his neighbor. It was done without thinking. Now that I sit here with these little gentlemen at my side, I am aware that I have made a mistake. For are they not the paid mercenaries who are here to have and to hold against all comers—until that time when their patrician patrons shall arrive and they shall be dismissed with honorable fee? Sweet-faced, exasperating little cherubs, sturdy, unbudgable facts; proxies *pro tem* for those aloof few who stand for the very highest development of the pitite.

The Understudy

Bright and eager are her glances,
As she notes with tireless care,
Every pose and every action,
While the Leading Lady's there.

For a vision fair, enchanting,
Floats before her night and day—
Of a wire that shall inform her,
"Leading Lady called away."

Gowns of wondrous sort she fashions:
In her dreams her pulses thrill!
For she'll be the Prima Donna,
If the Leading Lady's ill.

Seas of eager faces haunt her:
Pleased, surprised,—they seem to say,
As they note her grace and beauty,
"Who's the Leading Lady, pray?"

But the Star is hale and hearty:
No one sends that hasty plea,
No one notes the budding genius:
Just the Understudy she!

—EVELYN WATSON.



Moffett

CHARLOTTE WALKER

Who has been seen this season in Eugene Walter's dramatization of John Fox's novel, "The Trail of the Lonesome Pine"

Just in front of me is a brass rail. As I gaze at it I try to comprehend its monumental meaning. In the whole British Empire there is only one other dividing line that approaches it in importance, and that is the meridian at Greenwich. But that line is purely imaginary, the brass rail is real. In America we have the Great Divide, a little ridge that makes the watershed of a continent. But I am wandering.

Superficially, this brass rail is the nation's social watershed, the line of acute demarcation that separates the low-neck gown from the high, the "boiled shirt and claw-hammer" from the plain-clothes man. Financially, it separates the man in front from his ten shillings and six, the one behind from his two-and-six. In the matter of artistic appreciation its separating function is of little value, and, like the meridian, becomes purely imaginary. And so I sit and view this pageant before me, happy as if I had paid ten bob to view the coronation from a four-guinea seat. This is because I know that in my own land, where there is no pit and it's all one price from front to back, this seat would cost two good American dollars. But there, if I chose, I could wear my plain clothes still, for an American pays his money for a specified location to view a specified performance—the rest is with himself. With him the nicer obligations which he may, or may not, owe to society are purely voluntary. He has not yet arrived at that place where these things become an unwritten law. Such things must be a gradual growth. An attempt to infringe on his liberty or to coerce his obligations would end in disaster. A brilliant example of this occurred in New York a year or so ago. A palatially appointed restaurant opened its doors in a blaze of glory. It was announced that evening dress was *de rigueur*. So generally was this resented that the dining public stayed away altogether, and in a few months the place went into the hands of a receiver. These things are not spoken in vaunting, but are merely a statement of conditions.



Photo Mishkin

R. HELEN LANGFORD
As Madge Rockingham in "Green Stockings"



Photo Sykes

Joshikawa (Henry Bergman)

Tira Hempel (Florence Fisher)

The police confront Tira with the alleged assassin

SCENE IN ACT II OF "THE TYPHOON" AS PRESENTED AT THE HUDSON THEATRE

As for me, I am quite happy still. I am keenly alive to the joy of it all, for I love beautiful things. I love to see the audience of our Metropolitan Opera. Each London playhouse is an opera audience in miniature. Beautiful gowns are now appearing, and they are filled with splendid types of British women. Most strikingly beautiful, I think—and striking, too, because they are so plentiful—is that symphony of glorious color, the English blonde. Rare creature she, and much to be desired. The flush of her cheek and the tawny gold of her hair, I am pleased to fancy, do hold allegiance to God alone. From America over the sea I sit and listen to those voices rich in color, mellow with their musical cadence, and the conquest of this humble pitite is complete.



White

LEWIS WALLER AND GRACE LANE IN "MONSIEUR BEAUCAIRE"

The stalls are now rapidly filling. Strange how I am beginning to use that word "stalls" almost unconsciously. How rapidly this British metamorphosis takes place, once it has its hold on you. When I first saw the words outside on the bills, I had conjured up a sort of tall, canopied, mediæval booth with pennants flying, until I found it was just another name for what I had always called an orchestra seat. But I had had the same sensation a few days before, and was getting used to it—when I learned that I had been eating tarts all my life instead of pie, and had been drinking lemon-squash when I had thought it lemonade. Of course, I remembered the stalls of my boyhood—the places where horses and cattle were kept, but then I was sure it could be nothing like this, and so my imagination did its best and hit upon the canopy and pennants. Still, I know how my countryman from Grand Rapids felt when he got to the booking-office, and became so confused that he asked the price of a manager!

But back again to the pit where I belong; my patrician neighbors have rudely broken in upon my wanderings, and the three little gentlemen have dissolved into the elements as mysteriously as they took form. But how, oh! how did my enormous friend ever expect to get herself into the narrow space left by one little boy? At all events, she has done it. "So sorry," she says when she has finally settled, and I, with a half-dozen neighbors to my right, share her grief. And now comes the girl with the programs. I take one pleasantly and begin to read. Looking up, I see the young lady waiting with an indulgent smile. "So sorry to trouble you, but it's tuppence, please." With a rising flush, I hand her a shilling and take the change without looking. I wouldn't care if she hadn't given me any, for I know that I've queered myself beyond redemption. Everyone within earshot knows I'm either a thief or a new American, probably both. But it's really not my fault, it's just my misfortune. The only other time I ever paid for one was at an actor's benefit. There I gave a dollar and got no change. The program was merely a pretext for the extraction. And now my neighbor on the right undertakes to console me by telling me that I would have paid sixpence for it in front. He doesn't understand that it is my dignity that has suffered and not my purse. Still, he has added to my store of information, and the brass rail comes again into the limelight. He tells me it is the same with sweets and everything. At this, all memory of my recent disgrace is lost in a hearty chuckle. To think that those poor, dear, good people in front must pay three times as much as we do for the same identical things—the same identical service! The same maid carries her wares through the little gate—the little garden-gate in the brass rail, and immediately her stocks go up or down, sixty-six and two-thirds per cent. But maybe this isn't so funny, either, for my friend doesn't laugh at all. Possibly it's because he's so accustomed to it, or possibly not. Possibly I'm a fool. But it reminds me of an old story, and I tell him of the farmer who was hoeing potatoes up in the mountain country. A stranger stopped and asked the price. He was told they were thirty cents a bushel. "Why, if you had those potatoes in the New York markets, you could get a dollar and a quarter for them," said the man. "Well," replied the farmer, "markets differs accordin' to locality. Take that lake over there—if I had that in hell I could get a dollar and a quarter a pint fur it." This broke the spell, and the curtain went up.

The first act is over. The pit relaxes, yawns, stretches itself

and walks about. Many of the men disappear. Now there is a hubbub, followed by a general clatter. The little tray-loads of teapots, milk, sugar and sandwiches have arrived. This is all so new to me that I am several minutes taking it in. I have decided that I like it. It takes away the last traces of formality and brings us all closer together into a sort of family party. Every body passes things along to everybody else. The pit has become a kind of water-bucket brigade to quench the flames of thirst that have sprung up in all quarters. A tray-load of empty dishes has just reached me from some one in the end of our pew, and I am to give it to the maid. But there is no maid, the lights go out, and I am lost. I stoop over to squeeze it into a space on the floor at my feet, but I am too late. The space on both sides those worthy members has been pre-emptied by other trays. I cannot move, I breathe circumspectly, I try to let them settle noiselessly on my lap. On the stage the plot is thickening. The moment is a tense one. The lover's lingering kiss has touched our deepest heart strings, but I feel that there is something slipping on my lap. I am a lover of the drama in its highest form. I revere it. I know it is in my power to make or mar that scene. In the darkness I clutch softly, convulsively, and save the slipping teapot. Again, as the moonlight falls over the castle wall, the lover snatches his fair one from foul, impending doom. I have always thought it noble to rescue maidens in distress, and here I want to give vent to my feelings, but I cannot. Instinctively, in a good old American way, I think to pound with my feet; but, by reason of the two trays, this, too, is denied me. At last the curtain descends in a tumult of applause. But I knew what the house in all its turbulent enthusiasm did not know—would never know. In true theatric phrase I knew that what had been enacted there was my scene—that through me alone had been preserved that uninterrupted flow of beauty and that through my heroic self-sacrifice I had kept it, together with the dishes on my lap, from literally going to pieces. And here, on second thought, I take my hat off to you, Britannia; your tea drinking is indeed a marvelous institution.

I have recounted some of my impressions of the pit on the inside. Let us now turn to the outside, where the long, patient column awaits the moment when the pit-monster shall open the doors of its mouth and gulp it down. Here in the crowd that waits you may, if you have a mind, study national characteristics; and in the little moving pageant who do their penny "stunts" for their regalement, you may study the elements of comedy and tragedy—mostly the latter.

It has always been a matter of interest to me to note the way in which Dame Nature endows her creatures for varying functions and environments. The wings of the eagle for its undisputed life of freedom, the hind legs of the kangaroo for those marvelous leaps, and that well-planted, splendidly proportioned British foot—how it seems to have been thought out and constructed with special reference to protracted seasons of tireless, interminable standing. Whether or not in this case the circumstances developed the member, or the member anticipated the circumstance,

(*Continued on page vi*)



Moffett, Chicago

MILLICENT EVANS
Appearing as Sadie Small in the Chicago production of "Officer 666"



The Second Park Theatre in 1830



One of the first New York Theatres, afterward known as The Bowery



Interior of Castle Garden in 1850

FORGOTTEN THEATRES OF NEW YORK CITY

IT would be difficult nowadays to reproduce the old-time theatrical atmosphere of New York—as difficult as it would be to take the theatrical centre away from Forty-second Street and transport it again to the Battery or to Park Row. In the Wall Street district, Trinity stands as guardian of the past, and around Printing House Square there are still to be seen the old-fashioned features of the Astor House and St. Paul.

But New York is a city of constant changes, and with the shift of population, together with the tearing down of buildings for the modern steel structure, theatre sites have disappeared, and busy feet now tread unknowingly over ground once dedicated to pleasure. Even people shopping along Twenty-third Street never for an instant think of looking in a nook outside of a well-known drygoods store for the bust of Shakespeare, marking the old Booth's Theatre. And soon Daly's and Wallack's will disappear in the wake of the Madison Square.

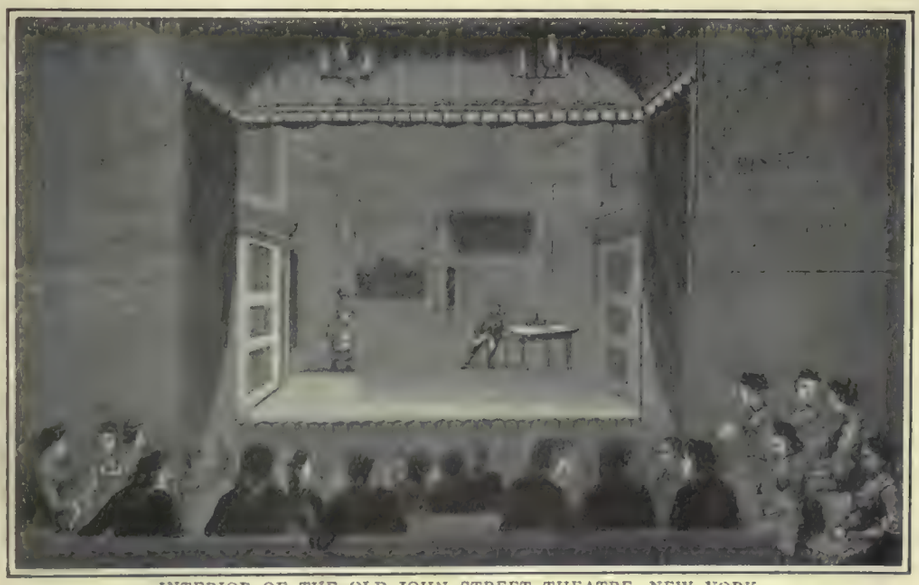
Theatres have crept up Broadway from the Battery, resting awhile at the parks, just long enough to allow business interests to catch up with them and drive them away. First came Battery Park, resounding to the voice of Jenny Lind. Then came City Hall Park, with the tradition of Thomas Cooper. Then followed Union Square with the prestige of Wallack and Palmer. Within the memory of the present, Madison Square, Herald Square, and Times Square have each gained their theatrical distinction. The unfortunate condition now is that most of the playhouses in the city are too new for any distinctive tradition.

Even the morning papers have changed in their functions, and the dramatic critics of the present are of different training from those of the past. That may be because one now fully realizes that drama-fashions alter as well as the fashions of dress. The plays put before the Broadway critic to-day, in his conventional dress-suit, are entirely different in scope and technique from the plays that used to be offered to the critical judgment of Park Benjamin, Epes Sargent, Charles Fenno Hoffman, J. G. Brooks, Theodore S. Fay, N. P. Willis, and George P. Morris, who were familiar "first nighters" at the Park Theatre. Then it was that people used to consult the columns of the *Mirror, The Commercial Advertiser, The Courier and Enquirer,* and *The Spirit of the Times,* for the opinions of these high-stocked gentlemen of the press.

It is interesting to dwell on reminiscences; they preserve the very spirit of the past. When John Brougham first came to America, he used to drive out into the country to the old reservoir, where now stands the New York Public Library. When Fanny Kemble lived at the Astor House—the Park Theatre being just across the way—she often drove to an inn, located somewhere in the heart of Central Park. When Tyrone Power—the grandfather of the present actor of that name—was in New York, prior to the ill-fated voyage homeward on *The President,* which went down at sea, he used to parade with fashion up and down Broadway below Canal Street. New York lived downtown; that was why the theatres were there.

When the city's population was slightly over seven thousand, some actors from London took a room at the juncture of Pearl Street and Maiden Lane, where, during September, 1733, they fitted themselves with a raised platform and a few seats. Thus furnished, they set forth on a season of repertory, consisting of "Cato," "The Recruiting Officer," and "The Beaux's Stratagem."

The New York *Gazette,* dated February 26, 1750, announced the arrival of some comedians from Philadelphia. This company took convenient rooms, with the determination to stay a whole season, provided they met with encouragement. On March 5th, "Richard III" was the bill, with Kean and Murray. Their theatre was a wooden building on the East side of Kip Street, now Nassau, between John Street and Maiden Lane. The property belonged to the Hon. Rip Van Dorn, once Governor of the Province of New York. How different that street appears to-day!



INTERIOR OF THE OLD JOHN STREET THEATRE, NEW YORK

A curious custom in vogue at that time is mentioned on a programme of the John Street Theatre: "Ladies will please send their servants to keep their places at four o'clock." The performance began at six, so for two hours and longer the front seats of the boxes were occupied by negroes and negresses of every age, waiting for their masters and mistresses

Fortunately for these strolling players, their experiment was a success; a motley crew they must have been, since a benefit was given during the course of their second season for an actor who had just served his time in prison. There was some pretension to this house of amusement; there is extant a graphic description of the chandelier, consisting of a suspended hoop, through the circumference of which numberless nails were



White NANCY AVRIL
Playing Queenie St. Maur in "The Prosecutor"



Sarony CARROL McCOMAS
Plays ingenue rôles with John Drew



Moffett VALESKA SURATT
Appearing on the road in "The Red Rose"



Mishkin EMILY LEA
Appearing with "The Follies Bergère" Co.



White DOLLE DALNERT
Appearing at the Winter Garden

driven as candle-holders. This was the first Nassau Street Theatre, where "The Spanish Friar," Otway's "The Orphan," Gay's "Beggar's Opera," and other plays were presented, and Tom Kean met favor with the theatre-goers who lived under the mayoralty of Edward Holland. Clinton was Governor, and George III was King.

Hallam's Nassau Theatre, the first one to be erected in the colonies, was opened September 17, 1753, after diverse misfortune and opposition. While in Virginia he had sent a Mr. Upton to New York to prepare for his coming, but that gentleman had appropriated the money, had organized a company of his own, had thrown himself upon the slender mercy of the public, and had finally skipped the country. Then Hallam found himself opposed by the magistrates of the city who refused him a license. But the actor made written appeal to the public, therein stating that his company were not like ordinary actors, but were honest in their outward dealings, and well behaved in their manners. The season ended in 1754, "Romeo and Juliet" having met with much favor, and the players receiving shares in the profits. Thereafter the site was bought by a church.

It was Hallam's widow who married David Douglass, manager of a theatre at Cruger's wharf. This extended from Pearl Street into the East River, between Old and Coenties' Slip, and near the present Front Street. Inasmuch as Mayor Cruger was of the opinion that the theatre was not the best influence for the morals of the city, Douglass had a difficult time to obtain a license, but he likewise made written appeal, and popular opinion won him his suit. The theatre was opened Dec. 28, 1758. This actor fluctuated between New York and Philadelphia, and in 1761 opened a new theatre at the southwest corner of Nassau and Chapel Streets (now Beekman). The place was very small, and during the Stamp Act riots it was demolished by the mob. "Hamlet" was here given for the first time in America, Nov. 26, 1761, and here also was adopted the rule that "no gentleman be allowed at the stage door, unless he has previously secured himself a place in either the stage or upper boxes." Let the busy broker of today realize that while people were theatre-going in this small house, the papers were busy lauding the new St. Paul's Church which, when it was dedicated on Oct. 31, 1766, stood in the midst of fields.

The John Street Theatre, on the north side of that street, and about six doors from Broadway, opened on Dec. 7, 1767, with "The Beaux's Strata-



White

MR. ARNOLD DALY RECITING OSCAR WILDE'S "BALLAD OF READING GAOL"

Mr. Daly gave his interpretation of this famous poem at a series of matinées during the spring. Throughout the twenty minutes he scarcely moved, but by the force of his reading held his audiences for the entire time. The stage represented the dimly-lighted cell. From one side a beam of light shot down, which showed him in arrowed convict clothes, seated on the rough table. The version of the poem used was by Mr. Robert Ross, Wilde's friend and literary executor



Moffett

RUTH CHATTERTON, NOW APPEARING AS CYNTHIA IN "THE RAINBOW" AT THE LIBERTY

gem," with Hallam and Henry in the bill. It will be remembered that Henry was the original Sir Peter Teazle in America. This theatrical company existed by permission of His Excellency the Governor, and presented a Shakespearian and post-Elizabethan repertory. The old wooden playhouse, set a little back from the street-line, continued in its career until the Revolution turned the colonists' thoughts upon graver topics. By suggestion of Congress, on Oct. 24, 1774, all places of amusement were ordered closed, and it is strange to say that George Washington, an inveterate "first-nighter," brought down upon him the disfavor of his associates, because he was actually seen in his stall after the governmental mandate had gone forth!

When the British occupied the city in 1777, they seized the little John Street Theatre, changing its name to the Theatre Royal, and they set Major André to work for them. He not only turned dramatist, but taking off his red coat, he painted scenery and ornamented a drop curtain. In fact, for many years after, that curtain was preserved as a reminder of past days. After the war, the playhouse opened again and Washington returned to his amusement. Hallam and Henry redecorated their place, and we are told by contemporary writers that the ladies of the period had to reduce the size of their headgear in order to enter their sedan chairs with ease. The managers ran to comedy and met success in "As You Like It," "She Stoops to Conquer," and "The Rivals." It was in 1787, on April 18th, that Royal Tyler's "The Contrast" was given, the first American play by an American to be produced.

Thomas Wignell now joined the company, which included likewise the eccentric Mrs. Morris. Of the latter the historian, Brown,* writes that she was "tall, handsome, reserved to mysteriousness, and so averse to being seen by daylight that she had a gate made from her lodgings in Maiden Lane, to enable her to get to the theatre by running across John Street, without walking around through Broadway and exposing herself to the gaze of the beaux."

An incipient riot took place at the John Street Theatre in February, 1797, when Mrs. Hallam and Mrs. Hodgkinson, both being on the stage at the same time, the former accused the latter of using treacherous means of forcing her to retire. This house of amusement held prestige until 1798. In passing, we note Rickett's Circus and the Greenwich Street Theatre, near the Battery, which was opened in 1795, its chief distinction being that Cooper appeared there in "Venice Preserved."

The Old Park Theatre is perhaps the most famous theatrical centre of lower Broadway. The property was owned by John Jacob Astor, and those regularly seen in the stage boxes were Philip Hone, Mayor W. K. Paulding, Dr. John W. Francis, and Charles King, afterwards President of Columbia College. Though the house was opened with difficulty by Hodgkinson and Hallam on Jan. 29, 1798, the chief manager of distinction was William Dunlap, who was as instrumental in the effort to build the playhouse as he was in assisting S. F. B. Morse to erect the National Academy of Design, then located at the corner of Nassau and Beekman Streets.

Let us emphasize that theatrically those were the days of giants, when actors who sought engagements had to face the stately persons of Edmund Simpson, J. H. Caldwell, J. H. Hackett, W. R. Blake, Sol Smith, and W. E. Burton. For twenty-two years the theatre held sway. To the sophisticated present it must sound strange on the ear to hear that doors were opened at five of the clock, and that the first curtain was drawn at 6:15. Furthermore, if the quality wished boxes reserved for them, they needs must send their servants some while in

(*Continued on page vii*)

*I wish to acknowledge my indebtedness to T. Allston Brown's scrapbooks, as well as to his exhaustive newspaper history of the stage in New York.

Victor-Victrola



Victor-Victrola VI, $25
Oak

Victor-Victrola X, $75
Mahogany or oak

Victor-Victrola XVI, $200
Mahogany or quartered oak

Other styles, $15 to $150
Victors, $10 to $100

The greater your love of music the greater will be your appreciation of the Victor-Victrola.

This wonderful instrument reveals to you in all their beauty many exquisite musical masterpieces which you have never heard before, which would otherwise be absolutely lost.

The great Trio from Lombardi, one of the older Verdi operas; the brilliant "Spirto gentil" from Donizetti's Favorita; the two extremely beautiful Duets from Forza del Destino; the lovely "Qui la voce" from Bellini's opera Puritani.

None of these magnificent numbers are ever sung in America—there are many more—and there is no other way to hear them except on the Victor.

And even arias that are entirely familiar to you are sung as you never heard them sung before, as you can hear them only on the Victor.

They not only captivate you with their extreme beauty when first you hear them, but weave a new charm around you every time they are repeated.

Any Victor dealer in any city in the world will gladly play these famous records for you and demonstrate to you the wonderful Victor-Victrola.



Victor Talking Machine Co., Camden, N. J., U. S. A.
Berliner Gramophone Co., Montreal, Canadian Distributors

Always use Victor Records played with Victor Needles—there is no other way to get the unequaled Victor tone.

Victor Steel Needles, 6 cents per 100
Victor Fibre Needles, 50 cents per 100 (can be repointed and used eight times)

New Victor Records are on sale at all dealers on the 28th of each month



Chiclets

REALLY DELIGHTFUL

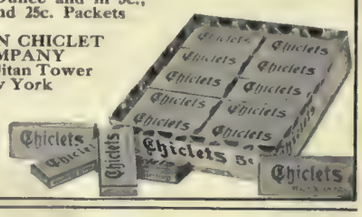
The Dainty Mint Covered Candy Coated Chewing Gum

Just ask *your* doctor what *he* thinks of Chiclets. Doctors, dentists and trained nurses use and recommend Chiclets for their patients' use and use them themselves in the sick-room, the office or home. That exquisite peppermint, the *true* mint, makes Chiclets the refinement of chewing gum for people of refinement.

Look for the Bird Cards in the packages. You can secure a beautiful Bird Album free.

For Sale at all the Better Sort of Stores
5c. the Ounce and in 5c., 10c. and 25c. Packets

SEN-SEN CHICLET COMPANY
Metropolitan Tower
New York



YOU WILL FEEL FINE

after a refreshing shampoo and bath with Packer's Tar Soap.

Its creamy lather is redolent with the fragrance of the pine woods, imparting an immediate sensation of cleanliness and vigor.

Packer's Tar Soap

(PURE AS THE PINES)

Cleansing, antiseptic and tonic.

Its routine use is a valuable means of maintaining the health of the skin and the vitality and lustre of the hair.

THE PACKER MFG. CO., NEW YORK

MURRAY AND LANMAN'S Florida Water

holds a privileged place upon every woman's dressing-table. Its use is a constant and enduring delight. Refreshing beyond compare when used in the bath, it should never be lacking in the home.

Leading druggists sell it. Accept no substitute!

Sample sent on receipt of six cents in stamps

LANMAN & KEMP
135 Water Street, New York



PEARS'

Don't simply "get a cake of soap." Get *good* soap. Ask for Pears' and you have pure soap. Then bathing will mean more than mere cleanliness; it will be a luxury at trifling cost.

Sales increasing since 1789.

The
American Playwright

Published and Edited
by WILLIAM T. PRICE

15 Cents a Copy **$1.50 a Year**

THE AMERICAN PLAYWRIGHT, a monthly publication, with its first issue dated January 15, 1912, will be devoted to the technical discussion of plays and playwriting. It will give such full information as is desired and needed by students of the drama. It will be a complete record of plays produced in New York and of all published plays and books and articles worth the while relating to the technical side of the stage. Its reviews of current plays will be analytical, directed at their causes of failure or success. Its various departments will be designed to help, in a practical way, those who accept playwriting as an art. It will aim to gain the confidence, respect and cooperation of all who love truth, who realize the responsibilities of authorship and production, and who abhor sordidness, whether in private or professional life. It will be impressed with the earnest purpose to be helpful, and to validate the principles set forth in my book, "The Analysis of Play Construction and Dramatic Principle." In its special character it will be unlike any other periodical that has to do with the stage. I shall try to make it indispensable to the student.

W. T. PRICE, 1440 Broadway, N. Y. City

Dr. Cogswell's Foot Tonic

(The only Foot Tonic on the market)

NO matter how your feet ache and burn this preparation (which is guaranteed absolutely harmless) will come as a grateful relief. A large bottle costs $1.00 and will last a family for a long time as it is applied with a brush and very little is required for each application.

So great is the relief for all foot troubles, one is apt to exclaim,

"Oh! how good it feels"

(Order through the mail)

Dr. E. N. Cogswell will be pleased to answer all inquiries pertaining to the feet and their ailments and also her wonderful reducing salve.

Address
Dr. E. N. COGSWELL
Surgeon-Chiropodist
418 Fifth Ave., cor. 38th St. **New York City**

For sale by James McCreery, West 34th Street, and Franklin Simon & Co., Fifth Avenue

THE EMPIRE STATE ENGRAVING COMPANY
190 WILLIAM STREET, NEW YORK
TELEPHONE: 3880 BEEKMAN

A UNIQUE and exclusive feature of the THEATRE MAGAZINE is the Fashion Department. Do not fail to read the suggestions and pointers of our Fashion Editor, an authority of both continents.

ACTING ALVIENE SCHOOL OF STAGE ARTS

Dramatic Arts, Musical Comedy and Stage Dancing

Now twentieth year at Grand Opera House Bldg., Cor. 23d St. and 8th Ave., New York. Our Students Stock Company and Theatre assure practical training. New York Appearances and Engagements. Such celebrities as Miss Laurette Taylor, Gertrude Hoffmann, Ethel Levy, Pauline Chase, Harry Pilcer, Julia Opp, Anna Laughlin, Joseph Santly, Barney Gilmore, Mlle. Dazie, etc., taught by Mr. Alviene. For information and illustrated booklet of "How Three Thousand Succeeded," address the SECRETARY, Suite 10 as above.

LABLACHE
FACE POWDER

WHEN ROSES BLOOM—

When Nature is glorious with the first blush of summer—then is the charm of beauty most appreciated. LABLACHE imparts that touch of delicacy and refinement to the complexion which assists Nature in retaining the bloom of youth.



Refuse substitutes

They may be dangerous. Flesh, White, Pink or Cream, sold at box, of druggists or by mail. *Send 10c. for a sample box.*

BEN LEVY CO.
French Perfumers, Dept. 26
125 Kingston St., Boston, Mass.

Made-to-order rugs for porch, bungalow or Summer home



"You choose the colors, we'll make the rug"

Exclusive fabrics of soft, selected camel's hair woven in undyed natural color. Also pure wool, dyed in any color or combination of colors. Any length. Any width—seamless up to 18 feet. The finishing touch of individuality. Made on short notice. Write for color card. Order through your furnisher.

THREAD & THRUM WORKSHOP, Auburn, N. Y.

THE LONDON PIT

(*Continued from page* 196)

I do not know; but the beautiful balance between them must be obvious to the most superficial observer. From one hour to two hours and a quarter is the average wait of this human column. Night after night they stand there, and I observe the national trait of patience and long-suffering in the making. In restless, fidgety America these things could not be. It could never grow into a habit. The lunatic asylums would be doubled in a few months. But a man has just come with camp-chairs for thrippence. A few avail themselves, but the man is ignored by the many—it is a matter of pride, this standing. A private motor has just stopped at the curb, and three girls step out. In another moment they have welded themselves in the end of the column where I am standing. Their conversation is most interesting, and I learn that the pit is an old story to them. Whereupon the pit assumes a new function. It is an ideal overflow place for heart-to-heart confidences, long-pent emotions or frivolous pleasantries. Have you some priceless nugget of scandal, a life's tragedy, or a gnawing ambition, come early and whisper it here. A little way over a man with a fountain-pen is using his time to write letters. Several others have brought books to read, and they are doing it with a vengeance. Now and then the crowd shifts the weight of its body to the other leg. Of course, you are not aware of the movement, for each one is a law unto himself. But all these things have to do with the inner and the subjective—the self-sufficient phase of the crowd-individual. Simultaneously there is going on a continuous run of "turns," that for ingenious individuality and infinite variety, if you have a mind to see it so, are vastly more entertaining than the hackneyed offerings of the music-hall stage. But, unlike the music-hall, you pay—*if* you pay—optionally and what you choose. And you pay for one of three reasons: out of pity and compassion, as a reward for a really deserving "stunt," or out of sheer thankfulness that the performer has finished. No, there is another reason still—some pay because they have no will to refuse, and are bullied into it by the outstretched hand that declines to move on. For instance, I have seen a certain gaunt individual pass along the crowd with the left palm outstretched, and on it was a box of matches. He wore dark glasses, and had a mysterious, half-hypnotizing way of riveting his eye upon you. No word was ever spoken; he would gather many pennies, but seldom was the box of matches taken in exchange. I was told that when business was dull he heightened the effect by appearing with a bandaged limb and a crutch, but could be seen an hour or so later entering a pub and swinging the crutch in his hand. This man was a noted crook, but rendered himself immune from police interference because he was never known to beg in the technical sense.

A long, thin, interrogation-shaped creature now appears and saws excruciatingly on a battered violin. A wit beside me, who sees not the tragedy, likens her to a conventionalized bed-slat. She does not know these coins are pity-pennies. She feels that she has the makings of a great artist, and that one day, if she plays but long enough, gleaming fate will snatch her up to a place of honor, as it has done with the little lad Jan Kubelik discovered. Then there's a little old man with a great, gaping hole in the top of his fiddle. His beard just fits into it, and he starts on "The Heart Bowed Down."

A youth appears, seats himself on a single-sticked stool, and produces a peculiar, long-necked instrument with a single string. Then he delivers himself of the "Lost Chord." He might have done better with two or three or four strings, but he is a specialist, and believes in doing one thing well. Here comes a man, and we make guesses as to his mission. When he has finished you have had a tabloid lecture on the general history of Europe for the last fifty years. Dates, incidents and names have been hurled at you in a six-minute harangue of parrot-like perfection! He is followed by a lad who can throw his legs backward over his shoulders till his ankles clasp his chin. A broken-down and battered mummer now takes the breach and recites "The Face on the Bar-room Floor." This man may have played Hamlet once—who can tell? A cracked-voiced individual begs your pardon for just a minute while she sings the humorous ballad of "Maggie Murphy's Flat." A little lad, with a yellow wig and a side-to-side motion like a caged panther, has some more ballads for you. You turn your head for a moment, and the song suddenly stops. A bobby has appeared, and, in the name of the law, bids him cease. He always

seems to turn up at the wrong time, this little chap, when the bobby happens to be near. He's always being stopped, and his voice is one of the best. But he always manages to pass his hat around just the same, and merit, garnished with good-natured sympathy, brings in a goodly store. Were I not a believer in the incorruptibility of municipal service, I might conceive the possibility of this same bobby's share in the profits for his timely interruption. On the other hand, my observation merely goes to show how there are people mean enough to misconstrue the noblest actions.

And so we see the pit in another light—as the bureau of many charities. The pavement in front becomes a clearing-house for all kinds and conditions of artistic effort. There fledgeling youth, wrapped in its visions of unconquered fields of glory, may have its first flutterings. Way-worn minstrels there may play or sing or dance in the hope of brighter days. There many an ancient mariner, with skinny hand, may tell his harrowing tale. Some one has aptly said that heaven on earth is to have the work you like and be well paid for it. If this be so, then the pavement-space before us must mean a heaven for many; for, all things considered, the pit-artist is oft-times a very well-paid individual. His performances are not limited to one, but maybe six, eight or ten of an evening. When his cap has been passed, he "hikes it" for another showplace. A remarkable instance was told me of a man whose act was impersonations of famous people. For several months he was not seen on his regular rounds, until one evening he appeared again with the old turn. He had been picked up by a manager and had been doing the music-halls through the provinces. When congratulated on his great, good fortune, he smiled. The music-hall game was not what it was cracked up to be—as a matter of fact, it was not to be reckoned with pit-work at all; for, after all the expenses were paid, he had much less showing for his week's work than formerly. After his brief span of glory, he was quite content to come back to the old job of making faces and collecting his salary on the spot. To be sure, it had its drawbacks—not so inspiring to do your life's work before people who might be paying no attention to you, or to be tapped on the shoulder in the middle of your performance and be told to move on—still, these things, he guessed, he could get used to again.

Outside and inside, the English pit is a great institution. As an artistically inclined, somewhat economical, lounge-suited cosmopolitan, I like the English pit. I like the messenger boys and the front row and the brass rail and the tea and the sweets; and the programs for tuppence I think I could learn to like in time. The same with the long wait and the folk who entertain. I wish America could hold still enough to learn how to use a pit. I wish it had many of them—we'd all be better for it.

GREAT BEAR SPRING WATER
50 cts. per case—6 glass-stoppered bottles

FORGOTTEN THEATRES

(*Continued from page 200*)

advance of them to secure seats. The theatre was situated in Park Row, two hundred feet north of Ann Street, on lots numbered 21, 23, 25. It was a stone building, rather pretentious in its interior decoration, as the early impressions of Fanny Kemble will attest. There was a lobby with fires at both ends, and the color scheme was aglow in pink and gold. The rules and regulations were strict, for ladies were unable to sit in the first or second tier unless they were accompanied by gentlemen. Managers might well deplore the salaries paid to-day when they stop to consider that actors of such magnitude as Cooper only received a weekly stipend of thirty-two dollars, even though he might boast of the distinction of being the first male "star" in America. This actor's tomb may be seen in the churchyard of St. Paul's, the stone having been erected by Kean, and repaired at various times by Charles Kean and E. A. Sothern. When first interred in this spot, so famed the memory of this actor that Dr. Francis recovered the skull as a memento and Kean himself secured a bone of the forefinger.

The glories of the house form a part of theatrical history. Within its walls at different times might be seen the dramatist, John Howard Payne, General Harrison, and President Munroe. On May 25th, 1820, after the performance, the house caught on fire and was burned to the ground.

It was rebuilt and opened on September 1, 1821, under the name of the New Park, running through to what was known as Theatre Alley. Its

How Can I Regain Nerve Health?

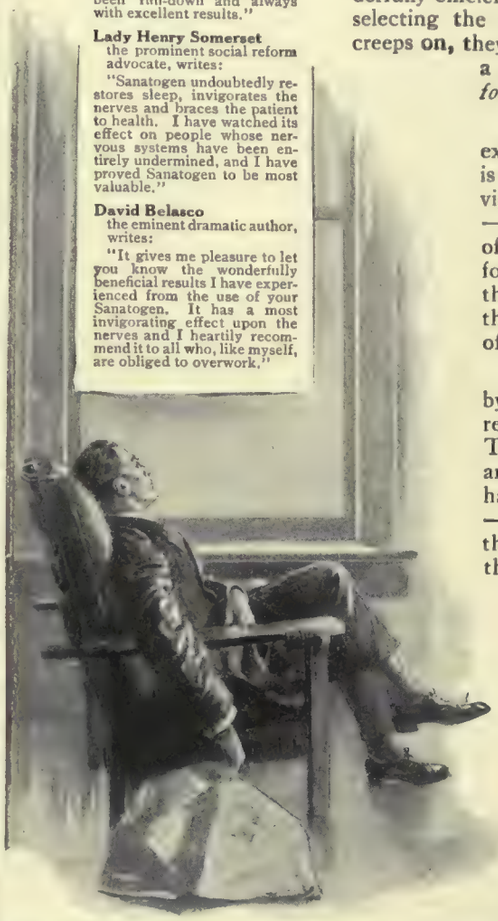
Sir Gilbert Parker, M. P.
the eminent novelist-statesman, writes from London:
"Sanatogen is to my mind a true food-tonic, feeding the nerves, increasing the energy and giving fresh vigor to the overworked body and mind."

Arnold Bennett
the famous novelist, writes:
"The tonic effect of Sanatogen on me is simply wonderful."

Henry Arthur Jones
the well-known dramatist, writes:
"Sanatogen seems to be a very valuable food and nerve tonic. I have several times taken a course of it when I've been run-down and always with excellent results."

Lady Henry Somerset
the prominent social reform advocate, writes:
"Sanatogen undoubtedly restores sleep, invigorates the nerves and braces the patient to health. I have watched its effect on people whose nervous systems have been entirely undermined, and I have proved Sanatogen to be most valuable."

David Belasco
the eminent dramatic author, writes:
"It gives me pleasure to let you know the wonderfully beneficial results I have experienced from the use of your Sanatogen. It has a most invigorating effect upon the nerves and I heartily recommend it to all who, like myself, are obliged to overwork."



HOW many men and women have put *just* this question to themselves—when they are clutching at every straw trying to ward off the dismal consequences of overwork, worry or illness!

Under the stress of present-day life—our nerves feel the strain first—a strain that announces as plainly as speech that nerve energy is sapped. And when this happens—when nerves are on the ragged edge—their health becomes seriously impaired.

Normally your nerves are masters of themselves—wonderfully efficient agents of health—renewing lost energy by selecting the food they require. But when exhaustion creeps on, they are too often reduced to actual *food need*—a need that must be promptly met with a *food answer*.

The function of SANATOGEN in nerve-exhaustion is definite. It supplies energy that is easily and naturally converted into nerve-vigor—the nourishment hungry nerves require—and must have. The scientific combination of glycero-phosphate and purest albumen affords the maximum of ideal nerve food—food that is easily absorbed by the stomach—and then transmitted to the nerve cells in the form of invigorating and revitalizing energy.

Sanatogen is recognized—and endorsed—by fifteen thousand physicians as a genuine reconstructive force in nervous exhaustion. The lead of this multitude of scientific men—and the many famous men and women who have received lasting benefits from Sanatogen—must instill confidence in you—confidence that should make it natural for you to follow their lead—the lead of experience.

This Remarkable Book FREE

We ask you earnestly to get acquainted with Sanatogen. Investigate our claims first if you like and we are only too glad to have you do so. Ask your doctor about it, and in any case write us for our book, "Our Nerves of Tomorrow," written in an absorbingly interesting style, beautifully illustrated and containing facts and information of vital interest to you. This book also contains evidence of the value of Sanatogen which is as remarkable as it is conclusive.

Sanatogen is sold in three sizes, $1.00, $1.90, $3.60.

Get Sanatogen from your druggist—if not obtainable from him, sent upon receipt of price.

THE BAUER CHEMICAL CO.
24-F Irving Place New York

"Mum"

is a toilet necessity for fastidious men and women. By gently neutralizing it, "Mum"

takes all odor out of perspiration

without interfering with the healthy action of the pores. Sweetening effect lasts "from bath to bath." Unscented; stainless.

25c at drug and department stores. If your dealer hasn't "Mum," send us his name and 25 cents and we'll send you a jar postpaid.
"MUM" MFG CO 1106 Chestnut St Philadelphia

MENNEN'S
"FOR MINE"



Mennen's Borated Talcum Powder
keeps my skin in healthy condition

Sample Box for 4c stamp.

GERHARD MENNEN CO.
Newark, N. J.

Trade Mark

Since the decision rendered by the United States Supreme Court, it has been decided by the Monks hereafter to bottle

CHARTREUSE

(LIQUEUR PÈRES CHARTREUX)



both being identically the same article, under a combination label representing the old and the new labels, and in the old style of bottle bearing the Monks' familiar insignia, as shown in this advertisement.

According to the decision of the U. S. Supreme Court, handed down by Mr. Justice Hughes on May 29th, 1911, no one but the Carthusian Monks (Pères Chartreux) is entitled to use the word CHARTREUSE as the name or designation of a Liqueur, so their victory in the suit against the Cusenier Company, representing M. Henri Lecouturier, the Liquidator appointed by the French Courts, and his successors, the Compagnie Fermiere de la Grande Chartreuse, is complete.

The Carthusian Monks (Pères Chartreux), and they alone, have the formula or recipe of the secret process employed in the manufacture of the genuine Chartreuse, and have never parted with it. There is no genuine Chartreuse save that made by them at Tarragona, Spain.

At first-class Wine Merchants, Grocers, Hotels, Cafés.
Bätjer & Co., 45 Broadway, New York, N. Y.
Sole Agents for United States.

AMERICAN ACADEMY OF DRAMATIC ARTS

The next term will open April 3
Connected with Mr. Charles Frohman's Empire Theatre and Companies

Recognized as the Leading Institution for Dramatic Training in America

BOARD OF TRUSTEES
Franklin H. Sargent, President
Daniel Frohman — John Drew
Benjamin F. Roeder — Augustus Thomas

Founded in 1884

For catalog and information apply to the Secretary
Room 152, Carnegie Hall
New York

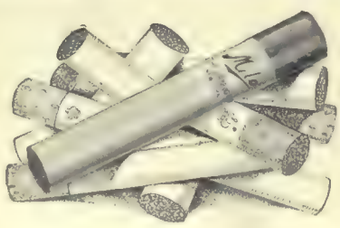
The official Programme of the

Metropolitan Opera House, New York

The most exclusive medium which no advertiser can afford to overlook

THE THEATRE MAGAZINE CO.

Send for Rates and Particulars — **8 to 14 W. 38th St., New York**



The "Different" Cigarette

Milo

If cigarettes were classed, you would have to put me in a class by myself—being ahead of all others.

—MILO

THE SURBRUG COMPANY, New York

There's just the difference between a raw, poorly made Cocktail and a

Club Cocktail

that there is between a raw, new Whiskey and a soft old one.

The best of ingredients—the most accurate blending cannot give the softness and mellowness that age imparts.

Club Cocktails ***are aged in wood*** before bottling—and no freshly made Cocktail can be as good.

Manhattan, Martini and other standard blends, bottled, ready to serve through cracked ice.

Refuse Substitutes

AT ALL DEALERS

G. F. HEUBLEIN & BRO., Sole Props.
Hartford New York London



chief distinction was that it could boast of oil lamps and three chandeliers. Here held forth Peter Richings—a man so like George Washington in feature and bearing that he sat for the General's portrait. Here J. B. Booth, Henry Placide and Edmund Kean attracted the multitude. In fact, all that is best in the American traditions of the theatre started here. Old programs contain the names of J. H. Hackett, Macready, Mrs. Thomas Barry, Clara Fisher, Wallack, Forrest, Fanny Kemble, Mr. and Mrs. Wood, Ellen Tree, Charlotte Cushman, Murdoch, Charles Matthews and John Brougham. Here Mrs. Mowatt made a name for herself, "Richelieu" was presented for the first time, Dr. Bird's "Jack Cade" started on a successful career, and New York received Boucicault's "Old Heads and Young Hearts."

Historians of the city are careful to indicate that Theatre Alley ran between Ann and Beekman Streets. In 1846, Col. Mann erected the Broadway Theatre, and this house was the cause of the decline of the Park. In 1852, the last vestige of the famous amusement centre was removed, and the cornerstone was rescued by a restaurant owner for the edification of his guests.

The first summer theatre in the city was the Mt. Vernon Gardens, on the northwest corner of Broadway and Leonard Street. These gardens were quite the fashion around 1830. It is only necessary to note the Contoit Garden, the Vauxhall Gardens on the west side of the Bowery, near Broome Street; the Bowling Green Garden, between Warren and Greenwich Streets, and famed for a period as the rallying point for New York's Dutch settlers. Then on the Bloomingdale Road, near what is now Woodlawn, was the Strawberry Hill House.

Barnum's Museum was on the west side of Chambers Street, where "Uncle Tom's Cabin" held sway for some time. Then there was the Broadway Circus on the east side of Broadway, at the corner of White Street. The Anthony Street Theatre, upon the site of which was afterwards built a church, was near Broadway, on what is now Worth Street, and here Kean appeared in "The Jew of Malta."

Chatham Garden and Theatre was on the north side of Chatham Street, between Duane and Pearl, running through to Augustus Street, which is now City Hall Place. This playhouse was also destined to be converted into a home of worship, but not until after it had been managed by men who are now famed. Tom Placied, Henry Wallack, J. B. Booth and J. H. Hackett were in control at different times.

The reader who has perchance visited the New York Aquarium will be told that this was once the famous Castle Garden, wherein Jenny Lind, during 1850, electrified music lovers.

MONTROSE J. MOSES.

(To be concluded in our next issue)

A Stage Manager Who Can Act

(Continued from page 184)

methods, due to his experience as a producer, Mr. Reicher when he steps upon the stage forgets all the technique of his art, as a pianist at a recital, his five finger exercises. Fronting the footlights, he employs the simplest methods. It is his creed, further enunciated, that "the quiver of an eyelash should be felt in the farthest gallery."

"The secret of any acting, which makes demands on the intellectual emotions," Mr. Reicher states, "is to be found in the preface that Mr. MacKaye wrote for 'The Scarecrow.'"

"The Scarecrow, Ravensbane, is pitiful as the emblem of human bathos. Compared with our own ideas of human perfection, what human rubbish we are. Of what incongruous elements are we constructed by time and inheritance, wherewith to realize the reasonableness, the power, the altruism of our dreams. What absurdity is our highest consummation? Yet the sense of our common deficiency is, after all, our salvation. There is one reality which is a basic hope for the realization of those dreams. This sense is human sympathy which is, it would seem, a more searching critic of human frailty than satire. It is the growth of this sense which dowers with dignity and reality the hollowest and most ludicrous of mankind, and becomes, in such, a fundamental grace of character."

It was his conception of the part of "The Scarecrow" that first drew Mr. Winthrop Ames' attention to Mr. Reicher's extraordinary talent, and it is his work in "The Pigeon," which has led to the contract that will probably engage his talent in leading rôles at The Little Theatre for a long time to come. Mr. Ames is now in Europe looking about for new plays in London, Paris and Berlin. He expects to find among these something that will give Mr. Reicher a broader scope than he has yet enjoyed.

GERTRUDE LYNCH.

A NEW BERNSTEIN PLAY

(Continued from page 176)

calumniator summoned to court, and Mérital, willingly or unwillingly, will have to prove that the tale is a lie. The attack, which comes once, at least, to every politician, now menaces Mérital.

The second act passes four months afterwards at Blois, Mérital's electoral district. The suit for slander is on, his political opponents howl for his downfall, his friends are not to be found. At Mérital's the children are tormented by doubt; after all, they know little about their father's past; they remember only his triumphs, his prosperous days; he has never told them of the struggles and miseries of his beginnings. The mere idea that their father could have been culpable is inadmissible, but is not his reserve about his past equivocal? Renée, Renée alone believes absolutely in Mérital's integrity, past, present and future. She alone awaits with composure the verdict which the justice of men will be obliged to render.

Mérital is not so assured. He has sent his faithful secretary to bring Frepeau to Blois by force, if necessary, for he must have a complete explanation from his political friend. The "grand homme" comprehends too well what modern justice is, particularly when it is complicated with political interests. The crisis is one of life or death. From the moment the attack was brought against him Mérital saw facts clearly; he knew that the man who published the original story was a man of straw, one man only could have paid this editor to rake up the scandal, and that was Frepeau, whose political interests and ambitions have clashed with his own. Mérital has spent his time and money in uncovering Frepeau's duplicity, and the time is ripe to expose it. But Mérital knows, also, that justice is a vain comedy, useless to appeal to it, and he must rely upon his ability to intimidate Frepeau. His safety, therefore, depends upon the result of this interview.

Here occurs the second great scene of the play, again a scène à deux, long drawn, as we would surely find it in an English drama, but broken by Bernstein's adroit knowledge of the stage. In this scene Guitry was a new man—cold, intellectual, threatening; he awaited the duel with anguish; he fought it with consummate tact and power.

Mérital conquers in this duel between two practical politicians. It could not be otherwise; his is the stronger, or the more brutal, soul. Point after point in Frepeau's defense he bears down by mere weight, and when the victory—it can hardly be called a moral one—is gained, Frepeau promises to remove the original defamer from the jurisdiction of the court. All compromising documents are to be destroyed. Mérital's tactics are so adroit that Frepeau goes to the task of muzzling justice, almost persuaded that he is doing it because he is Mérital's fast friend. The act closes with the judicial marionettes dancing when Mérital pulls the strings. His skirts are clear of mud; as a politician he is almost apotheosized.

If this play held strictly to its definite title it would end with the second curtain. The attack has failed, and with this dénouement—an absorbing one, too—this piece would resemble the other plays of Bernstein—the masculine, strong and violent plays that asked for, and required, no more than one theme. But here, at the third act, begins a new theme, more profound, more moving than the other one, to which the author's first title, "La Montée" would be more applicable. Mérital has defended himself without scruple, using every means in his power against the attacks of the crowd. He has opposed intrigue to intrigue, lie to lie. Against the malice of men, and the pitilessness of law, he has fought and won. His children share his feverish triumph, only Renée is puzzled. Not for a single moment did she suppose that the man she loved could be guilty. She has awaited the issue with calm, but she wonders why he is not as calm. Suddenly in his excited harangue Mérital stops speaking, and weighs this complete confidence, this utter loyalty. To abuse so much loyalty and confidence is beyond him. What Mérital would not confess to anyone—certainly not to his children—spontaneously, irrepressibly he avows to Renée. "Yes, he is guilty; yes, years ago, when he saw his young wife in misery he stole 4,000 francs from his employer. He was not prosecuted, but discharged. At Paris he suffered, but franc by franc he saved the money and paid back his peculation."

This scene of confession is the third scene "for two" in "L'Assaut." Mérital adds that he was obliged to defend himself, his name, the future of his children, her future, Renée's, by question-



The Tree System—The Bell System

A NOBLE tree thrives because the leaves, twigs, branches, trunk and roots are all working together, each doing its part so that all may live.

Neither the roots nor the branches can live without the other, and if the trunk is girdled so that the sap cannot flow, the whole tree dies.

The existence of the tree depends not only on the activity of all the parts, but upon their being always connected together in the "tree system."

This is true also of that wonderful combination of wires, switchboards, telephones, employes and subscribers which helps make up what is called the Bell Telephone System.

It is more than the vast machinery of communication, covering the country from ocean to ocean. Every part is alive, and each gives additional usefulness to every other part.

The value of telephone service depends not only on the number of telephones, but upon their being always connected together, as in the Bell System.

AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY
AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES

One Policy *One System* *Universal Service*



Along the Coast

between

New York and New Orleans

on magnificent 10,000-tons

Southern Pacific Steamships

$40 One Way $70 Round Trip Choice of One Way by Rail

Includes Berth and Meals on Ship.

Interesting Literature on Request.

L. H. NUTTING, G. P. A., 366—1158—or 1 Broadway, New York City

Summer Cruises – Norway·North Cape·Spitzbergen

The Land of the Midnight Sun
The Top of the World

8 delightful cruises during JUNE, JULY and AUGUST from Hamburg.

Duration from 14 to 16 days. Cost, $62.50 up.

By model cruising steamers VICTORIA LUISE, KRONPRINZESSIN CECILIE and METEOR.



Around the World

No cruise compares with this. Made under ideal conditions by the palatial cruising steamship

CLEVELAND

17,000 Tons. A Floating Hotel.

110 days **$650 and up**

From New York, November 19, 1912
" San Francisco, February 27, 1913

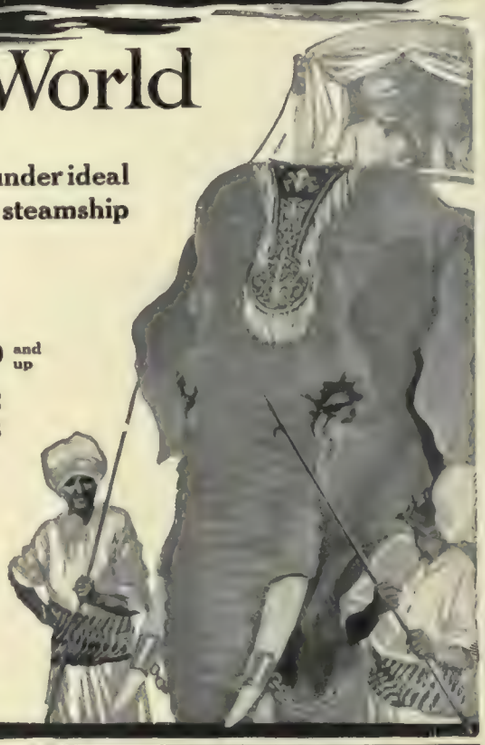
Including all necessary expenses, aboard and ashore, railway, hotel, shore excursions, carriages, guides, fees, etc.

Write for booklet, stating cruise

HAMBURG-AMERICAN LINE

41-45 Broadway, New York

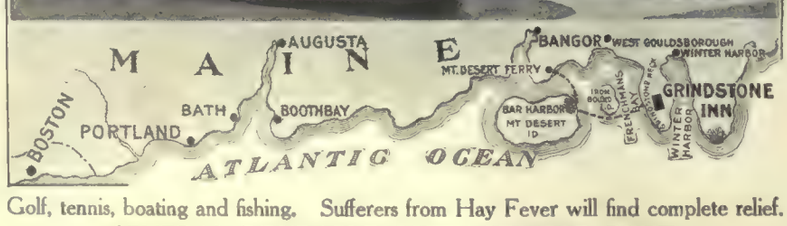
Boston	Pittsburgh	St. Louis
Philadelphia	Chicago	San Francisco



GRINDSTONE INN

WINTER HARBOR **Across the Bay from Bar Harbor** **MAINE**





Golf, tennis, boating and fishing. Sufferers from Hay Fever will find complete relief.

SEVERAL DESIRABLE COTTAGES FOR RENT

NEW GARAGE AND REPAIR SHOP

For Booklet, etc., Address, OTTO E. HANSEN, The Lincoln, Philadelphia, Pa.

able means. Little by little the play has emerged from the sordid region of "dirty" politics until it rests on a question of conscience. The change comes like a surprise, but an agreeable surprise. It is so spontaneous that it almost seems as if the author had been himself surprised by the unexpected turn, and that he works for the remaining minutes under the spur of powerful inspiration. In the revelation that Mérital now makes to Renée in a long, long monologue, we are carried along without making resistance, just as we were in the second act of "The Thief." Our moral perceptions are blunted; we pity Mérital so deeply that we are glad justice—man's blind justice—has been defeated.

How does the noble, trusting, confiding girl receive this confession of her "grande homme"? It might very well be that the moral obliquity of her idol would dampen her enthusiasm where his age and physique had failed. It might very well be that to replace her statue on its pedestal Renée would demand a public avowal, a complete expiation. Bernstein, however, did not construct Renée with a Puritan conscience; he did not write "L'Assaut" as a psychological study, and he knew well that the Parisians, provided they were moved and fired, would not accuse him of a lack of artistic confidence. Audiences have been moved and fired; they have found no fault with the conclusion. Renée takes Mérital's trembling hand: "I love you, I love you," she murmurs. Mérital's children enter and expiate the doubt they could not help feeling by confessing it. Their wish is that now their father may enjoy the greatest happiness. Mérital, indicating Renée, who has brought this happiness to him, says: "Embrace her."

WILLIS STEELL.

GREAT BEAR SPRING WATER
50 cts. per case—6 glass-stoppered bottles

AT THE PLAYHOUSE

(*Continued from page* 172)

announces that he has brought his wife with him to London, that she is now at his hotel attended by physicians and nurses in the anticipation of an heir to his affections and fortune, and that the heir will necessarily be a boy. The young spendthrift is thus forced to look about for a rich marriage, and his backers bring him in contact with American heiresses and other eligibles; but he really loves a simple maiden without a dowry. In the meanwhile, the uncle parades around pushing a baby cart. After various comical vicissitudes, the old uncle appears and announces that he has discovered that the simple maiden is the daughter of an old friend of his, and that he gives his consent to their marriage. He also explains that his story of being married and having a boy to inherit his estate was pure invention. It would be easy to urge that the conduct of the rich uncle in the opera was too improbable to have ever happened in real life, but there is no question that the performance left the conviction that the two young people did inherit all the old man's property without any conditions attached, and lived happily ever after. There was love between them in the love songs and love in their tripping feet, so there was no doubt about it. There was a final waltz also that was absolutely conclusive of a happy ending. A vocal offering to the "Moon, Lovely Moon," was perhaps the best number among the lyrics, which, it may be added, are by Robert B. Smith, the book as adapted being, as a matter of course, by Harry B. Smith. Adrienne Augarde is the Rose Maid, a piquant personality, adequate in voice. The people of the cast are entirely capable of what is required of them, and, on the whole, the opera has more pleasing qualities than are found in most comic operas of the day.

CASINO THEATRE. "TWO LITTLE BRIDES." Musical comedy in two acts from the German of Willner and Wilhelm. Adapted by Gustave Kerker. Book and lyrics by Arthur Anderson, James T. Powers and Harold Atteridge. Produced April 23 with the following cast:

King of Wurtenburg, Arthur Clough; Count Boris, Walter Lawrence; Prince Petroff, George Pauncefort; Vodka, Sherman Wade; Gen. Audrey, Tom Ferris; A Corsican, Louis London; Mons. Deschamps, Oscar Schwartz; Captain, Edgar Bryde; High Priest, Frank Williams; Footman, Edward Stanley; The Mayor, Harry Sulkin; The Councilman, Joe Wells; The Waiter, Dave Manser; Honorka, Frances Cameron; Tajana, Leila Hughes; Vendetta, Flavia Arcaro; Princess Athanasia, Helene Sallinger; Lucille, Melissa Ten Eyck; Polycarp Ivanovitch, James T. Powers.

That James T. Powers, Arthur Anderson and Harold Atteridge should combine their energies in writing the book and lyrics of "Two Little Brides," and that previous to this conjunction Willner and Wilhelm should also have written a

libretto for the opera, which was originally produced in Germany, would seem to require a happy result. The result is a mild entertainment for temporary use. The field in which Mr. Powers disports himself with his customary comicalities is not a spacious one, but as the sole purveyor of humor he is satisfactory to audiences that may be described as his own. He supplements his performance between the acts with more or less happy speeches, showing the good intent of giving full measure. The opera is free from anything of daring novelty, and, indeed, is distinguished for a certain conservative respectability in its art and manners. It has a certain originality in its lack of physical allurement, for its feminine contingent seem to seek a display of modesty in decorous skirts. Of course, it is all very charming, very pretty, but the entertainment falls something short of a May party. An eccentric dance by two men, Ward and Moon, the one tall, the other short, was one of the few interpolations, while there was the outline of a turkey-trot.

The story is a faraway one, beginning at St. Petersburg and ending at Wurtemberg. Except for the operation of certain police or state rules and regulations, it had as well have begun at Wurtemberg and ended at St. Petersburg; but it had to begin at St. Petersburg in order to get Polycarp (Mr. Powers) to entangle that character in a web of adverse circumstances requiring two hours or so of dancing and singing, with carriages at eleven. Polycarp, with a companion, one Count Boris, is indiscreet enough to flirt with two seminary girls. It is decreed that they should be married to the objects of their respective amorous pursuits. Polycarp is already engaged to a formidable female in Germany, who follows him with the grim determination to get from him the wifehood which she so much desires. Polycarp and his companion had been forced to abandon their two little brides. Finally, the formidable female finds solace in a former admirer, and Polycarp is rewarded by his dainty little Russian bride. None of this is very important, but it is good enough, as a story, for comic opera in its present estate. Frances Cameron, Leila Hughes, Flavia Arcaro and Melissa Ten Eyck were agreeable and capable enough in their songs. Some of these songs are: *Snowdrops and the Spring; Kiss Me Again, Bebe; I Like All Girls,* and *What About It?*

LYRIC. New Orleans French Opera Co. We have been educated to expect so much in grand opera production that when a company comes to town that does not boast of a Caruso, a Toscanini or a Farrar, it appears at a disadvantage. Yet, notwithstanding this serious handicap, the Layolle Opera Company is entitled to consideration, if only as a matter of record. The company was well balanced, and had among its singers some artists who could have appeared with distinction at the Metropolitan. We refer particularly to Mr. Beckmans and Mlle. Cortez. The fact must also be acknowledged that each and everyone of these artists acted superbly, and showed the results of the remarkable training that is found only on the French stage. The least creditable part of the production was the orchestra, chorus and the scenery, all of which were so bad that they quite overbalanced whatever good points were found among the principal artists. The repertoire comprised "Le Trouvère," "Faust," "Mignon," "La Favorite," "Thais," "Manon," "Carmen" and "Lucia di Lammermoor."

BROADWAY. Aborn Opera Co. The Aborn Opera Company has made it possible for many people throughout the country to hear the great operas. Their work is ambitious, their people competent, and their productions of a high order generally. Their presentation of "Hänsel und Gretel" was in no way inferior to the standard they have set. The members of this organization are singers of not only unusual ability, but of distinct articulation, which is saying a great deal. Their acting also is not to be ignored, for they are full of grace and sincerity, and, above all, make good listeners. The acting honors of the performance go unquestionably to the Witch, whom the program said was Miss Ethel du Fre Houston, but who seemed masculine enough at times to be Mr. Clifton Webb. In either event, it was difficult to keep from being fascinated by the diabolical grace of the hideous old ragbag that was always in character. Edith Bradford had an excellent voice as Hänsel, and contributed some original work by baring her two nimble legs to the knees. As Gretel, Doris Goodwin was very wholesome, with a well-modulated voice, and a daintiness that became her more and more. It seemed that Morton Adkins was a trifle nervous, because his wide-legged acting,

WHITTALL'S

· THE MARK OF QUALITY ·



The Most Rigid Inspection

to which you can subject a Rug should serve only to reveal more clearly its superiority of material and workmanship.

Whittall Rugs

will bear successfully the most minute examination. They are made from the same wear-resisting, lustrous wool that has been used in the Orient for centuries—spun into yarn, firm and of uniform size—designs and colorings copied from famous examples of Oriental Art—yarns dyed with tested dyes and woven by expert weavers.

¶ All Whittall fabrics are made under ideal sanitary conditions.

¶ In buying floor coverings, be sure the name "WHITTALL'S" is woven into the back of every rug or yard of carpet you select.

¶ *Our booklet, "Oriental Art in American Rugs," tells of the beauties of Oriental design and color and of their reproduction in Whittall Rugs.*

M. J. WHITTALL
DEPT. O
WORCESTER · MASS
ESTABLISHED · 1880

Travel with
Luxury this Summer
On the New City of Detroit III

Largest Side-Wheel Steamer in the World

Running Between Detroit and Buffalo

This new $1,500,000 liner has 600 staterooms, 25 parlors with baths, electric fans, hot and cold running water, 50 semi-parlors with private toilets, verandas, telephones in every stateroom. Palm court with fountain; Marie Antoinette Drawing Room for the ladies; comfortable "Lounge" for men; and all the conveniences and luxuries of a first-class hotel.

"The Water Way" Daily Service Between Buffalo, Detroit, Cleveland and Mackinac Island

the most delightful way between these and other points on the Great Lakes. Plan your vacation to include a trip on these handsome steamers. Use them on business trips. Freedom and privacy during the day; perfect rest at night.

D. & C. Safety Appliances

Marconi Wireless System, life boats and life rafts sufficient for regular passengers, automatic sprinkling system, two fire walls, double bottom, nine water-tight compartments, fire and boat drill four times each week, powerful searchlight, watchmen patrol the decks constantly—50% more life-saving equipment than prescribed by Government regulations. Not a passenger lost in 35 years.

YOUR RAILROAD TICKETS ARE GOOD on D. & C. steamers between Detroit and Buffalo, Detroit and Cleveland, either way. Prompt connections with railroads for principal cities. For illustrated booklet, rates, time tables, and map of Great Lakes, write, including two-cent stamp, to

D & C

DETROIT & CLEVELAND NAVIGATION CO
59 WAYNE STREET, DETROIT, MICH.

PHILIP McMILLEN, President
A. A. SCHANTZ, General Manager
L. G. LEWIS, General Passenger Agent



Order the Best



Pabst BlueRibbon

The Beer of Quality

AN order for Pabst "Blue Ribbon" Beer carries with it the distinction of quality and good taste. Served with your lunch or dinner, Blue Ribbon lends zest and refreshment most satisfying. Every bottle is pure and wholesome—worthy of your table—the best beer brewed.

Bottled only at the brewery in crystal clear bottles, showing at a glance that it is clean and pure.

A trial order will convince you.

Supplied by best dealers everywhere.
Served in Leading Hotels and Cafes.

PABST MILWAUKEE

PABST MILWAUKEE

"A Summer Outing Above the Clouds"

HOTEL KAATERSKILL

MEMBER OF THE "EMPIRE TOURS"

CATSKILL MOUNTAINS ELEVATION 3,000 FEET

Opens on Thursday, June 27th, remaining open until after Labor Day

The Largest Mountain Hotel in the World

Leased for a term of years to Mr. HARRISON S. DOWNS and Mr. GEORGE A. RICHARDS

NEWLY decorated, papered, completely renovated and placed in perfect condition. ¶ Climate, scenery and location unequalled, either in Europe or America. ¶ Modern Garage, Canoeing, Fishing, Golf, Tennis, Bowling, Billiards, Pool, Dancing, Mountain Climbing, Baseball (Catskill Mountain League). ¶ Excellent Accommodations for Conventions (assembly rooms seating from 50 to 1,000 persons). ¶ A musical four o'clock afternoon tea served daily. No extra charge to guests. Celebrated Symphony Orchestra. ¶ Special attractions and inducements for the younger set. Hops semi-weekly.

An up-to-date Rathskeller, with reasonable prices

Special rates to families. Transient rates, $4.00 per day and up, according to location of rooms

For reservation of rooms and all information, address

HARRISON S. DOWNS, Berkeley Lyceum, 19, 21 West 44th St. (Opp. Sherry's), NEW YORK

L'ART DE LA MODE FOR JUNE

Will Contain the latest designs of up-to-date fashions. For sale everywhere. 35 cents per copy.

Send for sample copy, address 8 West 38th Street, New York City

and unduly strong character make-up, scarcely justified the powerful, and occasionally rich, voice with which he interpreted Peter, the father. On the other hand, Elaine de Sellem was generally capable as the wife, although she has yet to break a jug with conviction. An orchestra of about sixteen pieces was presided over by Joseph Sainton.

LYCEUM. AFRICAN HUNT IN MOTION PICTURES. Paul J. Rainey, the celebrated African hunter, recently organized a novel hunting trip through the African jungle. Accompanied by an American photographer, this intrepid sportsman penetrated the interior of British East Africa, and secured the most marvelous pictures of big game. These pictures are now shown in motion, the lecturer being Mr. J. C. Hemment, the well-known photographer who, at great personal risk, accompanied the expedition. American trained dogs were used in trailing and capturing the big game, and as many of the pictures were taken at night, by flashlight, the conditions under which the work was done were exciting, to say the least. The peril which both hunter and photographer incurred is amply demonstrated in the photographic record. The first of the films shows the start for the interior with all the difficulties which beset passage through the jungle. Then came a picture showing the trapping of a hyena, a splendid record. Then were shown pictures of the dogs in action, bringing to bay, and finally destroying, a dangerous cheetah. But the best picture of all is that of a water hole in the desert, to which all the animals come to drink—rhinoseri, giraffes, gazelles, elephants, zebra and others, all seemingly at peace with each other, but careful to preserve, as it were, a certain order of social precedence. Mr. Hemment's lecture is very interesting, and the thrilling passages of the narrative are enlivened here and there by humorous anecdote. No one should miss seeing these wonderful pictures.

MAXINE ELLIOTT'S THEATRE. "THE MARRIAGE-NOT." Comedy in three acts by Joseph Noel. Produced on May 13.

Joseph Noel, a young California newspaper man, sought to evoke some new variations from the old dramatic triangle. But he failed, and after a week's stay at the Maxine Elliott Theatre, "The Marriage-Not" was relegated to the theatrical graveyard.

GREAT BEAR SPRING WATER
50 cts. per case—6 glass-stoppered bottles

New Victor Records

TWO NEW MATZENAUER SOLOS—Favorita,—*O mio Fernando*—Donizetti.

Favorita so abounds with charming airs, fine music and striking dramatic situations that it is difficult to account for the neglect of it in America. The Opera was revived, it is true, in 1905, with Caruso, Walker, Scotti and Plançon, but has not since been given.

However, for the consolation of those who admire Verdi's beautiful work, the Victor has rendered all the best airs and several of the stirring concerted numbers, so that the opera, given by famous artists, may be enjoyed at pleasure.

Robert le Diable—*Robert, O tu che adoro*—Meyerbeer.—*Robert, Duke of Normandy*, who was called *Robert the Devil* because of his courage in battle and his successes in love, is banished by his subjects and goes to Sicily, where he continued to struggle with an Evil Spirit, which seems to tempt him to every kind of excess. *Alice*, his foster sister, suspects that his supposed friend *Bertram*, is in reality this evil influence. At the close of Act I, *Robert*, led on by *Bertram*, gambles away all his possessions, and failing to attend the Tournament, losses the honor of a knight and greatly displeases the *Lady Isabella*, whom he loves.

ANOTHER GLUCK-ZIMBALIST RECORD—Le Nil. Fernand-Levoux.

The interesting record of Massenet's *Elégie* by Mme. Gluck and Mr. Zimbalist, issued last month, has been much in demand, and this announcement of a second record by these artists will be a welcome one.

The selection chosen for the June list is a charming French song by two well-known writers. Mr. Zimbalist's beautiful tone blends delightfully with Mme. Gluck's lovely soprano, and the record is an unusually attractive one.

TWO EIGHTEENTH CENTURY GEMS BY KREISLER—Aubade Provençale, Couperin; Scherzo, Dittersdorf.

Fritz Kreisler, notwithstanding the constant appearance of new *virtuosi*, continues to hold his high place among the few leading violinists of the day, and is playing better perhaps than at any time in his career.

New Dramatic Books

ON THE ART OF THE THEATRE. By Edward Gordon Craig. Chicago: Browne's Bookstore. Illustrated.

One distinctive thing about Edward Gordon Craig is his forceful, ambitious personality. He is a man who is more careful about marshalling his forces than he is about qualifying his aims. To say that he is not original would be denying him one of his most fascinating qualities. His work, and more particularly his expressions, have been the talk of Europe, while echoes are to be heard throughout America. Above all, Mr. Craig is not a materialist. The spirit to him is the supreme idea. Such things as flesh and blood disappear into dust, while this cold, fragile, imperishable thing, called Beauty, continues forever. Mr. Craig is a critic, and, like all good critics, he tears down before he builds up. The stage of to-day has practically no charm for him; its traditions no fearsome qualities. The actor is conceited, the manager is commercial, the scenery is realistic; the whole theatre is artificial. It is governed by many people who do not know their places, the dramatist lacks backbone—oh, what a deplorable state! How shall all this be remedied? Why, says Mr. Craig, put the whole matter in the hands of one man who is capable of directing it? Let him be playwright, stage-manager, treasurer, electrician, property-man, grip, clearer, orchestra director and wardrobe mistress, with scene painter thrown in for good measure. Where, oh, where, shall we find the man to do this? continues Mr. Craig, telling us ever so delicately by word and drawing how well he can sew costumes and paint scenery. In short, by general acclaim, Gordon Craig is elected to this position which is to sway the destiny of the world's dramatic art. The only difficulty remaining is the huge dollar-sign, or pound sign, which Mr. Craig deplores, but which makes all things possible. He wants costumes to fit the natures and disposition of the characters, not knowing that we here in America have anticipated him by many years, even in the lowest of amusement places, where the adventuress, to prove that she is sinful, dresses in red. From here it is a short step to giving advice to the actor; and very good advice it is to very many actors. He wants the artist to go beyond the theatre, and not cramp his genius and his ability to express by the little artificial world to which actors have accustomed themselves. It is a very large proposition, but Mr. Craig tackles it bravely. Actors' conceit should be done away with, says he, if the actor would not distort values of himself. Frankly, Mr. Craig's book is his propaganda; but even so, his cause is so interesting as a novelty, and his book is so tastefully printed and bound, that it is well worth its price, and well worth reading by anyone interested in any phase of the drama.

GEORGE BERNARD SHAW. HIS LIFE AND WORK. A Critical Biography (Authorized). By Archibald Henderson, M.A., Ph.D., of the University of North Carolina. Cincinnati: Steward, Kidd & Company.

This is a volume of formidable proportions, 512 pages, with thirty-three illustrations, including two plates in colors, two photogravures, and numerous facsimiles in the text. We have Shaw in different poses at different periods of his life. The various phases of his activities are discussed, exemplified and particularized in separate sections. Everything he has thought and done from his childhood up to the moment of the publication of the book is set down. It should be satisfactory to everyone who wants to know everything about Shaw. The versatile G. B. S. has supplied talks, letters and material in superabundance. Every article ever written about him is listed. To look them all up and read them would keep an industrious man busy for a year. Much of it is familiar to every reader, but it is a book of expatiations and expansions and added detail. To review this book in detail would be a laborious and unnecessary task. An index to the volume facilitates reference to such passages as one may be more interested in than in others. Professor Henderson is discriminating and not too adulatory. Shaw's activities have been very distinct. He has been half a dozen men, as the different chapters of the book devoted to the various periods of his life will indicate: The Novelist, The Fabian Society, The Cart and Trumpet, Shavian Socialism, The Art Critic, The Music Critic, The Dramatic Critic, The Playwright (three chapters), The Technician, The Dramatist, Artist and Philosopher, The Man. No man ever had such a minute and ponderous biography of himself written during his lifetime.



NINETY per cent. of motor car uses are by far best adapted to an automobile *electrically driven.*

The Detroit Electric is meeting the varied conditions of every city, whether it be Kansas City, Seattle, Los Angeles, Chicago, New York, London or Paris. On hills or level streets, summer or winter, night or day, this silent, powerful, luxurious automobile is justifying its worthy distinction as Society's Town Car.

The **Detroit Electric** has:

More than ample daily mileage; Greater speed than city traffic ordinances allow; Most simple control of speeds; Full seat room; Safest and largest brakes; No chains *anywhere; Only* Direct Shaft Driven electric car made; Noiseless; Odorless; Every movement safeguarded—mistakes impossible; Divided front window, adjustable from one inch to full depth; Doors that open forward instead of backward; "Closed-in" Aluminum Fenders, better than leather or steel. Do not rattle, sag or warp; Aluminum Body Panels that do not check, warp or crack; Oil-tempered, hand-made, self-oiling springs; Non-vibrating steering lever; Ball bearing steering knuckles; *Exclusive* rights to Edison nickel and steel battery; Detroit Electric *guaranteed* lead battery; Cushion Tires guaranteed for 10,000 miles.

Further information gladly sent upon request.

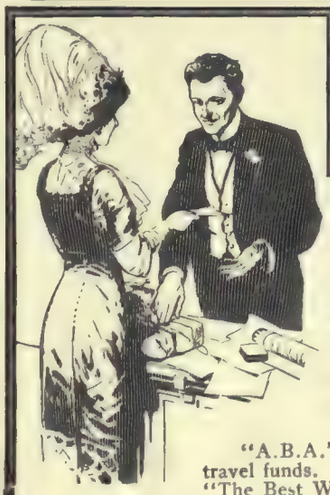
Anderson Electric Car Company
413 Clay Ave., Detroit, U. S. A.

Brooklyn
Buffalo
Cleveland

Branches:
New York:—Broadway at 80th Street Chicago:—2416 Michigan Ave.
(Also Branch at Evanston)

Kansas City
Minneapolis
St. Louis

Selling representatives in most leading cities



AMERICAN BANKERS ASSOCIATION TRAVELERS' CHEQUES

Pay Shopping Bills

Many travelers use "A.B.A." Cheques to pay shopping bills, as well as for hotel bills, railroad tickets, and other traveling expenses. Merchants, hotel people, and others who deal with travelers, understand that "A.B.A." Cheques are ***safe*** to accept, because they ***identify*** the holder and are ***good for full value*** at bank.

"A.B.A." Cheques (issued in $10, $20, $50 and $100) are the best form of travel funds. Their many advantages are fully described in a booklet, "The Best Way to Carry Money," which also contains much other interesting and valuable information for travelers.

Write to Bankers Trust Company, Wall Street, New York, for the booklet, and for information as to where you can obtain "A.B.A." Cheques in your vicinity.



BUY THEM FROM YOUR OWN BANKER
OR IF HE CANNOT SUPPLY THEM APPLY TO
BANKERS TRUST COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.

"Standard" GUARANTEED PLUMBING FIXTURES



EVERY night is tub night when "Standard" Fixtures are in the home. The delight which the convenience, beauty and refinement of "Standard" Fixtures create in the use of the bathroom makes daily bathing the rule in every home possessing them. Children especially are drawn to cleanliness by the appeal of their attractiveness. Their resistance to time and use makes their purchase the most economical of all the homebuilder's expenditures.

Genuine "Standard" fixtures for the Home and for School, Office Buildings, Public Institutions, etc., are identified by the Green and Gold Label, with the exception of one brand of baths bearing the Red and Black Label, which, while of the first quality of manufacture, have a slightly thinner enameling, and thus meet the requirements of those who demand "Standard" quality at less expense. All "Standard" fixtures, with care, will last a lifetime. And no fixture is genuine *unless it bears the guarantee label.* In order to avoid the substitution of inferior fixtures, specify "Standard" goods in writing (not verbally) and make sure that you get them.

Standard Sanitary Mfg. Co. Dept. 58 PITTSBURGH, PA.

New York .....35 W. 31st Street
Chicago ..... 415 Ashland Block
Philadelphia..1128 Walnut Street
Toronto, Can. 59 Richmond St., E.
Pittsburgh .... ..106 Sixth Street
St. Louis....100 N. Fourth Street
Cincinnati..... ...663 Walnut St.
Nashville.....315 Tenth Avenue, So.
New Orleans, Baronne & St. Joseph Sts.
Montreal, Can.....215 Coristine Bldg.
Boston..... John Hancock Bldg.
Louisville.....319-23 W. Main Street
Cleveland.....648 Huron Road, S. E.
Hamilton, Can.....20-28 Jackson St., W.
London....53 Holborn Viaduct, E. C.
Houston, Tex., Preston and Smith Sts.
San Francisco..Metropolis Bank Bldg.
Washington, D. C.....Southern Bldg.
Toledo, Ohio..... 311-321 Erie Street
Fort Worth, Tex., Front and Jones Sts.

District Subscription Managers Wanted

In every locality where we have not yet appointed a district manager to look after our subscription interests, we offer a splendid opportunity to the right sort of person. We want a hustling, energetic man or woman who will put out our advertising booklets, collect renewals of expiring subscriptions, but most of all push out after new business. The work need not occupy more than your spare time, and if you possess the right sort of energy you will find it not only very interesting and pleasant but also exceptionally remunerative. Our district managers handle both of our magazines, *L'Art de la Mode* and *The Theatre Magazine.* If you have some time that you would like to turn into good money

YOU CANNOT AFFORD TO OVERLOOK THIS PROPOSITION

Send your application at once to
THE SUBSCRIPTION MANAGER

THE THEATRE MAGAZINE :: 14 W. 38th ST., NEW YORK

THE PROSPECTOR. Comedy in three acts. By Willis Steell. Boston: Walter H. Baker & Co.

Tom Preston is a prospector who has failed in the Western gold fields, so has come to the East to try prospecting in the promotion of new companies. For his stenographer he engages Kate Carew, the daughter of an architect, who is in precarious circumstances because of wild-cat investment in Wall Street. Tom learns that Carew had appropriated some money due a contractor and lost it in speculation. By this time he has fallen in love with Kate. He quietly pays the contractor to silence him, incidentally placing his partner and himself in danger of ruin, while Carew commits suicide. Tom has secured the money for this purpose from the mother of Felicia Kelso, a rich girl who is angling for him. Felicia learns what has become of the money, and recognizing Kate as a dangerous rival tells Kate of the whole affair, and bids her keep out of the way. But in the meantime Tom's business has picked up, and he returns the money to the mother with interest. Felicia is foiled, and Tom and Kate are happily united. It is a conventional story, given with hardly more dramatic form than is indicated here. The lines are clever. With some re-writing it would make a fair piece. It is readable.

THE WILDERNESS. An American play in five acts. Adapted by Floyd Jenkins and Richard Putnam Darrow. New York: Broadway Publishing Co.

This seems to be a more ambitious book than the earlier one concerning musical comedy upon which the same authors collaborate. It is not a good satire, and has very little to recommend it. Beatrix Walton is a rich girl who wants to be loved for herself alone, so becomes stenographer to young John Fosdick. It is needless to say he falls in love with her. Her graceless young brother arrives, and seeing the love bestowed upon him by Beatrix, Fosdick thinks that it must be a rival, and goes out of town for five years. When he returns at the end of that time, explanations are made and all ends happily. It is quite probable that the authors do not expect this piece to be produced. At any rate, they had better reconcile themselves to its confinement in book form. But the man who buys the book expecting to derive amusement from it, and with no idea of analyzing as a serious proposition, will find his money's worth in reading the introduction and note that fill nearly half the book. It discusses about everything from fashion to automobiles, a slapstick to donkeys, heroes to Bernard Shaw, Ibsen to Richard Harding Davis, and contains all of the philosophy of the drama and a complete guide to the technique of playwriting. Of course, it is all the merest quibbling; but the man who is looking for a pleasant, if not instructive, way to pass time, will find in it all that he could desire.

THE HERALDS OF THE DAWN. A play in eight scenes. By William Watson. New York: John Lane Co.

William Watson has written crisp things, notably "The Woman with the Serpent's Tongue," but when he tried playwriting, his work lost significance. He seems to have put his plot into a two-hour measure, and when he shook it up most of the plot stayed at the bottom, with the thin part on top. In other words, his play does not begin until the last few pages. Of course, it is natural for William Watson to write in verse; it would be hard at this time to imagine him writing a book in prose. But the fact remains that verse is an outworn medium for drama. It will be hard to censure Mr. Watson, because in his dedication he has recorded that his wife is responsible for the piece. And what gentleman would offend a lady? The story is given here in a little more intelligible way than Mr. Watson gives it. The time is given generally as "The Morrow of Antiquity."

Abbo of the Woods, a hunter and trapper, seeks vengeance upon Volmar, commander of a victorious army which is returning home laden with spoils, because Volmar has committed rape upon his daughter and forced her to suicide. As Volmar ascends the steps of the palace to receive the congratulations of his King, Abbo kills him. The King would have Abbo destroyed at once, but Prince Hesperus interposes and pleads for him. The King bids Heaven to strike him, the King, dead if he shows mercy. Abbo explains his motive for killing Volmar. The people are at once prejudiced in Abbo's favor. And when the Prince explains that his interest is because Abbo once saved him from death in the Woods, the people demand that Abbo be set free. The only one that can pardon Abbo is the King, and the King cannot go back upon his oath. It is suggested to the King that he abdicate, so that his successor, who will not be bound by a vow, may effect the pardon. The King declares he never liked his position anyhow, and commits

suicide by drinking some mysterious poison in a seal-ring upon his finger. The Prince instantly takes his place as King, pardons Abbo, and is acclaimed by the people. It has occasional symptoms of the dramatic, but that is all. When it comes to the vow of the King, the conditions under which it was given and the circumstances attendant upon it, it becomes absolutely ridiculous. It is to be expected that his verse is polished; but we have always understood that poetry performed another function beside just having form. It is supposed that form is only a method of smooth expression, and in the excellence of expression lies the true greatness of the muse. Hence this piece is neither poetry nor drama.

PLAYS BY AUGUST STRINDBERG. Translated by Edwin Björkman. The Dream Play, The Link and The Dance of Death, Parts I and II. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

Each country has ideas of morality and things in general peculiar to itself. Of necessity the native writers of those countries include the same ideas in their work. This work has been coming over to us for some time past. The expressed opinions have varied widely. Some were ready to commend the work for the authority of the author's names; some commend it because of its success in its native land, while a few others judge it for itself. Europe is full of inflated reputations; it is a place where morbid expressions are well liked by morbid people. It is to be hoped that in America opinions will be expressed by elemental standards of right and wrong. To most Americans, Strindberg is little more than a name. His plays have not been presented here. Some have said that it is because he is so intensely local, while others believe that he is too morbid for healthy minds. A foreign author is often misrepresented by a poor translator. Edwin Björkman has qualified too often as a careful and graceful writer to offend in this respect. Therefore, it is charitable to assume that these are not three of the best of Strindberg's plays.

The first, "The Dream Play," tells how the daughter of the god Indra descends upon earth to see if the complaints of humanity are well founded. She sees a great deal of suffering and suffers herself by getting married to a briefless lawyer and having a child by him. It is not clear what Strindberg thinks of it; but the impression is that most of the unhappiness on earth is caused by the people themselves. At any rate, she decides that a poet is the only man that knows how to live, and lets him present the complaint of mankind that she may take it back to her father.

"The Link" is a rather curiously contrived piece. Like the other three of his plays, its dramatic force lies more in its material and situations than in characterization. Characterization is a very weak point in Strindberg's work. Take away the proper names with which he heads his speeches and his plays would read like monologues. His people are puppets and so many mouthpieces for the dismal philosophy of Strindberg himself. It tells of a Baron and Baroness, both guilty of marital infidelity, who have held together despite their absolute unfitness for each other, because of their love for their child, the link which binds them together. But now they decide to separate, and the fight is for the custody of the child. The scene is a Court of Justice. In the investigation of the court it is decided that neither parent is competent to rear the child, which is given for that purpose into the hands of two very ignorant peasant guardians.

The third play, "The Dance of Death," is so long drawn out and so disconnected that it is difficult to tell what it is all about. It is assumed that symbolism has entered into it, symbolism that is understood by only the author. How that word symbolism has been perverted! It is not properly subordinated. This use of "symbolism," that is, something for something else when good, clear, intelligible facts are available, is not art, is not pleasing, and is a display of little else than sheer ignorance. Thank God we have had a few men who have not been afraid to express their opinions upon this subject. "The Dance of Death" tells about a captain in a military colony upon a little island, who is subject to fits, and who has kept his wife terribly alone and without friends. Her cousin, a former sweetheart, arrives, and she takes new hope. The cousin's son falls in love with the captain's daughter, the daughter whom the captain hopes to marry to the colonel of the island, and thereby raise his social position. But the daughter disobeys the captain and marries the cousin's son. The captain thereupon dies after a stroke of apoplexy. There are people who effect this sort of reading; but none of the three plays is true drama.

GREAT BEAR SPRING WATER
50 cts per case—6 glass-stoppered bottles



In the Fashion Centres of the World—

THOSE who know the smartest thing to wear, and how to wear it, recognize the Electric as the correct equipage for every occasion.

At the afternoon tea or matinee — the opera or evening reception, the Electric is the most conspicuous car. And that is because of its distinctly refined appearance, its atmosphere of exclusiveness.

The Aristocratic Car—The Electric

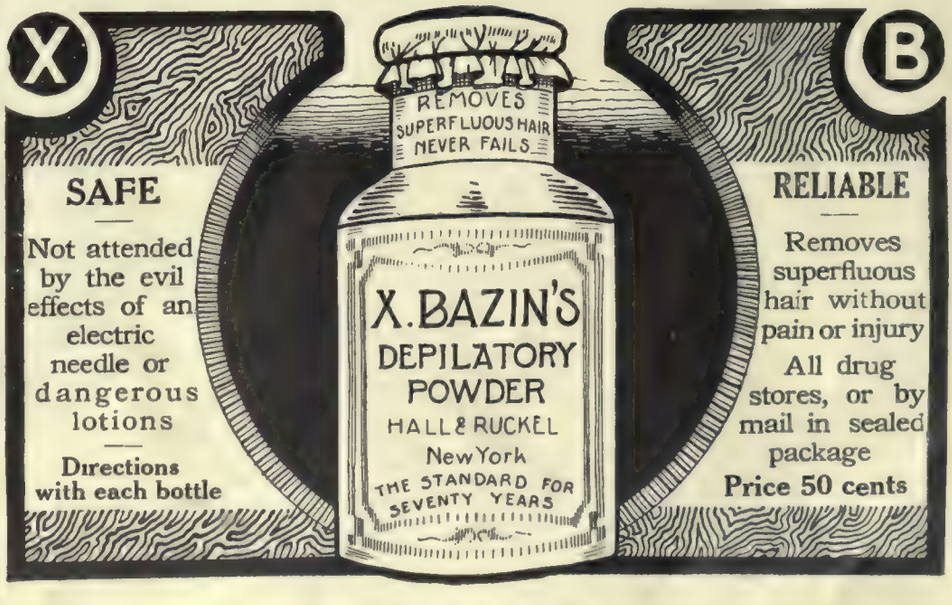
The Electric is the thoroughbred of motor cars—light, durable and handsome. Even a child may safely operate an Electric—it is so simple, so free from mechanical difficulties.

¶ Because of its constant cleanliness and safety, it is the ideal equipage for the daintily gowned woman. Because of its constant efficiency in all sorts of weather, it is the one desirable car for use in town.

¶ The cost of maintaining an Electric is less than that for any other type of vehicle—its original cost is well repaid in the pleasure and lasting satisfaction given.

Before you buy any car—consider the Electric

ELECTRIC VEHICLE ASSOCIATION OF AMERICA
BOSTON NEW YORK CHICAGO (4)



Haines Bros.

PIANOS

"THE ARTISTS CHOICE."

of ***Yesterday,***
Today,
Tomorrow,

number among the most famous in piano history, and deservedly so. Their makers have ever been alert in discarding old methods when new discoveries and worthy inventions became known.

Haines Bros. Pianos completely satisfy the tastes of the most exacting music lovers, being endorsed by the

World's
Foremost Colleges,
Conservatories
And Artists

the last to add his tribute being Albert Reiss, one of the leading Baritones of the Metropolitan Opera House.

Intending purchasers owe it to themselves to investigate these time-honored instruments.

WRITE FOR DESCRIPTIVE LITERATURE



May 1, 1912.

Messrs. Haines Bros.,
New York, N. Y.

Gentlemen:-

Your Piano is perfect in every point. I play on it times and times over again and do not hesitate to acknowledge it an instrument of the first order. Kindly receive my salutations.

Albert Reiss

HAINES BROS. 437 FIFTH AVE. NEW YORK CITY

Division—American Piano Co.

OUR FASHION DEPARTMENT



Photo by Schneider

Fig. No. 6. Picture hat of Italian straw bound with black velvet and ornamented with dark grey ostrich plumes

We will gladly answer any inquiry regarding articles mentioned in this department. Enclose stamped envelope.

A CHAT ON NEW FANCIES IN MODES

OF course you have all been hearing a great deal lately about fuller skirts, and our Parisian couturiers have really succeeded in making us believe that this feature has been accomplished. However, actual measurement will convince you that the fashionable skirt still requires only a two-yard tape to circumscribe the lower edge.

It is true that the gown of to-day requires more material, but this is due to the fulness attached to, rather than inserted in, the skirt, and it is quite probable that another season may develop the added width so much clamored after by women who, after they obtain their desire, will regret the loss of the youthful lines of the present mode.

The much-discussed panier will, no doubt, be generally adopted by American women as soon as they perceive that the new models are not at all the bouffant effects imagined and widely circulated in caricature. The new panier is very pretty, and retains the narrow hip lines we all admire, the fulness falling below the knee-depth.

The present panier is really a revival of the old-time overskirt, and the women who look upon the panier as an innovation too extreme for adoption will readily accept the style under the name of a drapery, of which the new models show most artistic developments.

One of the prettiest of these is shown in a gown worn by Emmy Wehlen at the Moulin Rouge, and as she appears in this charming costume she admirably portrays her rôle as "A Winsome Widow." The dress is of handsome creamy net top lace, and the panier, which falls in long, round, drapery lines in front, and forms long, full bandings at the back that are gracefully crossed and attached to the waistline under a girdle, is of lavender charmeuse. The colored drapery over white is a new style feature, and one that will be popular this summer. This dainty dress had long net sleeves, which is another new dress-note, and one that is gaining favor even in evening gowns.

Miss Wehlen favors the new combination idea. In the second act she wears an exquisite evening gown of white crystal-embroidered chiffon. The bodice shows a graduated band of emerald velvet, and there is a belt of torquoise blue velvet studded with diamonds and ending in an apple-green tulle sash, several yards in length, which the charming little lady gracefully carries upon her arm.

Tulle is a favorite material for these flowing effects that are a present fancy. In "The Rose Maid" Juliette Dika wears a black tulle neck ruff that ends in a streamer of the tulle. It falls over the back of the left shoulder and extends nearly to the foot of the skirt, where it is caught together by a silver tassel. Another varia-



Photo by Talbot

Fig. No. 5. A pretty frock by M. Lelong, showing many original features. It is developed in blue flowered mousseline, combined with blue chiffon taffeta



Photo by Schneider

Fig. No. 1. A striking gown of black liberty partly veiled with white chiffon cloth and decorated with heavy applique lace

We will gladly answer any inquiry regarding articles mentioned in this department. Enclose stamped envelope.

If women who are not born beauties would give as much care to their appearance as those who are, this would be a world of beautiful women.

Le Secret GABY DESLYS

is the means of acquiring beauty as well as the best method of preserving and accentuating it.

Le Secret is a combination that consists of a whitener for the neck and arms, a tint for the face, a silk sponge for its proper application, and a rouge for the lips, cheeks and nails. All blend together—without grease—and may be regulated to any desired tint to suit a dark or light complexion.

Le Secret Gaby Deslys will absolutely conceal any facial blemish such as freckles, tan and discoloration of the skin. It freshens the skin and gives it a clear, natural beauty.

Le Secret Gaby Deslys absolutely defies detection—even on close view and under glaring lights there is absolutely no sign of artificial make-up. It will remain perfect for hours without being touched.

Le Secret Gaby Deslys has a dainty fragrance—it prevents excessive perspiration and kills its odor.



Madam, we want you to test Le Secret Gaby Deslys

If you find any difficulty in securing it from your dealer, write to us direct.

Six Secrets of Beauty—a valuable little booklet which we will send free on request.

Complete in one package

Large tube whitener for face, neck and arms (in flesh color or white)—tube of opposite shade—box of rouge for cheeks, lips and nails—silk sponge for applying.



Trial Package—contains enough Le Secret for twelve applications—and the "Six Secrets of Beauty" mailed anywhere on receipt of 25 cents.

Regular Package, containing large tube of whitener for face, neck and arms in flesh color or white, small tube of opposite shade, silk sponge for its proper application, and box of rouge for cheeks, lips and nails. State whether you wish flesh color or white. Sent complete to any address on receipt of price—$1.50.

The Importers Company
15 West 38th St. New York, N. Y.

Le Secret Gaby Deslys is on sale at all high class Beauty Parlors in France, Italy and Switzerland for 8 francs; in Russia, for 3 rubles; in England, for 6 shillings; in Germany, for 6 marks; in America, for $1.50.

I advise all women to use Le Secret

Gaby Deslys



Photo by Schneider
Fig. No. 4. A lovely lingerie gown worn over a slip of champagne taffeta

tion of tulle streamers was seen in a veil that was worn over the face, and tied in a mass of loops under the back left side of the brim, and one long end fell down the back of the wearer, who gracefully carried the flowing length of tulle over her left arm.

This is a season of striking combinations. In Paris the red and blue is just now in special favor, and right here I might mention that there is a new shade out, called rose violet. Cheruit is showing a model developed in taffeta of this shade that is receiving great admiration. It is made up in the panier style, and the lingerie collar and cuffs, its sole trimming, harmonizes beautifully with the exquisite coloring of the costume.

The pretty black and white combination, which last season was on the verge of waning, is now having an unusual revival, and if anyone doubts its beauty let them visit the Moulin Rouge and view the first chorus. The white satin underskirts, with the side slash, trimming of black buttons and simulated black bound buttonholes, are very chic, and the short black chantilly tunics make a beautiful combination. Add to this large white hats, with black and white waving plumes, all on a bevy of pretty girls, and you have an attractive picture indeed. A charming black and white costume noticed in the audience appealed so strongly to me on account of its simple elegance that it is being illustrated on these pages. As is apparent, it is a Parisian costume composed of a tunic of white chiffon trimmed with beautiful heavy appliqué lace. From under the three-quarter length tunic extends the underskirt of black liberty satin, and this harmony is carried out in the bodice by the elbow sleeves, which are of black satin. (Fig. 1.)

Mentioning two-color effects reminds me of a delicate combination noticed in an evening coat. The garment was of pale blue satin crêpe de chine, and the lining of a lavender crêpe de chine. Then there was a smart tailored gown worn by a practical woman. It combined several prominent fashion notes, and so I deem it worthy of mention as well as illustration. It is of éponge, the present favorite fabric, in biscuit, one of this season's popular new colors. It is made up in tunic effect, and has the fashionable button and buttonhole trimmings. It also shows the contrast of color, the collar and cuffs being a very dark tan, verging strongly on brown. When the wearer handed me the photograph, she laughingly remarked: "Be sure and call attention to the odd cut of my jacket," which, bye the bye, is a feature of this season's coats, "and say that the suit is from Green & Co. (Fig. 2.)

But to return to skirts—those women who look askance at all draperies, and still desire the fuller skirt, will, no doubt, eagerly adopt the new pleated skirts that are coming over from Paris. The pleats are small, very flat and stitched down to the knee depth, and are usually arranged in clusters at the back, front or sides of the skirt. Plaited models are shown by Paquin, Drécoll and Bernard, and will, no doubt, prove popular as the season advances.

Then there is the accordion-plaited skirt, of which we are promised a strong revival. This new model, however, retains the fashionable silhouette lines, especially when worn with a tunic, as can be seen in the chorus at "The Spring Maid," where several of the



Photo by Schneider
Fig. No. 7. A dainty tea gown in embroidered ivory chiffon over liberty silk, with accordion plaited ruffles of écru lace. Girdle and bow of lapis-lazuli velvet



Charlotte Ring says,

"Niagara Maid" Silk Gloves are the most satisfactory I have ever worn.

"Niagara Maid"

Silk Gloves give entire satisfaction, not only through their color-correctness but their extraordinary wearing qualities and stylish appearance. Only the purest silk is used in their manufacture.

Each pair contains a guarantee ticket insuring the wear of the double finger tips.

If your dealer cannot supply you, write us.

NIAGARA SILK MILLS
North Tonawanda, N. Y.

Manufacturers of

"Niagara Maid" *Silk Gloves, Silk Underwear, Silk Hosiery, Silk Novelties*

New York San Francisco Chicago

Lane Bryant

19 West 38th Street
Near Fifth Avenue
New York



Send for Catalog "H"

Showing full line of coats, dresses, three-piece suits and negligees.

"Everything Made on the Premises, Everything Made to Measure."



Rexall
"93" HAIR TONIC

Keeps scalp and hair clean - promotes hair health

Your Money Back if it Doesn't

Clement

12 West 33rd Street **New York**

Originator of exclusive styles in

Hair Goods

MY LATEST styles in hair goods and ready-made coiffures are now ready.

A call at my shop will reveal the individuality and superiority of these exclusive creations.

May I have the pleasure of proving these claims by showing you my goods.

I have just imported from Paris a fine selection of hair ornaments, combs, pins, barettes, perfumes, etc.



Your inspection solicited

HAIR COLORING

My new discovery, "Liquid Henna," is a new Harmless process, easy to apply to one's self. Success guaranteed. Price $2.00.

I also manufacture a coloring that will permanently dye the eyebrows. Price, $2.00.

Spacious, airy rooms with natural daylight for application and rectifications of hair coloring by French experts only.

Booklet sent on request.



Photo by Talbot
Fig. No. 3. Mlle. Renouardt wearing a charming costume by Bechoff-David. It is developed in champagne liberty embroidered with green silk

singers are wearing very pretty developments of the accordion-plaited skirt. This style will be a favorite for the simple summer dancing frocks.

The Turkish toweling has found great favor with women, and is being made up into outer garments of all description. It may interest you to know that the wardrobe of Mlle. Renouardt, the famous French beauty, contains a smart dress of this material. It is made up along the modish simple lines, and trimmed with large self-colored buttons. The color that is now essential in white costumes is afforded by the girdle. This is quite wide, and is beautifully embroidered in wool in colors. It terminates in sash ends and, all in all, is a very pretty black and white costume.

Another gown worn by this charming actress is noteworthy, as you must agree when glancing at the illustration. It is by Bechoff-David, and is of liberty silk in champagne. The bodice is exquisitely embroidered in green silk. The peplum effect and the sash at the front are two prominent style points of this season. The dotted net guimpe, made up in cluster tucks, shows the new idea of long sleeves. (Fig. 3.)

Mentioning champagne gowns reminds me of a lovely costume worn at the theatre last week, and which is here illustrated. It is of heavily embroidered white crêpe over a champagne taffeta underdress. As you see, the embroidery is most exquisite, and combines the motif idea that is now prominent. In order to more strikingly bring out the effect, these lace insets are often underlaid with black chiffon, and it is surprising what marvelous results are thus obtained. This charming costume is finished off with a girdle and sash ends of the champagne. (Fig. 4.)

Of course, you have noticed the prevalence of sashes in the present-day toilettes. It is a pretty fashion, too, and, by the way, Elizabeth Brice, who is such a favorite at the Moulin Rouge, wears a pretty sash. It is of pale blue, with the oval ends outlined in tiny pink roses, and a cluster of the same flowers attaches the sash to the girdle. This dress trimming, which is having such a strong vogue at present, is naturally largely in evidence in the costuming at this popular theatre.

Miss Brice wears a beautiful pale blue satin gown, with a flounce that has both edges outlined with tiny pink roses and clusters of the dainty buds are attached at intervals along the flounce.

Emmy Wehlen has a lace underdress with a fluffy foot ruffle, from the lower edge of which peep little pink rosebuds, and her ball dress is a charming combination of blue satin, lace frills and pink rosebuds, with a Dresden panier overdress.

Pretty Ida Adams, in the same theatre, developed a novel idea in her dainty evening dress. The white silk petticoat has two rows of white satin ribbon, along which are fastened little nosegays of pink roses that look very delicate and pretty veiled by the simple white, crystal trimmed, chiffon overdress.

In "The Rose Maid," a lovely costume of this type is worn by Miss Adrienne Augarde, the faithful white rose maid. The beautiful white lace underdress has a deep border pattern outlined at both edges with a running vine of dainty pink chiffon roses. And, by the way, the tunic of this toilette is a charming development of the panier. It is of rose chiffon voile, short in front and forming a long, graceful drapery at the back. The only trimming is a cluster of the pink roses at the girdle.

Another gown seen in the audience one evening, and worthy of mention, is pictured in these pages. The robe is of blue voile de soie, and the flounce of chiffon taffeta illustrates



Photo by Manuel
Fig. No. 2. A smart tailleur by Green & Co., of Paris, in biscuit color tissue éponge

THE THEATRE MAGAZINE BOUND

























IN TWO VOLUMES

The Most Welcome of all Presents

A COMPLETE RECORD IN PICTURE AND TEXT
OF THE THEATRICAL SEASON OF 1911

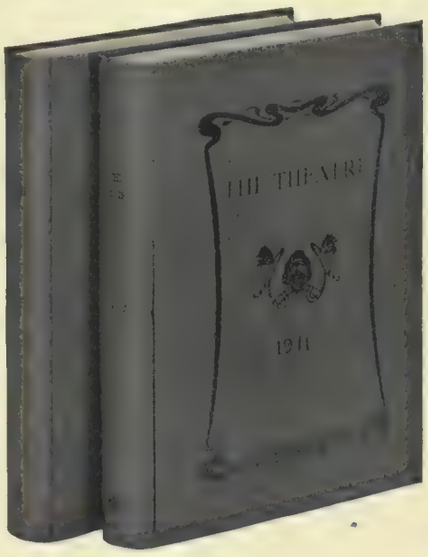
Complete Year. 1911—$6.50 a Set

Ready December 15th. Sent Prepaid

Two handsome volumes of over 200 pages, containing the twelve numbers issued during 1911 and beautifully bound in attractive green cloth.

Two Handsome Books for Your Parlor Table

colored plates, 1,500 engravings. Notable articles; portraits of actors and actresses, and scenes from all the plays produced during 1911.



The Handsomest Magazine Published

The most sumptuously illustrated, the most splendidly printed, full of anecdotes, reminiscences, and stories of stage life. In Uniform binding

The Complete Collection of 14 Volumes, Bound in Cloth, from 1901 to 1911 included, $125.50.

The following Volumes are still sold separately:

Year of	The	Theatre	for	1902	-	-	-	-	-	Price,	$18.00
"	"	"	"	"	1904	-	-	-	-	-	" 11.00
"	"	"	"	"	1905	-	-	-	-	-	" 9.00
"	"	"	"	"	1906	-	-	-	-	-	" 8.00
"	"	"	"	"	1907	-	-	-	-	-	" 7.00
"	"	"	"	"	1908	-	-	-	-	-	" 7.00
"	"	"	"	"	1909	-	-	-	2 vols.		" 6.50
"	"	"	"	"	1910	-	-	-	2 vols.		" 6.50

The magnificent colored covers which appear on each issue are all bound in the Yearly Volumes

THE THEATRE MAGAZINE CO.

8 WEST THIRTY-EIGHTH STREET - - - NEW YORK

not only the prevailing tendency of combining two materials, but also the odd shaping of many of this season's trimmings. The taffeta fichu ends gracefully in a short sash, which is a pleasing and favorite mode. By the way, this smart costume is the creation of Mon. Lelong, Paris. (Fig. No. 5.)

While hoods and bewitching caps are the rule for evening wear, many women appear in small hats, but the woman of individuality will wear anything her fancy dictates, and so it was not particularly surprising to see women in the boxes of the theatre wearing large hats. The one illustrated was so pretty that I must tell you about it. (See opening page.)

It is of black Italian straw and has a velvet binding. Handsome gray ostrich plumes encircle the crown. By the way, that beautiful wrap the lady is wearing is of a white, filmy fabric, and is edged with the most exquisite ratine lace. How very popular this new lace has become! It is especially pretty on the summer coats that are a new edict of Dame Fashion. (See illustration.)

Mentioning the plumes on that hat recalls a visit I made at a feather shop the other day, and I was surprised at the work accomplished and the nominal price at which it is done. Just to illustrate. Now, you know, willow plumes are quite *passé*, and you really don't want to wear them any longer. Well, just take yours around to the feather shop and have it made into one of those fashionable French military pompons or into one of the uncurled spikes that are now in vogue. This will cost you only $2.50, and the pompons you can have made for $3.50. If you have sufficient feathers (any old feathers will do, you know), one of those lovely long plumes with a pompon foot, that are so fashionable now, will cost you only $1.50, and this feather requires no other foot finish. This firm makes a specialty of dyeing feathers, and women prefer to select a white plume and have it dyed to match a sample. Charming two-color effects are also produced in this way, and the dyeing and curling can be done from 35 cents upward. They showed me a white plume of which they had dyed the ends of the flues a delicate pink. Perhaps you can picture the exquisite result.



Mme. Demidoff wearing a wrap by Zimmermann in Khaki tissue éponge, decorated with drawn work and long woolen fringe

Have you noticed the hand-painted kid gloves that have recently been introduced? A woman sitting near me at the theatre had on a white pair painted all up the arm in little pale blue flowers, and in looking for them one day I found quite an assortment in a Fifth Avenue shop. They can be had in black and white, painted in various colored small blossoms.

I wish you could see the beautiful lingerie that the dressing rooms of a theatre disclose. The variety of garters interested me. One pair of blue messaline, shirred over elastic, were studded with rhinestones. Another pair in pink shirred liberty silk were finished off with clusters of tiny rambler roses and ribbon pendants, each tipped with a bud. A pair in lavender silk were edged with lace and finished off with a bunch of tiny matching satin berries. A most elaborate pair were of a deep cream lace shirred over pink silk. The upper edge had a two-inch wide frill of the lace, that ended in a rosette at the one side. A wreath of pink roses adorned these exquisite bits of feminity.

One girl showed me some silk mull night-dresses. They are worth telling you about, because now, with the coming of the warm days, you will want a sheer night-dress that is really practical. Those the actress purchased were very simple, both in cut and trimming. The low, round neck and the short slashed sleeves were finished off with insertion and edging of fine baby Irish lace. She told me she bought them in a shop near the theatre, and that they had them in white, blue and pink.

Oh, and I must really tell you about the lovely teagown I saw. You know these are quite the proper thing now even for informal afternoon at-home gatherings, and that is why the shops are showing such gorgeous creations along these lines. This particular teagown is a most exquisite bit of lingerie. It is of beautiful embroidered, ivory-tinted chiffon, and the petticoat, which peeps out at the front, is of écru net with accordion-plaited lace ruffles. The fichu, a graceful finish for a housegown, is of écru net edged with an accordion-plaited frill. The entire front of the gown has the fashionable button and simulated button-hole trimming. A girdle of pale blue velvet, finished off with a cluster of loops and short ends, makes a charming finish. (Fig. 7.)



Distinctive in style and graceful in design this dainty footwear from Slater's represents a few of the best styles of the season

We will gladly answer any inquiry regarding articles mentioned in this department. Enclose stamped envelope.

BINDING SECT. OCT 23 1968

PN
2000
T5
v.15

Theatre magazine

PLEASE DO NOT REMOVE
CARDS OR SLIPS FROM THIS POCKET

UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO LIBRARY